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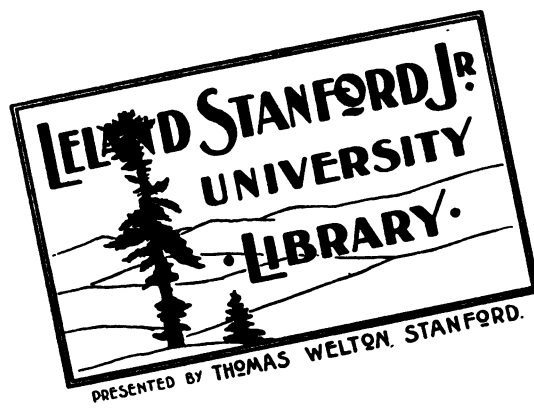
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Hobart Town Magazine.

VOLUME II.

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" — Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas  
Pulso, sed Arunci residens in margine templi,  
Audax magnorum tumultus ad canto magistrum,"—  
STATI SYLVIVS.

~~~~~

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND :

H. MELVILLE,

ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN,

1834.

Co



A. 36.315.

P R E F A C E.

IN closing our Second Volume, as is generally the custom on such occasions, it becomes our pleasing duty to say a word or two to our numerous readers and subscribers, and also to our contributors.

To our readers and subscribers then, we tender our thanks for the very liberal support they have afforded us, during the twelve-months we have presented ourselves to their notice; and we hope, while we confess our past endeavours have been crowned with more success than we could have anticipated, still to go on and improve, so as to render ourselves yet more worthy of that support; nor can we let this opportunity slip of expressing our confidence, from the arrangements we have made, in being able to produce in our next volumes, articles superior to most which have hitherto appeared before a Van Diemen's Land public.

To our contributors we can only repeat (what many have personally received) our acknowledgments of the debt of gratitude we owe them for their varied, amusing, and useful productions, and

PREFACE.

beg that their exertions in the cause of Tasmanian Literature will not slacken, but that they will, with increased energy, aid us in the great and good work.

We bid, therefore, in ceasing our labours for the present, our readers, subscribers and contributors—*Adieu, au revoir.*

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1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1801. It is a very important document, as it is the first time that the President has addressed the Congress since the establishment of the office. The letter is a very formal and dignified one, and it is a very good example of the style of the time. It is a very important document, as it is the first time that the President has addressed the Congress since the establishment of the office. The letter is a very formal and dignified one, and it is a very good example of the style of the time.

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The Residence of J. H. Moore, Esq. J.P.

THE
HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.]

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

[No. 7.

FATAL PRESENTIMENTS.

" 'Tis the sunset of life teaches mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

In a recent number of this Magazine, I endeavoured to amuse its readers with some observations on the "Philosophy of Apparitions:" as a sequel to that paper, I now present them with some curious facts, concerning the mysteries of *Presentiment*.

Every thing relating to futurity is powerfully interesting. The solemn obscurity of the dark and mysterious Future inevitably induces the mind to contemplate, with awful anxiety, that state of good or evil to which we must all come; and as death is common to every one, so are its presages eagerly received, and, by many, implicitly credited.

In Scotland, the *Bodach Glas* announces the termination of human life to the appalled and trembling peasant: in Wales, the *Canwyll y Cyrph*, or Corpse Candle, indicates the same doom, and blanches the bravest brow; in Ireland, the *Death Fetch* has the same ominous power; while in England the harsh ticking of the death-watch points with equal certainty to the final struggle, and whitens the cheek of the aged nurse by its well known warning.

It would be no difficult matter, perhaps, to account for the *modus operandi* of these "Fatal Presentiments." The human mind is a strange machine, and when excited by intense anxiety, and wound up to the highest pitch by despair and fear, it is no hard matter to conjure up those "signs and tokens," which are now considered

as sure and fatal prognostications of the worst of human calamities. The buzzing of a fly in the chamber of the dying, is an omen of sufficient magnitude to startle the strongest; and Hope,

“Which draws towards itself,
The flame with which it kindles,”

is frequently put to flight by a sound, which, at any other time, would not be noticed. But it has been contended, and by persons of no mean understanding, that “Fatal Presentiments” are conveyed to the mind, by means, if not supernatural, at all events mysterious and wonderful; and numerous examples, as we shall presently see, have been adduced in proof of the unerring certainty of the warning, as well as of its mysterious occurrence. Lord Rochester—a strange, but not a despicable authority—indulged an impression, that the soul, either by a natural sagacity, or some secret notice communicated to it, had a sort of divination by which these presages were engendered; while many of the ancient philosophers believed that the mind was endowed, to a certain extent, with a power of prescience totally distinct from, and independent of, that conjectural sagacity in regard to the future, which is derived from enlarged and comprehensive experience of the past. This was the opinion entertained by Cicero; and in short, it is a tenet which has been common to men in all ages; embodied in their popular poetry and traditions, and disputed only in ages of sceptical refinement: and if we admit that every action and every event occur in conformity to general laws;—in other words, that there is no such thing as contingency, either in human actions, or the course of events, but that each must be determined by an adequate notice or cause,—there seems nothing repugnant to reason, or inconsistent with the known operations of the mind, in admitting the possible existence of such a faculty, though, for wise purposes, its operation is confined within narrow limits, and we are kept in salutary ignorance of futurity. If there be no contingency, every thing is necessary, and *may*, for any thing we know to the contrary, be sometimes, and to a certain extent, foreseen even by man in his present imperfect state.

This is especially the case as regards approaching evil, while prosperity, even when it comes suddenly, is seldom or ever preceded by any presage of its approach. How are we to account for this? We may adduce two solutions of the marvel. *First*: it is, no doubt, a wise provision to warn man of evil, as it is of more importance to him to receive a pre-monition of approaching mischief,—than a coming good. *Second*: all our powers and faculties are primarily devoted to our preservation, and are most violently called into action, when this is endangered. Hence, even the very instincts of our nature frequently impart a salutary presentiment, indispensable to our safety. It is upon this principle chiefly, that we would account for the presentiment of evil being so much more prevalent than that of good, which requires no harbinger to prepare us for its

approach. And for the very same reason, that we have sometimes a general and indefinite presentiment of coming evil, which is frequently complex in its character, we may have a *distinct* presage of the approach of death, the most awful event, which we are called upon to meet in this present state of our mortal being.

It is a well authenticated fact, that many men, distinguished for great personal bravery, and the intrepid contempt of danger in its most appalling forms, have, on the eve of battle, been overwhelmed with a "Fatal Presentiment" that they should not survive the combat; and that, in no instance, so far as we have been able to ascertain, has this presentiment proved false. The self-doomed victim has, in every case, fallen as he had predicted. The following examples, for the authenticity of which we will vouch, are strikingly corroborative of the fact in question.

A young officer, of great promise, belonging to the 92nd regiment was observed on the day before the battle of Corunna, to be particularly low spirited; which was the more observable, as he was generally gay, cheerful, and full of spirits. His brother officers enquired the reason—rallied him as brother officers are wont to do—but received no answer. On getting an opportunity, however, of conversing alone with one of them, to whom he was much attached, as he was a namesake, and a fellow countryman—"M——," said he, "I shall, to a certainty, never survive to-morrow. I know I shall not, and you will see it." His friend tried to laugh him out of this notion; and said, it was childish, and unworthy of a man, who had so often and so heroically faced the enemy, to harbour such dismal forebodings. The next day after the heat of the action, the two young men met by accident; and he, who the day before, had derided the gloomy imagination of his friend, accosted him with—"What, M——! I thought you were to have been killed:—did I not say you should not?"—His friend replied, that nothing could convince him, that he should ever see the sun of that day set; and, strange as it may seem, the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when he was struck in the breast by a cannon shot, which instantly deprived him of existence.

There are few regiments that have not some anecdotes of this sort to record. We shall mention one or two more, which have been communicated to us by officers of great respectability, as having passed under their own personal observation. Lieutenant M'D——, of the 43rd, was so strongly possessed with this presentiment on the eve of one of the battles in the Peninsula, that he sent for Captain S——, of the 88th, who was a countryman of his, and requested him to take charge of several little things, and to transmit them safely to his relations, particularly to his mother. Captain S——, in surprise, asked him the reason why he, who was in perfect health, should think of making such arrangements? M'D—— replied, "I know I am in perfect health; and I know, also, that I shall never return from the field to-morrow." Knowing M'D—— to be a particularly brave man, for he had already,

repeatedly, distinguished himself, and never having heard him express himself in such terms before, Captain S—— was lost in astonishment, and his first impression was, that his poor friend was suffering from the delirium of fever. He, therefore, proceeded to remonstrate with him, and to endeavour, if possible, to rally him out of that desponding presentiment, which appeared to affect him so seriously. M'D—— heard him calmly, and, without taking any notice of what he said, repeated his request in so cool and collected a manner, as to leave no doubt that he was in the full and perfect possession of his faculties. Captain S——, therefore, readily promised to comply with his wishes, should he himself survive; they then separated, and each went to his post.

On the following day, after the tumult and *mêlée* of the battle had subsided, the British being, as usual, victorious, a number of the officers met to congratulate one another on their safety. When Captain S—— joined the party, he immediately inquired after his friend M'D——, but none of the survivors had seen him, or knew any thing of his fate. The conversation of the preceding day now rushed upon his mind, and, without saying a word, he instantly returned to the field to search for him among the wounded—the dead—and the dying. Nor did he search in vain. He found him already stripped of part of his regimentals; but he knew him at once, his head and face being unharmed. Captain S—— became deeply affected, and could not help shedding tears over the lifeless body of the brave and gallant youth, fore-doomed to so premature a fate.

The same thing happened in the case of Serjeant Macdonald, from Lochabar, as brave a fellow as ever drew sword, or carried a halbert, and who had been in ten or twelve general engagements, in each of which he had distinguished himself. On one occasion, however, he was so overwhelmed with this presentiment of death, that, on the day of battle, when his regiment was ordered to advance, his limbs refused their office, and his comrades had literally to support, and assist the man, to whom they had been accustomed to look up as an example and model of a brave soldier. The battle had not lasted half an hour, before he was shot through the head.

A private of the name of Mackay, a man of the most reckless and dare-devil character, used to be the delight of the bivouacs of the 43rd, during the Peninsular war. He had a great deal of that coarse, but effective, wit and drollery, which never fails to excite laughter; he abounded in anecdotes and stories, which he told with a remarkable degree of *naïveté* and humour; and often did he beguile the watches of the night, as poor Alan did with Mungo Park, by singing the songs of his dear native land. The instant Mackay appeared, hunger, thirst, and fatigue were forgotten; the soldiers clustered round him, and seating themselves by the watch-fire, thought only of listening to the joke, the tale, or the song. Even some of the officers did not disdain to mingle in their parties,

and to acknowledge the rough, but powerful fascination which hung on the lips of this unlettered soldier. Nor were his humour, mirth, and song, confined to the march and camp; in the thickest of the enemy's fire he was as merry and as vivacious as in the bivouac! "Never," said the officer who communicated to me, these particulars, "shall I forget the impression made upon my mind by hearing Mackay's full and deep-toned voice pealing forth 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' under the destructive diagonal fire from the enemy's artillery on the heights above the village of St. Boes. A soldier only knows the thrilling effect of such an incident at such a moment."

Yet this singular man was seized with one of those "Fatal Presentiments" of which I have been speaking.—On the eve of the battle of Toulouse, he suddenly became thoughtful and silent. His previous character rendered this alteration more apparent, and his comrades eagerly crowded round him to inquire the reason, being at first inclined to jibe him with what they called his "Methodist face;" but, on observing his dejected look, the wild and unearthly expression of his eye, and the determined obstinacy with which he resisted all solicitations to join their party as usual, they stared at each other with astonishment, and ceased to annoy him.

It was his turn to go on duty at the outposts, and he, consequently, soon left them. On his way to his post, he met a young officer, who had shown him much kindness, and whose life he had been chiefly instrumental in saving. "Ha, Mackay!" said the officer, "Is it you? Bless me, how ill you look! What's the matter? Are you unwell? Stay—I will go to the Colonel, and request him to let some one else take your duty." "I thank you kindly, Mr. —," said Mackay, respectfully saluting the officer. "I am not unwell, and had rather go myself. But I have a favor to ask of you. You have always been kind—very kind to me, and I am sure you will not refuse it." "What is it? Speak it out at once, man," said Mr. M——. "It is *borne in* my mind that I shall fall to-morrow," rejoined Mackay; "here are ten dollars: will you take charge of them, and send them to my mother? You know where she lives; and—and—if it was not too much trouble, sir," he added, his voice faltering, "you might tell her, if you should see her, poor old woman! that her son—devil as he has been—has never ceased, day or night, to beg Heaven's blessing on her head, or to blame himself with leaving her solitary and destitute."

The veteran wept like a child; and the young officer was scarcely less effected. Taking the money, he broke away from Mackay in order to conceal his emotion; and he retired to his quarters, oppressed with the melancholy feelings which this strange scene had occasioned; but, anxious at the same time, to persuade himself that it was a mere hallucination of fancy, and that the poor fellow's mind was touched. On the succeeding day, however, when the remains of the regiment were mustered, Mackay was missing; but

the tears of his surviving comrades sufficiently indicated the fulfilment of his presentiment. He had fallen late in the action, beside one of the redoubts, pierced with more than twenty bullets.

The last instance of *this* kind, which we shall mention, is one that will probably make a greater impression than any of the preceding, as it relates to individuals of great historical importance. Napoleon, on the 7th of May, 1796, had surprised the passage of the Po at Piacenza, while Beaulieu was expecting him at Valeggio, and General Laharpe, commanding the grenadiers of the advanced guard, fixed his head-quarters at Emmetri, between Fiombio and the Po. During the night, Liptay's Austrian division arrived at Fiombio, which is only one league from the river; and having embattled the houses and steeples, filled them with troops. As the position was strong, and Liptay might receive reinforcements, it became of the utmost importance to dislodge him; and this, after an obstinate contest, was effected. Laharpe then executed a retrograde movement to cover the roads leading to Pavia and Lodi. In the course of the night, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry appeared at his outposts, and created considerable alarm, but, after a slight resistance, retired. Nevertheless, Laharpe, followed by a picquet and several officers, went forward to reconnoitre, and particularly to interrogate in person the inhabitants of the farm-houses on the road. Unfortunately, however, he returned to the camp by a different route to that by which he had been observed to set out; and the troops being on the watch, and mistaking the reconnoitring party for a detachment of the enemy, opened a brisk fire of musketry, and Laharpe fell dead, pierced by the bullets of his own soldiers, by whom he was dearly beloved. It was remarked that, during the action of Fiombio, throughout the evening preceding his death, Laharpe seemed very absent and dejected; giving no orders—appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual energies, and entirely absorbed by a fatal presentiment. Laharpe was one of the bravest generals in the army of Italy—a grenadier both in stature and courage; and, although by birth a foreigner (Swiss,) he had raised himself to the rank of a general by his mere talent and bravery.

An anecdote, somewhat bearing upon the point, has just come into my recollection; and as it is characteristic and striking, I offer no apology for its insertion. On the night before Massena's attack on Lord Wellington's position on the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, ignorant of the enemy's proximity, and fatigued with their day's march, had lain down on the summit of the ridge to take a little rest; and both men and officers were soon fast asleep. Amongst them was the gallant officer, who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not, however, slept long, before he started up, apparently in great alarm; and calling a young officer of the same regiment, who lay close by him, he said, "D—, I have just had a most extraordinary dream; such as I had once before, the night before an unexpected battle. Depend upon it we

shall be attacked very soon." The young man immediately went forward; and, after looking between him and the horizon, and listening attentively to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze, he returned, and reported that all was still. The Colonel was satisfied, and they again lay down. In less than half an hour, however, the Colonel again started up, exclaiming in strong language, that, ere an hour elapsed, they should surely be attacked! On seeing the Colonel and his young friend throw aside their cloaks, and move off, several of the officers by them took the alarm. And it was high time; for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. Some of them had then reached the summit, and deployed into line, before the British were ready to attack them. They were immediately charged, broken, and driven down the declivity with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, now a general, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st of March, before the British position was attacked by the French, under cover of the darkness. The circumstance is certainly curious, although not exactly connected with the immediate subject of the present article.

The examples, which I have hitherto adduced, are exclusively referable to incidents of a military character; but many of our readers, who have resided in the secluded districts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, or even of more civilized England, will find no difficulty to charge their memory with abundant proofs of the realization of the gloomy forebodings of these "Fatal Presentiments;" not occurring amidst the careless bustle of a camp, or the heedless hum and popularity of the busy world; but in the silent and secluded glen, the gloomy grove, or the pine-clad mountain. To a soldier on the eve of battle, it is possible that a sad foreboding for the fortune of the morrow may find ready access to the heart. The bravest man may wish to live, if not for himself, at least for his wife and little ones, his parents, or his kindred. And the fond remembrance of these, rushing with all the force of separated affection into his bosom, may conjure up those feelings of despondency, which, in their extreme intensity, may constitute these "Fatal Presentiments." But this cannot be said of those, who, pursuing their calm, sequestered path, on the wide road of human life, scarcely ever vary the events of their existence, and rarely quit the secluded spot which gave them birth. And that such persons are subjected to the occurrence of "Fatal Presentiments," is too well known to need illustration here.

Supposing, then, that the occurrence of "Fatal Presentiments" be firmly established, is it possible, consistently with any known reason of the human mind, to offer any satisfactory explanation of this strange and mysterious phenomenon? It is obvious, from the preceding anecdotes, that this "Fatal Presentiment" cannot be considered as a mental hallucination, engendered by cowardice or fear, as, in all the instances adduced, the individuals have been

remarkable for their courage, firmness, and intrepidity. It is curious, too, that the most striking concomitant of this prophetic anticipation of death, is the strong and overweening conviction of its positive realization.

It may be urged, that a person thus fatally possessed, may become so careless of existence, as, thereby, to insure his destruction. Be it so: but, we ask, what originally induces the presentiment? Soldiers, and particularly veteran soldiers, familiar with danger and death, are not generally liable to be troubled with hypochondriac feelings, or with phantoms of visionary terror. The evils to which they are exposed, are physical, not mental; their life has too much of stern reality in it to be embittered, or disordered by the fanciful phantasmagoria of the brain: food and rest after fatigue, and, after battle, victory and glory, are commonly the prime objects with which they concern themselves. It is, therefore, highly improbable that such gloomy forebodings, as those which we have narrated, in the first instance, be occasioned by any disordered affection of the mind; and it is no less improbable that the constant fulfilment of the prediction should be a mere accidental coincidence.

Upon what principle, then, are we to account for the appalling certainty of approaching death thus irresistibly "borne in"—(to use poor Mackay's words) upon the mind? By what secret intervention is it thus, in some instances, assured of the near approach of an event, which, to the vast majority of men, "clouds and shadows rest upon," till the fatal moment when it is revealed? Whence, too, the overwhelming conviction with which it is accompanied? We confess we cannot tell: but we believe the fact, because the moral evidence in its favor is irresistible. The physiology of the mind is a subject, of which we must ever remain in total ignorance. Spurzheim could have unravelled all the perplexing convolutions of the brain—he could have discovered new organs, new passions, and new combinations; he could, in short, have exerted all that ingenuity, for which he was so renowned; but he could have gained nothing by the effort, but our admiration for his anatomical skill and dexterity. The mind may have *latent* powers, which can only be called into action by a particular combination of circumstances; which combination may be of rare occurrence, and beyond the reach of our inquiries, when it does happen. Many of the lower animals are gifted with a presentiment of danger, the manner of acquiring which is probably as mysterious as that which we are now considering; and this seems to be given them by nature for their preservation.

Man, in general, is placed in a less enviable situation; because he has reason, instead of instinct, for his guide. Yet it has been believed, in all ages, that men have been, occasionally, forewarned of their approaching dissolution, and that "sounds by no mortals made," are intelligible to "death's prophetic ear." This belief, probably, originated in the observation of facts similar to those we

have been mentioning; but how, at the "sunset of life, coming events cast their shadows before," is a mystery too abstruse for our mundane faculties. It is equally impossible, we suspect, even to conjecture, with any degree of plausibility, whether these premonitions result from any internal consciousness, or external agency;—from some latent power of the mind suddenly called into action, or from the immediate influence of that Mighty Being, of whom it is only an emanation. Be this as it may, we have adduced a sufficient number of proofs to answer all the purposes of our argument; and to set our thinking readers reflecting on a subject of great, and most interesting importance.

R.

HOME.

When on the last far height, we pause to throw
 A parting look upon our home below,
 And gaze in silence on the peaceful bow'rs
 That gave their shelter to our happier hours;
 While, through the twilight of the past, flit by
 Its shadowy forms, to Memory's musing eye,
 How long, ere from the summit of the hill
 We turn the foot that there would linger still!
 And when that scene sinks down its ridge behind,
 Do they too set,—the visions of the mind!
 Ah, no! the winds may waft, the billows bear
 To other lands, but they will haunt us there—
 The shadows of the past, that round us grow
 More deep, as life's declining sun is low.

In all its wanderings still the heart is true
 To that lov'd scene where its young feelings grew:
 E'en when its wither'd hopes around it fall,
 Like faded wreaths in some forsaken hall,
 Still o'er the waste of sorrow unforget,
 Green and unfading blooms that hallow'd spot;
 Its memory steals along life's sullen stream,
 As breaks o'er clouded seas the setting beam.

Though brighter lands beyond the ocean lie,
 And softer scenes there woo the raptur'd eye;
 Yet, to the Pilgrim's heart they cannot bring
 The charm that breath'd in youth, from each fair thing,
 Around the haunts where pass'd his infant hours,
 When life and feeling seem'd to dwell in flow'rs;
 A voice in every breeze; in leaves that hung
 Upon the waving woods, a whispering tongue;
 When heaven and earth seem'd join'd, the skies to rest
 On ocean's margin, and the mountain crest;

Home.

When, in the silent night, his infant glance
 Was cast in wonder on the blue expanse,
 And gazing on the stars, so bright and fair,
 He wish'd, e'en then, for wings to waft him there—
 With tiny hands stretch'd upwards to its dome,
 E'en then the heart hath sigh'd for its high home,
 And wept for other worlds, ere yet its tear
 Was shed o'er sorrows all undreamt of here ;
 Ere yet it knew, that, launch'd on life's rough wave,
 Its bark must drift to that dark port, the Grave!

Thou who in foreign lands hast lonely stray'd,
 'Midst Nature's scenes of solitude and shade,
 Know'st when the winds had wafted some sad strain,
 How from oblivion broke the past again :
 Seem'd not a voice to hail thee from that shore,
 That home, perchance, revisited no more,
 Save when in dreams, beyond the power of Fate,
 The soul flies there like wild-bird to its mate—
 Flies to that far, but unforgotten land,
 Where first upon the eye creation dawn'd—
 Where, like sweet flowers, the heart's pure feelings sprung,
 Ere yet the weeds of passion round them clung ?
 But when the fleeting days of youth depart,
 And from their dream awakes thy cheated heart,
 Returning home at last, in hopes to meet
 That peace the world bestow'd not in retreat,
 Once more, in summer's greenest garment drest,
 Thy native vale receives thee to its breast.
 Oh ! hope not for its former joys again,
 Though fair as ever all its scenes remain ;
 Though steals as soft each murmuring stream along,
 And sweet as e'er the wild wood's evening song ;
 There's something sadly changed—the heart,—the heart
 That could a charm to all around impart,
 E'en to the leaves that whisper'd on the stem,
 Deeming that its own sweetness dwelt in them ;
 That heard the music of its well-tun'd strings
 Flow in the sounds of dead, unconscious things—
 The heart, indeed, is changed, the spell is gone,
 The scene remains, but, ah ! the soul is flown !
 The friend of youth is miss'd, and where is he ?
 That starting tear too well can answer thee—
 Yon Sun, that sheds o'er summer seas his beam,
 Smiles on his sleep, the sleep without a dream !

But, oh ! how sad his fate whom early crimes
 Have doom'd to die in far and friendless climes ;
 Ere yet the heart, to native feelings cold,
 Is heedless where its number'd throbs are told ;
 While rolls 'twixt him and all he loves, the wave
 That parts for ever sure as doth the grave !
 Ah ! farther severs ; for the sod we tread,
 Alone divides the living from the dead !

Through the long night, the night of fate and fear,
 When drifts the bark upon her dark career,
 Far o'er the wintry waters doom'd to roam,
 How wakes the memory of our peaceful Home !

How have they sigh'd for that!—the wanderers gone
 To brave the terrors of the frigid zone;
 To sweep those sullen seas where Winter piles
 His snowy mountains and his icy isles;
 And shrouds in polar glooms his hoary form,
 And from his garner-house sends forth the storm;
 Or while the roaring seas are tempest-toss'd,
 Bids them be still, and fetters them in frost!—
 Perchance e'en now their hapless barks may be
 Chain'd in the bosom of a waveless sea,
 While the long night hath clos'd around them there
 Like the all-circling shadow of Despair;
 Or cheer'd at last, perhaps, by distant dawn,
 And when in gulfs the ice began to yawn,
 With such continuing roar, in masses hurl'd,
 As seem'd the thunders of a rending world,—
 The floating fragments each frail bark have crush'd
 And hopes and fears for ever deeply hush'd!
 No—something whispers they shall yet return,
 And hints that they have cross'd the dreary bourne;
 The mystic pass, untraced by man, which Fate
 Seem'd to have clos'd with an eternal gate!

Ye links that bend us to our place of birth!
 Ye sacred feelings cherish'd at its hearth!
 But that your magic makes a desert fair,
 Man were a sad and homeless wanderer.
 The boundless North,—earth's regions cold and rude,
 Would slumber then one lifeless solitude;
 Untrod by him would Switzer's mountains rise;
 Unheeded were the strain on which he dies;
 Unknown the rapture through his heart that thrills,
 Who hails from foreign lands his native hills.

Home! where the morn of life in brightness rose!
 Home! where we hope its peaceful eve will close!
 Thine are the varied scenes that might beguile
 E'en from a Stoic eye the tear and smile.
 Oh! when like spring-buds of the parent tree,
 The cherubs hang around the father's knee;
 Who but a sire shall speak that purest birth,
 That thrills the heart in every infant kiss!
 Thine, too, the stolen glance of secret woe,
 That sees on Beauty's cheek Consumption's glow—
 That rose, whose hue seems of celestial bliss,
 Too fair a flower to blossom long on earth;
 With sorrow's pang, increasing day by day,
 (The ceaseless drop that wears the stone away.)
 The lover marks her bright unearthly bloom,
 And sees her wedded to an earthly tomb!

What though thy joys and sorrows, deep, not loud,
 Touch not the bosoms of the high-born crowd?
 What though to fashion's minions all unknown?
 With such a sympathy they'd blush to own,
 Whose lives roll on like shallow streams that stray,
 With brawl and bubble on their barren way;
 With whom a sound can satisfy a sin,
 A gorgeous garb redeem the fool within;

Recollections of Early Years.

Thine the first friendship, and the earliest love,
 That time and distance strengthen, not remove;
 And with thy peaceful scenes are closely join'd
 The thousand pleasing pictures of the mind,
 That bright as stars along a cloudless sky,
 Shine through the silent night of memory!

Hobart Town, August, 1833.

H. E. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY YEARS.

"Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent,
 To load the guilty, guilt's worst instrument—
 His soul was changed."

BYRON.

There is a pleasing melancholy in pacing the pebbly shore, and gazing on the glassy waters, as the sun is slowly sinking in the western horizon. The musing mind recalls the scenes of passing hours, and the incidents of early life flash vividly on the memory. The stillness of all around forcibly depicts the dying Christian, like the orb of day gloriously sinking into eternity; and can it fail to warn the meditator that ere another sun shall rise to glad the face of Nature, he himself may be crumbled in the dust. These thoughts, to some, may be appalling, but for me I have a mind warped to melancholy, darkened perhaps by the follies and ingratitude of the world. In my twilight wanderings, the following incident has frequently occurred to my recollection.

It was a splendid morning in the fall of the spring of 1828, when I reached the township of ———. The fields, covered with the most luxuriant verdure, the trees loaded with the fullest blossom; and the fragrance of flowers, together with a lovely azure sky, tended to impress the mind with the brightest visions. It was a festive day, for the "pride of the vale,"—the lovely Ellen—was that day to bestow her hand in wedlock on a youth of the neighbouring district. She was the daughter of a gentleman in affluent circumstances, who had emigrated about five years previous, and the neatness and comfort of his estate fully betokened the opulence of the owner. From the impediments to travelling, which then existed, there were but few to witness the ceremony, beside the

friends of both parties. My attention was forcibly attracted towards a young man, habited in deep mourning, who, upon enquiry, I ascertained had but recently arrived in the Colony. He was a playfellow of the intended bride and her sister in England, and viewed by them in the light of a brother, for they had none on whom to bestow that tender epithet. His countenance was of a deadly paleness—his dark hair hung negligently over his forehead—his lip was bloodless—and his eye of a glassy lustre, combined with his sable attire, gave him an unusually ghastly appearance. He spoke not, smiled not, and seemed totally lost to the surrounding objects. The hour for departure to the district church now drew nigh, and the fair girl was summoned from her "tiring room." She was certainly "the pride of the vale," for though I have traversed many portions of the globe, I have seldom seen one so interesting. Her sylph-like form seemed scarcely to press the earth. Her golden hair flowed in playful ringlets round a neck fair as the glittering snow drop, and her cheek outrivalled the young pomegranate hue. A lovely blush overspread her countenance as she entered; but her eye, resting on the youth whom I have described, a slight tremor pervaded her frame, and the roses of her cheek faded as he advanced to greet her. It was but momentary, for by a seeming effort the color re-animated her cheek, and

She bent on another her bright blue eye,
And a smile played around her mouth,
As soft as the heavenly morning sky,
That dawns in climes of the south.

We now proceeded to the church. I felt a sort of interest for the young man in mourning, for I was convinced he was a prey to some inward anguish. I endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, but found it fruitless, and contented myself with narrowly watching his countenance, which was intensely fixed on the intended bride. She met his gaze twice, and again the colour forsook her cheek, and an unbidden tear started in her eye; and I almost fancied that her apparent gaiety was assumed. The betrothed pair stood before the altar—the ceremony commenced—but how can I depict the agony of the youth beside me. The large drops rolled down his forehead—he breathed with difficulty—and as the ceremony concluded, uttering a wild shriek, he fell senseless at my feet. He was borne into the open air, and on baring his bosom, a small gold locket, appended to a blue ribbon, discovered itself. I immediately recognized the hair of the new bride, and the truth flashed upon me. On his recovering, I endeavoured to induce him to accompany me to the cottage, but with a harrowing smile he declined my solicitations, and, with a haughty bend, turned in the direction leading to the ocean.

But there gleamed in his eyes a sepulchral fire;
A wan and unearthly light,
And they gazed, when you gazed, with a steadfastness dire,
As the gazer's soul they'd blight.

Not a groan or a sigh on the deep calm broke,
 But his brow in despair still language spoke
 Of grief that on earth would never depart,
 Of hopes long crushed—and a *blighted heart*.

On my arrival at the cottage, the kindest enquiries were made for my companion, and messengers dispatched in every direction to search for him, but without success; and days, months, and years rolled away, and no tidings were heard of him.

Though Ellen was united to the most affectionate of husbands, and in possession of every earthly blessing, yet she gradually drooped away. Her slender form was wasted to a shadow; the roses had long forsaken her cheek, and her medical attendants could not conjecture the cause of her malady. They strongly recommended a change of scene, and she embarked with her husband in a vessel, in which I chanced to be a passenger for England. Our bark bounded along in sportive glee, until we reached the Line. It was at the close of a lovely tropical day, whilst we were all on deck, wooing the evening breeze, that a sail was espied at a distance. At first she did not attract much attention, but as soon as we discovered she was bearing down upon us, we endeavoured to examine her more minutely, but unsuccessfully; the evening closed in, and we were not proceeding at a greater rate than three knots per hour. The moon had just revealed her silvery orb above the horizon, when we discovered the strange sail approaching us. The commander and officers of our vessel seemed to watch her anxiously, communing with each other in half whispers. As the moon rose in splendid majesty, a long low vessel dashed by us—we could not discern a soul on deck, and all seemed hushed as the grave. For the first time suspicion was awakened within me, and which, on communication with the captain, I found confirmed. It was as light as day. The stranger tacked, as if by magic—not a sound was heard, except, at intervals, the hollow notes of a gong, and the soft tinkling of a bell. Our anxiety was wrought up to the highest pitch—to escape from her was impossible, for she walked the waters “like a thing of life.” She again passed us; her cabin windows were open; the interior was illuminated, and we could plainly discern that it was fitted up with the splendour of oriental elegance. A soft strain of music was borne upon the waters—it was a low plaintive air, and a man’s voice accompanied it. As the melody was wafted o’er the water, Ellen, who was gazing on the vessel, suddenly clasped her husband’s arm, with a suppressed shriek exclaiming, “Merciful Heaven! I have heard that air before, but years are past, and I deemed there was but another on earth that knew it.” It was in vain that we endeavoured to elicit from her when and where she had heard the melody in question—she was silent, and left us to our conjectures. The stranger played around us the whole night; not a sound was heard, but the melody, the gong, and the tinkling bell. Day at length broke, and discovered to our watchful eyes a

beautiful little barque skimming the waters besides us. She had boarding nettings around her, and not a soul was visible on the deck. We gave ourselves up for lost, as we could come to no other conclusion than that she was a pirate, and the hapless fate of "the Cumberland" forcibly rushed on our recollection; we had no alternative but quiet submission. Ellen ascended the deck; she was before pale and wan, but now the hand of death seemed upon her—her husband was almost frantic, and it was an awful moment for us all. As the sun rose, we perceived a boat quit the vessel, and, on a shrill whistle, an armed side was presented to us; our doubts were now at an end—she was a pirate. The boat pulled rapidly towards us, and the bark closed in. Upon reaching us about a dozen men sprung upon the deck, having a young man as their leader. He was apparently about the age of twenty-five, attired in light blue silk, elegantly braided with gold, wearing on his head a cap of the same material, richly laced; and bearing in his hand a most superbly mounted sword. His followers were all armed. He advanced to the quarter deck, and judge my astonishment in discovering the features of the guest at Ellen's wedding. The faded blue ribbon hung o'er his bosom—he bent towards me with haughty silence. Ellen had shrunk behind her husband on discovering the pirate captain. He caught a glimpse of her—a momentary tremor came over him—the blood rushed into his pallid cheeks, and his eye flashed with terrific wildness. Unbinding the locket from his neck, he advanced towards her. "We have met again, Ellen," he exclaimed. "Aye! we have met again. Years have rolled by since our last parting. Do you know this faded ribbon? It was the gift of one who vowed eternal constancy! It was the gift of one who vowed that naught on earth should part us! It was the gift of one who led me to believe, I was the first and only object of her affection! It was the gift," dashing the locket with violence to the ground, "of a false, perjured woman! Yes! Ellen,"—raising his cap from his brow, and giving his long dark hair to the gale—"I am he, to whom you vowed eternal constancy. Grief and guilt are now depicted on that brow, which oft your lips have pressed. The hand which encircled you is red with human gore—it is the hand of an outcast—a robber—a murderer! It is the hand of a pirate—and what has made me so? But the hour of retribution is at hand—the shade of blighted love calls aloud for vengeance—and," clenching his teeth, as if to suppress his passion, "vengeance it shall have!" Advancing nearer to her, he continued, with a devilish sneer, "Thy roses, girl, are faded; they require a warmer climate—they shall bloom on an eastern shore—they shall bloom as a pirate's bride;" and drawing a pistol from his girdle, he seized the affrighted girl. His followers closed round him, and bore her to the boat. Resistance was in vain—they gained the pirate, and were never heard of more.

C.

The following original poem was written by the Author of an
 "Indian Tale and other Poems," and communicated to us by his
 friend * K. *

TO THE SOUL.

I.

O ! thou ethereal sun of being—Soul !
 Best gift of God, and likest him that gave.
 Curbless and chainless, trampler on control,
 Victor of death, and scorner of the grave !
Thou wert not made to be a tyrant's slave,
 Nor yet the fawning parasite of kings,
 Kissing the foot that spurns thee ; nor to crave
 In common bondage, earth's decaying things ;
 Fame is a schoolboy's dream—gold cankers, and hath wings.

II.

But *thou* wert made for freedom's life and light,
 For pleasures earth denies, the vast and wild
 Of intellectual bliss, the calm and bright
 Of joy ! Eternity's own child.
 Time cannot sate thee, tho' her gifts were piled
 In one tall Babel-column to the skies !
 The witchery of love hath vainly smiled
 To bless thy panting hopes ; and vainly rise
 For thee the melting gush of Nature's harmonies !

III.

For ever standing on the brink of time,
 Plumed for the sunshine of unclouded spheres,
 Unmeet for tarriance here, and too sublime
 To change with every hue of mortal fears,
 Now wrapt to gladness, and now drowned in tears ;
 Thy wing is ever soaring, and thine eye
 Pondering the flight of everlasting years,
 Impatient of the moments as they fly,
 And burning for thy birthright—immortality !

IV.

Suns shine to be extinguished. All we see
 Or hear of Nature's glory, must expire ;
 The marble dented by the pilgrim's knee,
 The molten mountain with its womb of fire,
 All, all, must sink before creation's sire !
 But still the soul, unharmed by ruin's plough,
 Haughty amidst the desolator's ire,
 Shall spring from the world's ashes with calm brow,
 Hailing her God ! and feel as deathless then as now !

BENJAMIN GEORGE.

 MATERNAL LOVE.

M. Vanberg was one of the richest merchants of Dunkirk, and
 fortune seemed to have taken delight to heap favors upon him.

United to an estimable woman, the father of a son gifted with great natural talent, nothing was wanting to complete his happiness. Every day beheld his trade increase,—he had ships in many ports, and correspondents in all commercial cities. All things were thus smiling upon him, when, by one of those accidents, which human wisdom cannot foresee, he found himself reduced to poverty. His vessels were captured by Corsairs;—one of his principal correspondents became a bankrupt, and M. Vanberg, being security for a very large amount, was forced to suspend his payments. These accumulated misfortunes made such an impression on the merchant's mind, that he fell ill of a fever, and, notwithstanding the anxious and unceasing cares of his wife and son, died in their arms after a few hours. Scarcely had he breathed his last, when a host of creditors assailed the house, and, seizing upon the furniture, reduced the unhappy widow to destitution.—Neither of her parents were rich, and the aid they afforded was but slender, and habituated to live in abundance, encircled from infancy by the enjoyments that wealth commands, Madame Vanberg could not submit to the cold disdain, and the heartless refusal of assistance of those who presented friendship in prosperity. She retired to a humble lodging with her son, and an old female servant, who had refused to desert her in this extremity. There she worked day after day to sustain a sad existence for herself; and for her child, she would be employed whole nights to earn some little superfluity, to which luxury had accustomed him. She herself was his instructress, she sought above all to form his heart, often she told him of his father, frequently of his misfortunes, rarely of his former wealth, as she feared to awake regret, though she could not repress in herself the desire of that which was now lost, yet it was not for herself, but for her son. Charles grew up, the finishing of his education had been entrusted to an old sea-captain, a friend of his father, and he was now eighteen years of age; his mother desired him to enter some merchant's counting-house, but the state of her finances would not allow of this. Dared she again solicit those who had once so cruelly refused her? Yes,—she was a mother, and, for the welfare of her beloved child, she could face a refusal yet again! She was thus resolved, when Charles entered her apartment with a joyful countenance: “Console yourself, my mother,” said he, “our misfortunes are over, heaven has terminated our unhappiness, and you will be replaced in that rank you once occupied in society, no more to dread the disdain of those, who know not how to honor virtue in indigence;—my mother, I can repay you for your cares.”—“Explain yourself, Charles,” replied Madame Vanberg. “Our good friend, M. Hervé, has charged me to secure some property which has just fallen to him at Martinique, the produce is to establish a banking-house here, and we are to share the profits.”—“Then must you quit me?”—“I shall quit you for a year,—six months, perhaps, and then we shall never part again—a bright perspective opens for you and your son.”—“Ah,” said Madame Vanberg, still

raising objections to his departure; "you are ignorant of the element you must brave, and of the pestilential climate to which your steps are directed—if I lose you, what will become of me, alone upon the world? what are riches to me? you only are the wealth I care to possess." At length, M. Hervé remarked that her refusal would condemn her son to a life of poverty, and maternal love yielding, she gave her consent. The day of his departure was fixed, Charles was torn from the fond embraces of his mother, and the vessel bore him far from the shores of France.

Four months passed away, and Madame Vanberg had received no intelligence of her son—how long that interval seemed, what anxieties, what fears, what inquietudes assailed her—an involuntary groan escaped her, whenever she thought upon the dangers which threatened Charles, reproaching herself for having allowed him to leave her; and every day found her at the wharf, enquiring the names of the newly arrived vessels. At length, after five months, she received a letter from Charles, informing her that he had secured the estate, and that he would return as soon as possible, although it would take him some time to sell the property, which was very considerable. Soon after, a second letter reached her, that nothing now could detain him from his mother, and that the next ship would bring him once more to her embraces. More impatient than ever, Madame Vanberg was almost incessantly on the wharf, accompanied by M. Hervé; and, one day, just as she was about to leave it, on turning, she discovered a ship on the verge of the horizon. Prolonging her stay till the vessel was near enough to display its signal, she then found it had come from the very port, news from which would to her be most acceptable—it was the identical ship by which she expected her son! To attempt to describe her feelings, on beholding Charles on the poop, would be worse than useless, so many different passions contending in her bosom, and forgetting, in her joy for the present, the sorrows and solitudes of the past. Without wasting a moment's time in deliberation, impatient to throw herself into his arms, she took a boat to meet her son, who, seemingly, as anxious as herself, at the same time descended the side of the vessel, and, leaping into a small skiff, assisted to row towards his mother—they met—they spake—Charles sprang from his seat, but, not measuring the distance in his eagerness, fell between the boats—three times he rose on the surface, and an intrepid seaman three times grasped him, but was unable from weakness to retain his hold—again he rose, and again was seized, and with some difficulty borne to the shore.—Madame Vanberg threw herself on her son, in the wildness of grief, calling him to speak once, if only once more—a groan escaped him. "My mother!" faintly breathed from his lips, and his eyes were closed in death.—Madame Vanberg gazed for a few minutes on the lifeless corpse, and, raising her eyes to heaven, fell, and expired—her heart was broken!

K.

[We have given insertion to this little article, with a view to

encourage the author to nobler and higher flights. We are anxious to induce the youth of Tasmania to put forth their best energies in the cause of literature; and we hope our fastidious readers will not look with too keen an eye upon this humble, but praiseworthy effort for their amusement.—EDITOR.]

TO A FROZEN RIVER.

(From the Dutch of Tollens.)

Sweet River! in thy summer flow,
Thy rapid course, and sunny glow,
Our early life resembling;
When nature decks thy bordering bowers,
With verdant leaves and fragrant flowers,
Above thy waters trembling.

Now that I look on thee, thy wave
Is like the tenant of the grave,
As silent and as moveless;
The blighted banks, on which I tread,
White as the vesture of the dead,
As lifeless and as loveless.

Methinks, in thy sad change, I see,
My earthly mutability—
My mortal desolation—
The stream that fills these veins of mine,
Now warm, will soon be cold as thine,
Conjealed into stagnation.

As yet, I bound along thy side,
Swift as thy waves were wont to glide,
As active and as cheerful;
Another year, another day,
Another respiration may
Produce a change more fearful.

How sad a picture, this! the blight
Of life and beauty—but a light
Breaks in upon my sadness,
Illumining the wintry gloom,
Brightening the darkness of the tomb,
Filling the soul with gladness.

The spring returns—with freshened force
Thy stream resumes its wonted course,—
Thy banks are fringed with flowers;
And such a change, this form will prove,
Raised by the power that rules above,
To share the happiness and love
Of Heaven's immortal bowers.

A. W.

Timothy Templeton.

LOVE AND TIME.

(From the French.)

I.

With wearied feet, and wandering steps,
 Travelling through every age and clime,
 Upon a rapid river's banks
 Arrived old Time—
 Crying unto the hinds around,
 Who, to the tabor's merry sound,
 Each led a blooming lass—
 Come—Come, ye gay and thoughtless swains,
 Come—help old Time to pass.

II.

The shepherd nymphs with haste prepare,
 A boat of trim and beauty rare,
 Where love, the pilot, was—
 Old Time embarks—love points the sail—
 To catch the wanton, western gale,
 While crowding to the distant shore,
 The maidens cry,—how quickly o'er
 Love causes time to pass!

III.

But love, poor boy, too soon was tired,
 No longer with his object fired,—
 His constant fault, alas!
 Time quickly seized the falling oar,
 Which love, worn out, could poise no more;
 While on the fast, receding shore,
 The maidens cry—see! see! alas,
 Time causes love to pass.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

TIMOTHY TEMPLETON.

CHAPTER I.

I'll tell thee my adventures ;—they shall be
 A joy to think of in long winter-nights,
 When stormy winds shall make our lullaby.

SOUTHEY.

You wish to know my history, you say? all—every thing that I have suffered and survived; be patient, and you shall be gratified: I will not withhold from you a single incident.

I shall not advert farther to my childhood, than to say, that I was a boy of quick parts, and of a good but passionate temper; and being one, although the eldest, of five children, it is not to be supposed that my juvenile faults were left unpunished. Nor *were* they; and although I *was* my father's favourite, his fondness *was*

not so outrageous, or so foolish and mis-directed, as to spare all necessary castigation; I was occasionally well flagellated, and that, too, as I well remember, with considerable energy.

My father, who was one of the best-hearted men breathing, had the credit of being well to do in the world. He had the first practice, as an attorney, in the county of M——; his lady had a jointure of her own, and they lived in a style of good hospitality, comfort, and respectability. In addition to this, he was a land-owner, to the extent of some fifty or sixty acres of a bog, dignified by the name of a farm, and situated in the vicinity of the county town, where he resided. This gave him a vote for the county, and imbued him with sundry other privileges, all conducive to his importance. Of relations, we had none near us, except the family of my mother's sister, who had married a Welsh squire, with a deuced long pedigree, and a woeful scanty rent-roll. Nevertheless, Mr. Ellis, of Brynmawr, was a person of no trifling consideration in our small and secluded county. A landed property of not *less* than three hundred sterling pounds *per annum*, a seat on the grand jury, as well as on the bench of magistrates, to which, high above all, must be added a direct and indisputable descent from Rytherch ap Ruddlestone ap Jenkyn ap Jumper ap Bumpas ap Bwbwy, the founder of one of the royal tribes of Wales; these were virtues not easily overlooked in a district where an uncontaminated descent is a distinction of the first importance. Scandal, indeed,—always envious of superior excellence, and, in no place on earth, *more* envious than in the town where my father lived—scandal, I say, would whisper some surmises touching the humble station of my good uncle's mother, who, it was rumoured, was a mere menial, when his father advanced her to the honour of an alliance with the descendant of Bumpas ap Bwbwy. Whether this be true or not, I cannot aver, as the good lady was gathered to her fathers before I was born: at all events, if it was, I have every reason to believe that she was of the right stock "*cui genus a proavis ingens*." As to her husband, my uncle's father, he was a right merry "*laird*," indeed; renowned throughout the whole of North Wales, as a devoted and enthusiastic worshipper at the shrines of Bacchus and Venus; and, never known to relinquish a *Term* without the Spiggot!

My uncle's family consisted of papa and mamma, and four lovely bantlings, whose sexes were equally divided—two sons and two daughters:—I have already intimated that there were five of *us*, so that the two families constituted a very snug family-party. My uncle did not reside in the town, but at a very beautiful spot about five miles towards the sea, which had been the residence of the family, for aught I know, since the days of their great ancestor, the aforesaid Bumpas ap Bwbwy.* It was called Brynmawr, or

* The English reader will please to observe, that the Welsh *w* is pronounced like the English *oo*, and is always long. It has occasionally an uncouth appearance, but the sound is ever smooth and musical—what, indeed, can be more musical than *Boobyoo*?

Great-bank, and was an object of general admiration. Much of my time was spent with my cousins—I mean the boys—in hunting, fishing, furze-firing, birds-nesting, and similar amiable pastimes, particularly well calculated “to teach the young idea” how to do any thing but what it ought.—Our education, at this interesting period—that is, before we were ten years old—being carefully and most prudently entrusted to Twm, the lad of all work, and Robin Shone, the old shepherd. Under such tuition, with an occasional lesson in the Accidence, and a sum in subtraction, under the *surveillance* of *mon cher oncle*, we got on extremely well, and were really, at nine years of age, three as lovely young gentlemen as any fond parents would delight to look upon—and to love. The descendants of Bumpus ap Bwbwy were especially accomplished in all sorts of juvenile devilry and mischief, for which Twm, the lad of all work, was mainly to be commended; not, but there was plenty of willingness on their own part, but he was the “schoolmaster;” and, certainly, if the ghost of their long named progenitor has ever taken a sly peep at them, from the top of the mountain adjoining their father’s house, which was certainly haunted, he must have been betrayed into a loud cackination of rapture at the prospects of such a hopeful perpetuity of the virtues of the old stock.

As I consider it incumbent upon every person, who undertakes, he narration of his own adventures, to tell the truth—a maxim by no means implicitly followed now-a-days, (witness any or all the “Confessions,” that have been written these hundred years,) I am constrained, by a painful feeling of duty, to mention a circumstance here, which, many as are the years that have intervened, is still a “sore subject” to me. Lord Byron, and that savage devil, Alfieri, were in love, as they tell us, at twelve years of age. I am happy to say, I beat them in this respect by three good years at least: I was in love at nine! Even now,—and my hair, what little I have, is, as you see, grey,—my brow furrowed,—my cheeks wrinkled,—and my limbs not so stalwart as they have been,—even now, at a distance of forty-eight years and seven months, some odd days, my heart still palpitates, and my eye still sparkles at the recollection of that blissful *liaison*. It is the remarkable peculiarity of this precocious tenderness to be excited by an object of maturity—in plain terms, by an angel, old enough to be one’s mother. No matter! The object of my young love was of this orthodox ripeness; and, as far as I can recollect,—for, although I retain a poignant recollection of the sentiment,—my memory is not so tenacious of the coarser materials—as far as I can recollect, then, my charmer was not very beautiful. She had red hair,—I have not forgotten *that*—a bouncing, plump, robust corporation, and wore linsey-woolsey; for, oh! my friend! she was my uncle’s dairy-maid!

That this affair was productive of nothing beyond a little innocent flirtation, you will readily believe, when I tell you, that our attachment was suspected. That meddling fellow, Twm, who was in love

with the fair Shonad* himself, disclosed it to my aunt, and we were, ever after, strictly watched. But I had my revenge,—although, at this present moment, I forget exactly *how*, but the impression on my mind is, that I was terribly revenged: indeed, I know I was.

In the midst of this, my Arcadian existence, an event occurred, which materially affected my destiny. My father died suddenly, leaving his affairs so greatly embarrassed, that my mother's jointure of about ninety pounds a year, was all that she could depend upon for the maintenance and education of her five children. What is usually done in such cases, was done in this. My mother "sold up," as the phrase is, and then went to reside in a vacant cottage of my uncle, who was, of course, *one* of the executors—my father's partner, a deep lawyer, being the other. There was one advantage if not more, in this arrangement, my mother got a cheap house, and the society of her sister, while I and my lovely brothers and sisters spent more of our time than ever with our equally lovely cousins. Seared to the very core, as my heart has since been,—its best and dearest feelings wantonly outraged,—its holiest aspirations insulted, and my nature changed by sufferings, which few have survivingly endured,—still, I shall never cease to remember, with unalloyed happiness, the few happy days, which passed in that peaceful retreat, after my father's death.

Although, a quick and intelligent boy, I was not old or grave enough to feel sorrow for the loss of a parent, kind and indulgent though that parent ever was to me. No! my joy was in the wild woods, and amongst the wilder mountains, which rose up in every direction around my uncle's, and, now, our residence. All children are more or less selfish, and largely avaricious of their joys. I know, *I* was of mine, and, even then, I felt a growing attachment towards my youngest female cousin, which proved no common attraction to her home and her pastimes. My cousin Ellen was a lovely child, but extremely delicate, both in health and personal appearance. With a form so fragile, that it might be said, almost to bend to the breeze as it passed over it, and with a gentle delicacy of demeanour so remarkable, that the stranger would stop to gaze upon the sylph-like child, she was just the creature to captivate a being like myself, whose whole soul was replete with sensibility.

"Oh! how unlike a creature form'd of clay!
The blessed angels, with delight
Might hail her "sister:" she was bright,
And innocent as they!"

As a boy, I loved her better than I loved any one else,—and this love never left me.

* *Anglicd*, Jane or Janet, indifferently.

Upon an occasion, like that of my father's death, where a poor widow is left to provide, as well as she can, for five small children, the sympathy of surviving relations is put into active requisition; and, generally speaking, after much devout *talk*, the poor widow is left to her own resources, and not unfrequently blamed, into the bargain, for marrying such a careless, extravagant man, as her late husband is invariably voted to be if *he dies poor*! I will not say that my mother was served exactly in this manner. Some of her kindred, it is true, did speak their minds very freely, others were altogether silent and discreet, and others again, my high-descended uncle included, stretched out their hands to the widow in her calamity. But the most remarkable instance of benevolence on this memorable occasion was displayed by a cynical kinsman of her own, who, till now, had scarcely ever spoken to her since her marriage. He was a rich bachelor in Staffordshire; and, as soon as he heard of my father's untimely decease, with all its wretched concomitants of poverty and affliction, he wrote a kind letter to my mother, enclosing a substantial proof of his sympathy, and promising further assistance, when it might be required, all of which, was very gratifying, and not the less so, because it was unsolicited and unexpected.

I had heard of my grand-uncle, Highmore, very frequently. His wealth and celibacy had rendered him, you may be very sure, an object of no trifling solicitude to his numerous worthy kindred; but, all that I ever learnt from my mother was, that he had been very kind to her when a girl, and that she had unconsciously offended him. I remember, however, that my notions of the old gentleman were extremely stupendous; what I have since thought of the Grand Seigneur, I then, in my childhood, thought of my uncle Highmore.

My father's death seemed to be the signal for the commencement of those vicissitudes of which I have all my life been the victim. If I knew any thing about astrology,—and I regret exceedingly that I do not,—I might probably find, that at this important period, those baneful planets, which rule my destiny, were in full conspiracy, or *conjunction*, as they call it, for the devising those misfortunes, by which they were pleased to characterize my horoscope. A pretty meeting there must have been on the occasion!

“He farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead—he is Saturn.
He opposite, the King with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man.
But at his side a lovely lady stands,
The star upon her head is soft and bright,
And that is Venus, the bright star of joy!
On the left hand, lo! Mercury with wings.
Quite in the middle, glitters silver bright,
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien!

And this is Jupiter, my father's star,
And at his side, I see the Sun and Moon."

WALLENSTEIN.

It is quite clear that, whatever was the result of this planetary confabulation, Saturn and Mars took me under their especial protection, and "little luck," in good truth, have they ever brought to me.

My father died in October, and in the following spring I was on my road to London!—My uncle Highmore having obtained for me a presentation to Christs Hospital, from a gentleman of some importance in the good City of London. This momentous affair was brought about so suddenly, that my mother had scarcely time to provide the necessary outfit; and I myself knew nothing of the matter till the very day of my departure. That day I shall never forget. Although I was deeply attached to my native place, and although I had been nurtured in all the habits and pastimes of a secluded mountaineer, and was, therefore, more closely attached to the scenes of my boyish wanderings, the thrill of joy which darted through my frame, when I received the intelligence of my removal, was truly ecstatic. I forgot, for the moment, my mother, brothers, sisters—aye! even my cousin Ellen was not remembered, till the first rush of gladness was over. London, and London alone was the only object, which occupied all my senses; and I well remember, stealing from the house, and rushing into the woods to indulge, in their deep solitude, the joyous feelings which filled my bosom.

The fulness of my joy having somewhat subsided, I returned to the house; and the tears which my mother could not restrain, imparted, to my now becalmed bosom, a portion of sympathetic emotion. My uncle was laid up with the gout; but it was arranged that my mother and I should dine at Brynmawr, previously to my departure. Since my father's death, my uncle had very properly assumed the moral, as well as legal, guardianship of his nephews and nieces; and well do I remember the emphatic "address," which the good man delivered to me at parting.

"Tim, my boy," said he,—as I sat by the side of his gouty chair—"You are going to leave your home, and your poor mother, for the first time in your life. London is a very wicked place, Tim, a *very* wicked place; but you are going to a good school, where every care will be taken of you, and where the Lord Mayor comes to see all the good boys once every year, and who knows, my boy, but what you may be Lord Mayor yourself one day! You are the eldest, you know, Tim, of a large family, and your poor mother looks forward to the time, when you may become a father to your poor brothers and sisters." Here the good man paused, and drank a glass of wine, as usual, to hide his gathering emotion, and to sharpen his intellect for the winding up. He bade me follow his example, which I did in a trice, and then composed myself to listen devoutly to the conclusion.

"Tim, my boy," resumed my uncle, "you are going to see

your uncle, Highmore, at Stafford: be sure you behave ~~with~~ great respect to him, for he is a very rich man, and a great benefactor to your poor mother and the family; and he has promised to take care of you, if you are a good boy: And Tim, my boy, when you are absent from home, do not forget your poor mother, and your little brothers and sisters; and above all things, Tim, my boy,—never forget to say your prayers."

I promised implicit obedience to my uncle's precepts, and in about two hours afterwards, I was in the mail with my uncle Highmore's steward, who had been despatched to bring me to Stafford.

Secluded as I had been amongst the rugged hills of M——shire, every thing that I now saw was an object of boyish wonder to me; and when I arrived at Stafford the next day, my mind was full of admiration and amazement. My uncle's residence was about four miles from Stafford, and the carriage was waiting to convey us to Moseley Hall, upon the arrival of the mail: to Moseley Hall, therefore, we went, as fast as two lazy, fat, long-tailed horses could take us.

You may be assured that my expectation was wound up to the highest pitch of curiosity respecting Moseley Hall and its inmates; and my young heart positively bounded with anxiety, when the carriage stopped at the principal entrance of the mansion. The first person upon whom my eye rested was my uncle himself, who had come to welcome the child of his favourite niece. He was a little man, upon whose features, kindness and benevolence were so strongly depicted, as to impress me very greatly in his favour. He almost lifted me out of the carriage, and pressed a fatherly kiss upon my brow. Having entered the house, he stopped suddenly, and gazed earnestly at me from head to foot. "I see no resemblance to the mother"—he murmured in soliloquy—"not a bit. Johnson (turning to his steward—who had just joined us,) tell them to send up dinner directly,"—and taking me by the hand, he led me into the dining parlour.

Every thing about Moseley Hall was old fashioned—from its worthy proprietor down to the very stable boys. But the object, which appeared most curious to my unaccustomed eyes, was Mrs. Dorothy, the housekeeper, invariably called by my uncle, Dolly. She was a comely elderly dame, the very picture of kindness and comfort, and habited in the antique angular costume of the middle of the last century. Her long pointed waist, her curiously-wrought rich lace stomacher, and her huge cap and high-heeled shoes attracted my especial attention; and, when the good creature caught me in her arms, and kissed me right heartily, I could scarcely refrain from laughing. "Bless the boy!" she exclaimed, "he is the very image of his mother!"

"I see no likeness at all, Dolly," said my uncle.

"What, not about the eyes? Laws! Mr. Highmore! he has his dear mother's eyes to a 'T'!"

"Tut! nonsense! stuff! you only say this to please me!"

"Indeed, Sir, I speak the truth, and never was a sycophant in my life"—and Dolly seemed somewhat huffed.

"Well—hold your tongue, then, and don't talk nonsense,"—and Mrs. Dorothy sailed out of the room, highly affronted.

My uncle's scepticism, as to my maternal resemblance, involved a consideration of no trifling importance to the diplomacy of Mrs. Dorothy. I have already intimated, that my mother had offended my uncle; and I may as well mention here, that the offence was caused by her marriage with my father—my uncle having previously disposed of her, in his own mind, at least, to a distant relation of the family. Now, Mrs. Dorothy, who had been many years in my uncle's service, was always very fond of my mother; and she had long laboured to effect a reconciliation between my uncle and her: but all her efforts were vain, till the occurrence of my father's death, which she immediately adduced as an imperative cause of forgiveness. My uncle, like many other really good-hearted men, had his failings and his hobby: and, one of those points on which he proudly plumed himself, was that of never breaking any vow, which he thought proper to make, unless he had good reason. He had long looked for an opportunity of forgiving my mother, and my poor father's death afforded it. Allowing himself, however, to be urgently persuaded by Mrs. Dorothy, he, at length, appeared to yield to her entreaties; and the result was what has been already related. This little bit of intelligence will account for Mrs. Dorothy's zeal, touching the affair of the eyes—as well as for every thing else connected with that important matter.

I remained at Moseley Hall about a week, and then went to London with Mr. Johnson, who was fully empowered to arrange all matters respecting my convenience and comfort at school. He bore an especial message—enhanced by the impressive accompaniment of one of Mrs. Dorothy's excellent plum-cakes—to a boy named Probyn, the son of a clergyman, well known to my uncle, and closely allied to the noble family of C——t. As for myself, it is impossible for me to recollect the immense cargo of good things, with which Mrs. Dorothy had provided me,—all that I remember, is, that they very soon disappeared under the kind and brotherly distribution of young Probyn.

INVOCATION.

Enchantress wakeful, of the darken'd hour,
 When reason's light extinct, the mind yet roves
 In intellectual ruin lost.—When flow'r,
 Or fruit alike delight; what judgment loves
 Unheeded.—Spirit of dreams: Ah! hither spread
 Thy wings; soft as evening dew, and light
 As gossamer. Oh! gentle spirit, led
 By thee, sorrow forgets to weep, and night,
 In (ah! unreal), bliss transcends the day.—
 Yet hear soft goddess of the thorny bed,
 Propitious hear, and as I weeping lay,

As sleep descends, alight anear my head ;
 Then fan me with thy balmy wings, and bring
 The form of her whose image fills my heart
 Before my gladdened sight; smiling as spring,
 And beauteous as the morn. And if I start
 At vision so beloved, ah! let it be
 In uncontrollable delight and bliss,
 To cease in love's o'erwhelming ecstasy,
 From ruby lips, with fragrance fraught,—the kiss.—
 And can thy art suffice, Oh! goddess free?
 To paint her tender radiances of eyes?—
 Ah, vainly no! thou can'st not paint to me,
 That beaming light, that from their lustre flies.
 And if thou can'st, the features of her face
 In aerial shadows, fair depict, and tint
 With rosy hue her cheek,—with modest grace
 Pourtray her lovely bosom's charms, which hint
 Of heav'n,—and o'er her ample forehead throw
 The sable locks, which show as raven's wing
 Light floating o'er stern winter's earliest snow.
 And, if thy bright and teeming pencil bring
 Her aerial form to view, in vesture wrapt,
 Light as the fleecy clouds which robe the moon!
 Yet here thy art must fail,—it is not apt.
 Her eyes thou may'st paint, but ah! as soon
 Stay sullen time's ne'er tiring step, as show
 That intellectual light, with kindness fraught.
 And love.—But, goddess list! to thee, I owe
 My only joys, in lonely midnight sought,
 All that thy art can paint depict, and keep
 Affliction's interval prolong'd. Ah! show
 The dear enchantment in my happy sleep,
 I'll bless thee, goddess, when I wake to woo.

X.

 TALE OF EMOUKA.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. I., PAGE 274.)

The country of New Zealand is subject to uncommonly thick fogs, which are generally dispelled, in the early part of the day, by the powerful affluence of the sun. The frequent occurrence of the mists is attributed to the great rivers, which every where intersect the land, as well as to the extensive morasses, which lie between the mountains. It was during one of those extraordinary thick morning-fogs that my ears were agreeably surprized with the usual "Ho! jeli ho" song of some sailors at a distance, but still invisible. I directed my steps towards the sound, and observed through the mist, a vessel at anchor. She proved to be a barque, from Sydney, commanded by Captain Mc——; the circumstances connected with the arrival of the vessel, will show the friendly disposition of the natives to those who have become their friends. I soon under-

stood from Captain Mc——, that he had made some arrangements with the agent, at Sydney, for a ship load of spars and squared timber; however, as the agreement did not satisfy me, I refused to deliver the timber, but on certain conditions, with which he as determinedly refused to comply. He, insolently, informed me, that he would take out the timber from my fence by force. "Your conduct, Sir," said I, "could not be justified by any man, savage or christian, were you to attempt such a rash act; and the fear of a British tribunal, at some future period, ought to guard you against such an expression." "I don't care," answered the bold Captain, his Irish blood admitting little of the reasoning quality, "I shall come ashore to-morrow with my men, and take them away." "Sir!—if you dare," I said, "you will have yourself to blame for the consequences." After the Captain left me, I immediately despatched a messenger to Kyrakow, with a request, that he would come down to Mutakaraka, and bring some friends, as I might require his assistance. Kyrakow was with me early on the following morning, he was a bold young fellow, of great muscular strength, and had sufficient courage to assist me in any case of difficulty. I requested the other young men to be kept out of sight, in case Captain Mc—— came on shore to put his threat into execution; unless, with the assistance of Kyrakow, I could not maintain my own right. Sure enough, the long-boat put off from the ship, manned with six men and the Captain, I received him with more politeness than his conduct deserved. He peremptorily demanded if I would give him the timber; I answered in the negative. "Then," said he, "I shall order my men to take it out of your fence;" in the mean time, Kyrakow had squatted down on the ground, (a position in which the New Zealander finds himself more at ease than standing, when holding any conference;) he had observed by our features that the matter between us was not of a very amicable nature, and beginning to shew his teeth—I told him to keep quiet; but to go and *taboo* the spars within the fence—he proceeded to *taboo* the spars by touching them with his head, by that means, the timber is held sacred,—during this operation, the Captain looked on with some concern, but ordered his four lascars to remove the timber. I told him, if he persisted in his orders, that the native would certainly cut off the head of the first man who dared to touch the spars. He was not daunted by this remark, and ordered them to go on. Kyrakow came forward to the first man who touched a spar, and struck at his fingers with his tomahawk, but missed his mark, perhaps, intentionally; the lascar started back, but the Captain ordered him to proceed. I, again, warned him of his danger; still he persisted, when the lascar, on the next attempt, received a cut on the fingers, which chopped off the points of three of them; by this time the natives came out from the place where they were concealed; the Captain observed that he had an unequal number to contend with, and called off his men,—all attempts to obtain the timber, but on my own conditions.

being in vain, the Captain asked me if I would come on board on the following morning to breakfast, and he would settle with me. I willingly accepted his invitation, but, at the same time, I suspected some treachery; I communicated my suspicions to Kyrakow, and requested him to procure me the aid of the tribes upon the river on the following morning early. The sun rose the next morning from the horizon into an atmosphere pure and unclouded; so bright, that even the mountains looked nearer, as if they would have drawn to my protection, when the sound of the songs of the natives, and a fleet of boats and canoes were observed descending the river. The boats and canoes continued to pour down the river, until there were upwards of two hundred men of the free tribes collected at my house. The Chiefs were all dressed in their best mats, and, in their caps waved the choicest feathers; many carried their guns, and some their tomahawks. We all proceeded towards the ship in our boats, with as much pomp and show as the Lord Mayor exhibits in his barge on the ninth of November. On coming along side of the ship, I could plainly observe that the Captain's Irish blood was not in the coolest humour, and, when I ascended the ladder, Kyrakow followed. The Captain said to me, "what do all these people want here?" "Why!" said I, "they heard that I had received an invitation to breakfast on board your ship, and they are desirous to shew you my retinue." I saw him bite his under lip, and knit his brows; but, having invited me to breakfast, he could not refuse to ask me below; as we proceeded towards the cabin, the chiefs began to ascend on deck.—The Captain turned round to me, and said, "I shall not allow these people to come on deck." "Sir," said I, "as I am here, I think you would find it difficult to prevent them, but you have nothing to fear, I shall be answerable for their good conduct on board." When we entered the cabin, Kyrakow followed me. The Captain observing him, said, "what does that fellow want?" "Why, Sir," said I, "he is my Aide-de-Camp, and, where I go, he claims it as a right to follow." As we drew in to the table to breakfast, Kyrakow sat beside me, and if he did not look pleased at the Captain's looks, he pleased himself with the Captain's beef and biscuit. Captain Mc——, finding his stratagem frustrated by the assistance I had procured, abandoned the diabolical scheme of securing me on board, until he had obtained a cargo for his vessel, and taken by force, the timber which belonged to me. This fact, I ascertained afterwards. He made terms with me, and I loaded his vessel.

Some transactions connected with my operations on the Wyma River, induced me to take a journey across the country to the settlements at the Bay of Islands. The distance being nearly fifty miles overland, I packed up such provisions as would serve for my six men with Towrooa, the brother of Emouka, who insisted that he should accompany me on my journey; having manned my boat, I proceeded along the river for about twelve miles

to the falls, and landing, hauled the boat above the falls, and proceeded on the river about three miles further, till we came to the residence of the great chief Taranooa, where we left the boat in his care, and being directed to an opening through the mountains, which the natives signified to me, was the easiest pass across the Island, we proceeded on our journey. Although my men had pulled during the morning against the current of the river; I was not a little surprized at the activity with which they lifted the burdens of provisions on their shoulders, and walked off singing and making a variety of grotesque gesticulations, as if they had commenced an entertainment. We gradually ascended a ridge of mountains, bearing nearly due east, until we arrived at the summit. I had frequently turned round during the journey upon the mountains, to admire the windings of the rivers on the western coast; but, when the scene opened towards the east, an expanse of country, in character, peculiarly new, lay before me; an extensive marsh interspersed with rivulets, and, in place of the lofty trees, which grew every where over the mountains, there appeared one continued morass covered with sedges, or flags from which the New Zealander obtains his flax. The plant is about three times the height of the English sedge, and is proportionably broad in the leaf. It is perenial,—females are employed in the labour of drawing out and beating the flax from the leaf; the top of the leaf (in a green state) is fixed to the toes, and, with a shell, they commence at the top of the leaf and run down the shell to the bottom, until the flax is cleared from the husky substance.

It was the meridian of the day, walking under a burning sun, when we descended from the mountains; I then ordered the men to strike a fire and roast some potatoes before we proceeded through the morass. A native took two pieces of flattened stick, which he rubbed with such rapid friction, as to set fire to the wood, and with some dried leaves, he soon blew up a blazing fire. The potatoes were put into the fire stuck on the end of a stick, and so roasted. Our repast being finished, we started again on our journey.

The means adopted for my conveyance across the marshy ground, added another new feature to the life of a traveller; although I had practised the mode of carriage among my school-boy diversions, I little expected, at any future period, to be carried miles, sitting on the shoulders of a slave. The men were frequently wading knee deep in the marshy ground; when we came to dry ground, the native sat me down, and I was glad to rest myself on my legs. Several hours were occupied before we reached the rising ground; and, as evening came on, we prepared to encamp for the night; a few posts being stuck into the ground and laticed over with the branches of the Remma-tree, and a fire being kindled at the entrance to the hut, made a comfortable bivouac for a bush-traveller. Our camp was pitched sufficiently high on the rising ground to observe the streams which winded their course through the bottom land; and, when the evening closed in twilight softness,

the noise of the crickets, and chattering of the Warhoop birds amused me, as I looked on the extended landscape of new objects. I seated myself on the trunk of an old tree, which had fallen under the weight of years, and taking my octave flute from my pocket, I played to the wilds of New Zealand, with appropriate feelings, the air of "Faint and wearily, the way worn traveller." A traveller may find a more uncomfortable bed to rest his weary limbs, than the wiry grass of New Zealand. I had slept or dozed an hour or two, when half awake, I thought myself in fairy land, a serenade like the wild notes of the Æolian harp confused my sleep, I listened to the aerial sounds which continued to increase; raising myself up, I enquired the cause of these harmonious tones, and was informed that the birds called Peewakawaka commence their songs at midnight, and continue their music until morning dawns.

We broke up our camp and travelled with the grey day light; ascending hills, and traversing valleys, where streamlets bent their course through the deep ravines; we arrived at the town of Tyama, about twelve miles distant from the Bay of Islands; it was the sabbath day, every house was deserted, the natives were at church. I looked about the town for their place of worship; and having selected a house of more conspicuous appearance than the rest, I entered the place, and found the congregation composed of about two hundred natives, the greater number with books before them, looking attentively at the service. Even the natives have become Missionaries, and preach in their own language to the tribes. When the service was finished, a young native girl, dressed in the English costume, came to me, and seeing Towrooa with me, said to those around her, this is Wywyrooa, meaning the husband of Apee's daughter; she invited me to a house, where we were provided with the comforts of the place. The girl was a relation of Emouka, and treated me with much kindness, she had assumed the name of Mary—was the daughter of a native Chief, but brought up with the Missionaries at Wymatie, a town about four miles distant from the Bay of Islands, and was on a visit to her relations.

Tyama is decidedly the best native town in New Zealand, and for several miles the land has been cleared of timber by the natives, with the exception of patches here and there, where the trees had been allowed to remain without any apparent intention of adding to the beauty of the country—much of the land is in cultivation; it is quite the garden of New Zealand, the land being rich, and the situation beautiful; the tribes of the Bay of Islands have made it their resort to cultivate their crops of coomeras, potatoes, &c., and has secured it advantages, which, at some future period, the English settler will look to, as a golden prospect for his inheritance. The coomera is a native root, in shape like the kidney potatoe, but of smaller size; it is cultivated with great care, and so rigid are the free men with their coomera grounds, that a slave is not even allowed to enter within their enclosures. Kypackia, the name of which signifies food for white men, was introduced by Captain

Cook, from the Sandwich Isles; it is a root, which grows to the size of a child's head, and is held in great estimation by the natives, as well as potatoes, melons, pumpkins, and other European seeds, which all grow in the greatest perfection. To prevent the pigs from making inroads on the crops, they have fenced their fields, and even the town is fenced round. The natives eat the root of the fern, and make bread from the fruit tupaki, which grows upon a considerable sized tree called the kotuki tuki,—many Europeans have eaten this bread in their early voyages to New Zealand.

When night came on, my men were provided with an out-house to sleep in, but part of the house of the Chief was reserved for me. I had requested Towrooa to retire with the men, but he refused. I asked him the reason why he would not? He told me that his sister had ordered him not to leave me alone until I returned to my own settlement. I readily guessed her suspicions—I knew the excessive jealous temper of the natives, but, till now, did not suspect that Towrooa had been sent to be a watch over my actions. The tract by which we pursued our journey on the following morning, was easily traced to the village of Wymatie; the native villages are all built in the same manner; no particular plan is adopted, still there is a space or square left in the centre of each town, like the cattle market places in the old border towns of England and Scotland. Their houses have little convenience or comforts in the construction, and are small; but, the buildings, in which they keep their stores of potatoes, are large, and secured with deep ditches around them, to prevent (as they allege) the rats from entering their stores. Rats are very numerous, therefore, a cat is a valuable domestic animal in New Zealand. The dog is likewise in high estimation among the natives, and in proportion to any European article of commerce, taken to that country, a good dog is worth ten pounds. I visited the Missionaries, and experienced that kind reception, which every Englishman expects from his countrymen, who have mutually sacrificed the comforts and enjoyments of civilized life, either through the wayward shifts of fickle fortune, which had driven him to live among a race of cannibals, or who, having in vain sought for the honourable means of support in his own country, was compelled to adopt some other country for subsistence. The improvements and cultivation, in this little village, plainly evinced that the hand of the European had been at work, his taste for the meanest flower of the country, which he had left behind, and which, in a foreign land, he looked upon with such delight. The garden is cultivated with care, apple and peach trees, currant and raspberry bushes, and every vegetable for the table of the Englishman, were to be seen here. The Englishman, who fixes his abode in this country, is looked upon as an idol by the natives, and all his actions are their delight—to imitate his improvements, they beg of him the seed, which he cultivates, and the savages gratify themselves by growing them like the European. Being only a distance of four miles from the Bay

of Islands, I was anxious to reach my place of destination, and, therefore, did not tarry long at Wymatie. The country assumed a more settled and civilized appearance as we proceeded towards the coast. The fields of maize or Indian corn were seen in abundance near the huts of the natives, and the mode of cultivation new and ingenious, compared with the English mode of farming. The land being cleared of timber, small patches of about four feet square were turned up with a hoe by the men; the women next assist in the business of the field, and with their hands, break and moulder the clods of earth, and sift the mold through their fingers, where they deposit the seeds, the land between the squares remaining in its natural state, but on the following year the fresh land is cultivated, and the land on which the corn had grown the previous year, is allowed to remain in summer fallow. We reached the Bay of Islands, in time to partake of a piece of Sydney-cured beef, with green peas and other vegetables; and enjoy the society of Englishmen. The soul inspiring berg wines of Germany; the racy wines of France, or the more substantial wines of Spain and Portugal were strangers here, we were content to partake of the fiery distillation from the sugar canes of the Leeward Isles. The Bay of Islands has become the most important settlement in New Zealand, and therefore excites an enlivening interest in the commercial world; it is partly described by the appellation given to it by its European discoverers, and now, there are many British settlers and their families, who not only enjoy the comforts of civilized life, but live in the hope of realizing for their families, the means of living beyond the fear of want. I witnessed an assemblage of eighteen British families who had congregated together, and each had secured a portion of land adjoining his residence, which enabled him to add luxury to common life; these families, bound by the ties of mutual protection, each in turn on Sunday, prepared a dinner, when all assembled to make the day, if not a day of holiness, a holiday.

The natives, as if in imitation of empires, with their gradations of authority; or, more properly speaking, in similarity to what exists among Colonial officials, they have their aristocracy. But with the New Zealander, the chief is supreme and hereditary; and the different members of his family and relations, enjoy power and authority, in proportion to their different distinctions of rank; the greater part of the people are like those in European countries; who, for a trifling pittance, submit to the caprice and render obedience to the commands of their superiors, but many are in a state of slavery. I have known the chief of the tribe of the Bay of Islands, bring into the field nearly 400 warriors, equipped and armed with weapons of British manufacture; the spirit of warfare is carried on with the most ferocious and revengeful cruelty to the enemy of their tribe. They enter the field of battle entirely naked, with only a belt round their body, to which is fixed several cartouche boxes, to provide them with ammunition during the battle. Their system of fighting, is similar to the well-known mode of stratagem and

treachery pursued by the North American tribes, but are more cautious and fearful to expose their lives. When two tribes meet on the field of battle, the chiefs come within hearing of each other, and attempt to prove their courage by relating the deeds of their forefathers—"That they are the sons of the great chief, and their sons sons, shall maintain their right to the land, until the sun and moon are dead;" the whole tribes then beat with their feet upon the earth in the most violent manner, to exhibit their determined resolution. When the firing commences, they generally fight singly, and when any man has fired his musket, he retires behind a tree to reload, and then watches an opportunity to fire again: still the New Zealander is by nature moulded to enjoy the peaceful habits of domestic life; and would gladly follow the pursuits of the European, could he but overcome the difficulties of acquiring his language: in proof of this assertion, there have been many hundreds of the natives taught to read and write; and many of these, at a period of life when the ideas could scarcely be expected to shoot forth. New Zealand is indebted to the Missionaries, for many benefits conferred upon the natives, by their activity and zeal in teaching them the English language; and to read their own; and impressing on their hearts, the powerful attributes of the great Being who created them. The principal establishments for the Missionaries, are at the Bay of Islands, and the respectable men who have settled there for such magnanimous motives, will, I trust, ultimately secure for them their just reward; I have to mention Mr. Williams, Mr. Yates, and Mr. Fairbairn, neither of these gentlemen were under the necessity of flying to a savage country for support—motives of Christian charity alone held out inducements for their labours. I have heard with pleasure, Mr. Williams, on a Sunday, preaching to two or three hundred natives in their own language, with a fluency equal to his ability in his native tongue. The psalms being translated for the use of the natives, they join in the praise of the Almighty with a heartfelt joy; far above, compared with the dull and listless manner in which the beautiful Sacred Music of our Established Church, is usually joined in, or rather, for the most part, not joined in by the congregation. But the difficulties which these gentlemen have had to contend with, from the profligate conduct of the crews of English vessels—their contemptuous manner, and their endeavour to lessen the Missionaries in the estimation of the natives; at the same time, the little authority which the Missionaries assume, has been a bar towards these good men enjoying the influence over the minds of the natives, which might be looked for, as the result of their long residence among them, and the many benefits they have conferred on this intelligent and interesting, though savage race.

The object of my journey across the Island having been accomplished, I retraced my steps back to my own settlement on the Wyma, which I reached on the evening of the second day. My arrival was hailed with every demonstration of joy, Emouka skipped

down to the beach, with all the light-hearted spirit of innocent youth, and received me with an affection, warm as the feelings of unsophisticated nature. Fatigued with my journey, I retired soon to rest, but did not sleep with the calm repose which "tired nature" might have anticipated; I rose in the morning tired and unsettled. I ate my breakfast with little relish, and felt a degree of listless apathy and dissatisfaction, for which I could not account. I took my spade and loitered in the garden, but still a something haunted my distempered spirits; I returned again to the house, and now the cheerful spirits of my youthful companion seemed, from sympathy, to have deserted her. I could not devise the cause, the "still voice" intimated forebodings, fearful in their nature,—such is the strange presentiment of approaching trouble, which has all my life attended me, like the thermometer to the weather, so has been the oppression of my spirits to coming difficulties. I had manufactured a Colonial cigar, and walked towards the beach smoking it, to kill the lazy-footed time, but had not remained long in the unsettled mood, when I heard a desperate outcry from the house; my dormant feelings were in a moment roused; I immediately rushed forward to ascertain the cause; all was confusion, and when I entered my dwelling, a spectacle the most appalling presented itself to my sight; my dear Emouka was laying on the floor, almost strangled, suffering the agonies of death; but her strength had failed to accomplish the desperate purpose; she had twisted some dried flax into a cord, and fixing one end round her neck in a loop, and the other to her feet, she extended her body so as nearly to complete strangulation. I instantly cut the cord, raised her in my arms, and carried her to her bed; I gently rubbed her temples, and gladly I saw returning life. My feelings were so absorbed in her resuscitation, and distracted by so sudden and unexpected an occurrence, that I scarcely thought of what had been the cause; but as the blood began to circulate to the brain, her bewildered senses resumed a gleam of reason, and she recognized me anxiously watching over her. I spontaneously said, "what have I done; what is the cause of your attempt to take away your life!" She merely uttered "Mary!" My suspicions were instantly aroused, I called for Towrooa and enquired if his sister had asked him what had passed at Tyama; he answered "No!" I then appealed to Towrooa, who had slept in the same apartment with me during our journey, if it was not so; an anxious look rushed into the countenance of Emouka, during this conversation, and though she was not in a state of mind to say that she was satisfied with the explanation which I had drawn from Towrooa, it was a satisfaction to me, to observe that I had relieved her mind from a foul impression which she had caught from some unguarded converse with the boys. As she became more composed, I recommended her to sleep, and said I would not leave her long. My mind was in a wild state of irritation, and I willingly sought to calm it; a re-action to the excitement drawn forth by the desperate

act of Emouka, now hung heavy upon my spirits; I reviewed the past—thought of the abduction of the native girl—my wayward life, and the remedy to be applied to relieve a deceased mind—I said to myself—all that the laws of my country require (to make this girl my own for ever) is an acknowledgment that she is my wife, and the Romish ritual, or the Church of England form, cannot add more powerfully to my fixed resolve; though there is no register here to make my determination more secure. I wandered again into the garden, but the beds of flowers and other objects, which had given me delight, were now without their interest,—fancy was seared with the blight of discontent,—the day had become oppressively warm, and the heat rose from the ground like clouds of smoke; the sun shone with dark and sullen sadness—the clouds moved in opposition to themselves—big drops of rain began to fall,—I returned, and leaning my arm on the pillar of the verandah, observed that the very birds had given over their songs, and even the beautiful king-fisher had left off his sports upon the river—all nature seemed to “accord with my soul’s sadness;” I stood for some time vacantly looking around me; all was quiet, save the clouds, which now began to assume an awful appearance of threatened war in the elements, I walked into the parlour, but a gloom pervaded every thing—I opened the bed-room door, and as I looked towards the bed, I saw that the sun-burnt cheek of my lovely girl had assumed a deadly paleness; a deadly fear came over me; my limbs trembled under me, and a cold dew distilled from every pore; I then paced gently towards the bed, and putting my hand upon the pillow, to look upon her, I found my fears too true. Alas! her soul had parted from me, and she now lay on the cold bed of death.

S.

FRANCOIS TROUCHET.

Although so far distant, there may, perhaps be, among my readers, some few who may have visited Marseilles, and, to them, the “Cours” will most probably be still preserved in their memory. The lively promenade, where may be seen, on a fine summer’s evening, all the beauty and fashion of the place—where the gay note of music dwells on the ear, and the enchanting freshness of the Mediterranean breeze enlivens the most dull, and gives life and energy to frivolity—where *Charlatans* are to be found most numerous; some obtaining money by consent of the passers by, whilst others reap their evening’s harvest by duping the unwary to speculate at fortune’s wheel. But, let me stop—it is not my intention to give a description of the “Cours” at Marseilles, being merely

about reciting a short, but true tale, which I can undertake to affirm to be true—nearly to the letter.

One fine evening in July, during the year 1826, when leaving “mine inn” with the intention both of enjoying the salubrious breeze, and then of visiting the Theatre, as I was carelessly sauntering along the “Cours,” unmindful but of scenes far distant, I fancied I perceived, among the crowd, a young man dodging me, passing and repassing, as if to more fully examine my countenance—his determination could not be mistaken. I felt annoyed, for being almost a stranger in the place, it was not likely that I could feel otherwise. Did he mean to pick a quarrel with the stranger? or, was he an adventurer, ready to entrap me by means of assumed friendship! I looked steadfastly at the young man as he passed me a fourth time—he had an open, generous countenance, and I fancied I must have seen him before—his features, too, were somewhat familiar to me, but still I could not recognize him. Again, he turned and walked towards me, and, threading the crowd, he passed so near that we almost touched; in a low voice, he then, slowly and distinctly repeated my name; when hearing it pronounced, in such a place, at such a time, by a stranger too, who was evidently anxious to draw my attention, I suddenly turned towards him—he threw himself upon my neck, and emphatically exclaimed, *c’est lui-même!*—and we saluted each other according to the fashion of *le brave nation*—for who was the stranger but my own sincere friend and schoolfellow, François Trouchet? Our joy at meeting could scarcely be exceeded, we had commenced our studies at about the same period, at the *école polymathique*, at Paris—we left the *sixième* of the college Napoleon the same day. We rose from the *cinquième* at the same time—in fact, we advanced to the highest forms, as it were, hand in hand. Our private tutor, too, was the same, and our lighter studies were always together—we were brothers to each other, neither could there be amusement for either, without both could partake thereof. Chance, however, separated us, and it was now nine years since I had ever heard of François.

I need scarcely say, that I was soon introduced to all François friends; that his grey-headed father was delighted beyond measure, at seeing the companion of his only son, of whom he had heard much, but had never before seen. Eloise, too, my friend’s amiable sister, whose captivating eyes had made truants half the young men of Marseilles, honored me with more attention than all her former beaux. I had the *entré* of the house; indeed, my lodgings at “*Les deux pommes*” was nearly deserted—there was sufficient attraction at Seigneur Trouchet’s residence in the *Allée*, even had not my friend François called that house his home. A more happy fortnight was never spent by any young man, than was that which followed my recognizing François on the “Cours”; but clouds will obscure the brightest sun, and a storm too often follows a serene morning. François had, soon after introducing me to his

family, presented me to his intended, as his dearest friend, and as such, Eugénie always treated me. Eugénie was the daughter of a general, who lost his life when serving under the *great* Emperor, she was small in her person, and of that caste of countenance, termed Italian; she had a pair of most bewitching eyes, as small and as pretty a mouth as ever woman possessed; in few words, I may say she was a captivating little creature—she loved François most sincerely; indeed, it was no sacrifice to love a young man so favored by nature, as was my friend François. He was considered the handsomest young man in Marseilles—many a heart-ache had he caused, and in many a scrape had he been concerned, when I knew him at Paris; and I can safely say, his career was then only in its commencement—but *n'importe*—to the story.

François Trouchet was one of the leaders of a party, for where there is society there will be party feeling; he had been often selected to daring deeds—the nature of society in Marseilles frequently demands vigour and courage, and as he never flinched, it was frequently that “à François” was the rallying cry among the gay youths of the town. Brought up as he had been without female care, his mother having died when he was but four years old, there was in him no effeminacy—there was a fixed boldness in his character, which was perhaps increased by his father serving in the army under Napoleon. He was a Napolionist, and one of the most violent—nor can it be wondered; his relations, his friends, nay, the deceased father of his intended, were all of the same party. The wish of his youth was, that that dynasty might be restored to France, for then said he, “my father’s sword now sheathed shall be drawn—my father’s blessing will be given with the weapon, which, when drawn by me, shall never be placed in its scabbard, till the enemies of France have been brought to nought—never shall a Bourbon claim support from the house of Trouchet.”

The usual family party of the Trouchet’s, of course including myself, were at a mask ball, given by Madame de V——, when, during the evening, a mask, representing “Cœur de Lion,” was more than properly attentive to Eugénie. It was in vain that she flew for protection to François, the Sieur Trouchet, or myself. The tormentor would often pursue her, and at times, be so overtroublesome with his flattery, that it excited the attention, not only of the lover, but even of the Sieur Trouchet, who was in his customary habiliments. It was evident that the troublesome mask had mistaken the object of his search, and had conceived Eugénie to be his adorable, whom it afterwards was discovered, resembled in her dress, that which was to be worn by his mistress; illness, however, had prevented her appearance that evening, and hence the fatal result. François’s temper, irritable as it was at all times, could scarcely brook the continued annoyance of the unknown, and fearing, lest there should be some misunderstanding, unperceived, I drew aside the mask, and convinced him that he was mistaken—

that the lady he had been addressing, was not her he imagined. Cœur de Lion thanked me for my kindness, and on the honor of a gentleman, promised me no further interruption should be occasioned on his part. Thus far was well—but, unfortunately, Eugénie had just before slipped out of the room, and varied, as much as Madame de V——'s wardrobe would allow, her head-dress. She soon after entered, when Cœur de Lion immediately advanced towards her, and conceiving that the lady entering, must be the one to whom he was paying his devoirs, addressed her in the most flattering and passionate manner. François was speaking to his father, and for some moments did not notice the entrance of Eugénie, who was advancing rapidly towards him, with Cœur de Lion whispering in her ear—François turned round—I caught him by the arm—“François!” said I, “this is all my fault, it is a mistake.” “No! it cannot be,” he replied—“I will unmask the impertinent”—Scarcely had he uttered these words, before Cœur de Lion's mask was torn from his face, and the features of Pierre de C—— were betrayed to the company. Pierre could scarce brook the insult—but his friends advised him; he immediately retired, and the hilarity of the evening went on with considerable *éclat*—nor was it till the night was far advanced, and the company were about retiring, that a fresh mask appeared in the room. The Sieur Trouchet regarded this mask with particular attention, and I must own, I felt vexed when I saw him throw himself in the way of my hot-headed friend; a few words, and but a few words passed between them. The company soon after left the rooms, and after seeing my excellent friends to their residence, I left for my lodgings. I was proceeding pretty speedily down the Canebière, when I heard some one behind me, rapidly overtaking me. In the southern parts of Europe, such a circumstance, in the “dead of the night,” would, at that period, be the means of exciting some little fear, even in the breast of the most courageous; I was about to take to my heels, when I heard François calling me by name. I stopped! He said he wished to go to my lodgings with me—that he had something particular to communicate. I waited for further explanation, not knowing in what manner to answer him. We walked silently on—we arrived at *Les deux pommes*—the *portier* handed me the key of my chambers—we ascended the stairs, entered my bed-room or sitting-room, which you will, reader, for in most parts of France, they are one and the same. François sat down, and appeared for a few minutes, lost in reverie. “*He bien*,” said he “you know what has happened—you saw the end and commencement of the affair, as far as end it has at present.” A silence of some minutes ensued—“You think I was in the wrong, I know you do, from your manner?” “Certainly,” I replied, “you insulted Pierre de C——, and he could do no less than”—“But the provocation!” he interrupted, “was not that sufficient to cause me to unmask him?” “It was,” said I, “on his part a mistake—you were both mistaken, and half

a dozen words would have explained the mystery." "You have already told me," said François, "that he had no intention to insult—and that it was sheer mistake which caused the rupture; but having so far proceeded, what can I do?" "Do!" said I, "why what message did Lieutenant Latour bring you?" "That an apology, or a friend's name would be required—when I named you as my friend." "Be it so, François, I will be, in the present instance, what I have always been—a sincere friend—you were in the wrong! and it betokens more courage for a man to confess that he is to blame, than it does to stand at the deadly breach with an antagonist; you have named me as your friend, and as such, may I say that you unintentionally insulted Pierre de C——." "Never!" he exclaimed, "am I to be looked upon as a coward—a vile creature, void of courage, fearful to stand opposed to an antagonist?—never shall my family be so disgraced by me; you cannot be a friend, and thus advise me; I must seek for some *acquaintance* who will act the part which a *soi-disant friend* refuses." He now started on his feet, and was rushing out of the room—I arrived first at the door, and stood against it, so as to prevent the possibility of his leaving. "François!" said I, "your insult I can brook, but you shall not leave this room in your present state of mind; you have allowed your feelings to be so excited, that you scarcely know what you are doing; remember that which you are risking; if you hazard a meeting, Heaven knows what may be the consequence, should you fall! think only what would become of your father, your sister, and your Eugénie—should your adversary's life be sacrificed, would not your happiness be destroyed? would not the long wished for, happy day appointed, be put off, perhaps for ever? at all events, till such times as the friends of your adversary might be pacified; François, think what you risk, and because you have insulted a man, do not attempt to deprive him of life, by giving him merely a chance of taking yours." I continued for some time urging with him in this manner, and wrought in him, a change so favorable, that at length I persuaded him to sit down, and he consented to dictate to me a simple apology, which was to be handed to Pierre de C——, by his friend Latour, stating, that as he was now convinced the Pierre could not have intended insulting him, by his attentions to Eugénie, he, on his part, was vexed his feelings had mastered his better judgment, and that the unmasking would not have taken place, had he known as much of the affair as he now did. I was pleased in the extreme, when I had persuaded him to allow me to write the letter—we were better friends than ever, and parted, he taking two letters with him, the one addressed to Latour, in order to forward it by day-break; the other, from me to Eléise, explaining the result of the affair, which had, of course, considerably frightened her. After he left me, I retired to bed, imagining, for once, that I had really served a friend.

Soon after day break, the *portier* awoke me, telling me there was

an officer waiting to speak a few words with me. I dressed myself in haste, and who should enter, but Latour. As soon as the customary civilities were over, he observed that I was no doubt aware of the reason of his visiting me at such an early hour—an explanation took place, he was made acquainted with the nature of the letter, and accounted for its not having been received, by his having left the garrison before day light. We parted, and after retiring to rest for a few hours, I arose, and, as was my usual custom, breakfasted at Jourdan's *restaurant*. Returning from thence, to *Les deux pommes*, I was told that François had called upon me twice, and that he wished much to see me; I immediately repaired to his father's. Eugénie and Eloise, I found, were just leaving home to visit a friend—they appeared in unusually good spirits—they could give me no information respecting François, save that he had gone out about an hour before. I escorted the ladies to their friend's residence, and was to return for them in about an hour—in the intermediate interval, not knowing how to kill time, I proceeded to Martiny's pistol grounds, which were in the immediate neighbourhood. I had been there some half hour admiring the dexterity of some, and laughing at the *mal adroit*-ness of others, in the use of their fire arms, when, suddenly, a young man entered, and speaking aside to Martiny, the latter handed him a brace of pistols, powder and balls. This was not a very uncommon occurrence, but, after what had taken place the evening before, I must own, it gave me no little uneasiness, why? I could not answer. Having strolled away the hour, I returned to the house, where I had left the ladies; they were waiting for me. On our return to the Sieur Trouchet's, we had many little *achats* to make, and this, perhaps, delayed us some half hour longer. On nearing the dwelling, at a distance, we observed an unusual concourse of people in the street opposite, and, as we approached, it was very evident that something serious had taken place—we hastened our step, and the crowd opened a passage for us to pass to the door. I need scarcely mention that it was with difficulty I could support my fair companions. Eloise trembled as if she half suspected the truth. The door opened, and, oh Heavens! what was presented to our sight? François lying, extended on a shutter, his father standing at his side, staring at him as though he also had been bereft of life—friends and medical practitioners nearly filled the hall. Eugénie, on seeing this distressing scene, shrieked and fell senseless into the arms of a servant—Eloise ran to her brother, and was kneeling down, when the veteran Trouchet's presence of mind returned—he seized his only child in his arms, and withdrew her from the awful spectacle.

It appeared that François had not forwarded the letter to Latour—it was found, sealed, in his pocket; why it was not sent, will ever remain a secret. He called upon me twice, as I have already mentioned, at *Les deux pommes*, in the morning—perhaps, to consult afresh with me—from thence he had sought the inter-

ference of a creature I cannot name, but, who called himself François' friend—no explanation was recommended to be afforded—it would be derogatory to his honor to stoop to make an apology, even if in the wrong. This *friend*, or rather *fiend*, arranged the preliminaries—'twas he that called at Martiny's for the pistols—'twas he that gave the signal—and 'twas he, who, when he saw his friend fall, shot through the heart, retreated, by way of Aix and Gap, to Italy, fearful of the vengeance of the friends of *his* victim.

Need I add, that Eugénie retired from the world, and buried herself in a convent—need I add, that the old veteran died some twelvemonth after—that the house was but as a place of mourning—and, that my presence always calling forth recollections of the unfortunate François, I ceased to be a visitor?

M.

AUSTRALASIA.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. I., P. 293.)

Sweet are the links, that bind us to our kind,
 Meek, but unyielding; felt, but undefined;
 Sweet is the love of brethren, sweet the joy
 Of a young mother in her cradled boy,
 And sweet is childhood's deep and earnest glow
 Of reverence, for a father's head of snow.
 Sweeter than all, ere our young hopes depart—
 The quickening throb of an impassioned heart,
 Beating in silence, eloquently still,
 For one loved soul that answers to its thrill!
 But where they smile, religion hath not shone,
 The chain is riven, and the charm is gone;
 And, unawakened by thy wondrous spell,
 The feelings slumber in their silent cell.
 Hushed is the voice of labour, and of mirth,
 The light of day is sinking from the earth,
 And evening mantles, in her dewy calm,
 The couch of one, that cannot heed its balm.*
 Lo, where the chieftain, on his matted bed,
 Leans the faint form, and hangs the feverish head,
 There is no lustre in his wandering eye,
 His forehead hath no shew of majesty,
 His gasping lip, too weak for wail or prayer,
 Scarce stirs the breeze, and leaves no ripple there;
 And his strong arm, so nobly wont to rear,
 The feather target, and the ashen spear,
 Droops powerless and cold—the pang of death
 Locks the set teeth, and chokes the struggling breath;
 And the last glimmering of departing day,
 Lingers around, to herald life away.

* This sketch of the death of a New Zealander, and of the superstition which prevents the offering of any consolation or assistance, under the idea that a sick man is under the immediate influence of the Deity, is taken from the narrative of the death of Duaterra, a friendly Chieftain,

Australasia.

Is there no dutious youth, to sprinkle now—
 One drop of water on his lip and brow !
 No dark-eyed maid, to bring, with soundless foot,
 The lulling potion, and the healing root ;
 No tender look, to meet his wandering gaze,—
 No tone of fondness heard in happier days,
 To soothe the terrors of the spirit's flight,
 And speak of mercy, and of hope—to night !

All love—all leave him ; terrible and slow,
 Along the crowd, the whispered murmurs grow,
 " The hand of Heaven is on him, is it ours,
 To check the fleeting of his numbered hours ?
 Oh ! not to us—oh ! not to us, is given
 ' To read the Book, and thwart the will of Heaven !
 Away, away ! ' and each familiar face
 Recoils in horror from his sad embrace.
 The turf on which he lies is hallowed ground,
 The sullen priest stalks gloomily around ;—
 And shuddering friends, that dare not soothe or save—
 Hear the last groan, and dig the destined grave.
 The frantic widow folds upon her breast,
 The glittering trinkets, and her gorgeous vest,
 Circles her neck with many a mystic charm,—
 Clasps the rich bracelet on her desperate arm,
 Binds her black hair, and stains her eyelids' fringe
 With the jet lustre of the Emew's tinge :
 Then, on the spot, where those dear ashes lie,
 In bitter transport sits her down to die.
 Her sorrowing kindred mark the wasted cheek,
 The straining eye-ball and the stifled shriek ;
 And sing the praises of her deathless name,
 As the last shutter racks her tortured frame.
 They sleep together o'er the natural tomb,
 The lichen'd pine rears up its form of gloom,
 And long acacias shed their shadows grey,
 Bloomless and leafless o'er the buried clay,
 And often there, when calmly, coldly bright,
 The midnight moon flings down her ghastly light ;
 With solemn murmur, and with silent tread,
 The prayer is murmured, and the verse is said.
 And sights of wonder—sounds of spectral fear—
 Scare the quick glance, and chill the startled ear ;
 Yet direr visions e'en than these remain,
 A fiercer guiltiness, a fouler stain :
 Oh ! who shall sing the scene of savage strife,
 Where hatred glories in the waste of life,—
 The hurried match, the looks of grim delight—
 The yell, the rush, the slaughter, and the flight,—
 The arms, unwearied in the cruel toil—
 The hoarded vengeance, and the rifled spoil ;
 And, last of all, the revel in the wood—
 The feast of death—the banqueting of blood ;
 When the wild warrior gazes on his foe,
 Convulsed beneath him, in his painful throe,
 And lifts the knife, and kneels him down to drain,
 The purple current from the quivering vein.
 Cease, cease the tale ! And let the ocean's roll,
 Shut the dark horror from my 'wildered soul !

And are there none to succour, none to speed
 A fairer feeling, and a holier creed?
 Alas! for this! Upon the ocean blue,
 Lamented Cook, thy pennon hither flew!
 For this* undaunted o'er the raging brine,
 The venturous Frank upheld his Saviour's sign;
 Unhappy chief, while fancy thus surveys,
 The scattered inlets, and the sparkling bays,
 Beneath whose cloudless sky, and gorgeous sun,
 Thy life was ended, and thy voyage done;
 In shadowy mist, thy form appears to glide,
 Haunting the grove, or floating on the tide;
 Oh! there was grief for thee, and bitter tears,
 And racking doubts, through long and joyless years,
 And tender tongues that babbled of the theme—
 And lonely hearts, that doated on the dream—
 Pale memory deemed she saw thy cherished form
 Snatched from the foe, or rescued from the storm;
 And faithful love, unfailing and untired,
 Clung to each hope, and sighed as each expired,
 On the black desert, or the tombless sea,
 No prayer was said—no requiem sung for thee;
 Affection knows not, whether o'er thy grave,
 The ocean murmurs, or the willows wave,
 But still the beacon of thy sacred name,
 Lights ardent souls to virtue and to fame;
 Still science mourns thee, and the grateful muse,
 Wreathes the green cypress, for her own Peyrouse;
 But not thy death shall mar the gracious plan,
 Nor check the task thy pious toil began:
 O'er the wide waters of the bounding main,
 The Book of Life, shall win its way again;
 And in the regions by thy face endeared,
 The Cross be lifted, and the Altar reared.

With furrowed brow and cheek serenely fair,
 The calm wind wandering o'er his silver hair;
 His arm uplifted and his moistened eye,
 Fixed in deep rapture on the molten sky,
 Upon the shore, thro' many a billow driven,
 He kneels at last, the messenger of Heaven.
 Long years that rank the mighty with the weak,
 Have dimm'd the flush upon his faded cheek;
 And many a dew and many a noxious damp,
 The daily labour and the nightly lamp
 Have reft away, for ever reft for him,
 The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb;
 Yet still within him aspirations swell,
 Which time corrupts not—sorrows cannot quell;
 The changeless zeal, which on from land to land,
 Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the withered hand;
 And the mild charity, which day by day,
 Weeps every wound and every stain away—
 Rears the young bird on many a blighted stem,
 And longs to comfort, where she must condemn;
 With these, through storms, and bitterness, and wrath,
 In peace and power, he holds his onward path—

* From the coast of Australasia, the last despatches of La Peyrouse were dated.

On Matrimony.

Curbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murderous steel,
And calms the passions she has ceased to feel.

Yes, he hath triumphed!—while his lips relate
The sacred story of his Saviour's fate—
While to the search of that tumultuous horde,
He opens wide, the everlasting word,
And bids the soul drink deep of wisdom there,
In fond devotion, and in fervent prayer;
In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng,
Check their rude feasting, and their barbarous song.
Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd,
The chief—the slave—the timid, and the proud,
Of various features, and of various dress,
Like their own forest leaves, confused and numberless.
Where shall your temples—where your worship be,
Gods of the Air, and Rulers of the Sea?
In the glad dawning of a kinder light,
Your blind adorer quits your gloomy rite,
And kneels in gladness on his native plain,
A happier votary at a holier fane.

Beautiful land, farewell! when toil and strife,
And all the sighs, and all the sins of life—
Shall come about me—when the light of truth
Shall scatter the bright mists, that dazzled youth;
And memory muse in sadness o'er the past,
And mourn for pleasures far too sweet to last:—
How often shall I long for some dear spot,
Where not remembering, and remembered not;
With no false verse to deck my lying bust—
With no fond tear to vex my mouldering dust,
This busy brain may find its grassy shrine,
And sleep untroubled in a shade like thine,

ON MATRIMONY.

The devotees of licentiousness may descant, as they please, on Bachelors' freedom, and the constraint that a nuptial union imposes; but, could they imagine a one-hundredth portion of the calm delight and the respectable contentment, which is to be enjoyed only by a virtuous alliance of the sexes, they would cease to deny, and be ambitious to solemnize it.

That woman was created for man's solace is indisputable; and, no less certain is the fact, that she is essential to his happiness: for, (as the "Bard of Hope" most beautifully sings)

"The world was all a blank, the garden a wild,
And man, the hermit, mourn'd 'till woman smiled."

But all women do not smile as Eve did, with unaffected love and cloudless innocence,—and all men do not, like the human father of us all, approach the bower of amatory consummation with singleness of heart, and an unvitiated purpose. Hence, the apathy, the feuds, and the unfaithfulness, by which too many modern marriages are at once sullied, cursed, and made contemptible. “In these last days” of mock refinement passion supersedes principle—and interest, integrity. Even parents, to their lasting shame, make the connubial contracts of their sons and daughters a matter of pecuniary consideration. Can it be wondered at, therefore, that such contracts become cancelled by temptation?—that wives elope?—or that husbands dissipate their finances and constitution in the purlieus of Cyprian salaciousness?—Certainly, it cannot.

Still, such unnatural connexions as those just adverted to, by no means form a standard of connubial happiness—of that serene and dignified state,

“Which makes a perfect heaven on earth,
When hands and hearts combine;”

for if, as an exceedingly affecting writer assures us, and as my own experimental conviction confirms,

“There is no place like home,”

then, I contend (all fearless of refutation) that home is never so lovely, so deliciously influential, and so sacred, as when its blazing hearth is rendered additionally brilliant by the affectionate smiles of an endeared and endearing wife, who, as the infantile pledge of a sacred intercourse is imbibing nature’s pure nutriment from her spotless bosom, or, slumbering upon her maternal knee, feels sexually dignified as its honorable mother,—and, looks up with rapture to her enamoured spouse, as to its legitimate and permanently unfailing defender.

P

SONGS OF IDLE HOURS.

I.

“*Who shall be our companions now ?*”

Who shall be our companions now ?
Since death’s unerring shafts have flown,
To those, who only could bestow,
The pleasures we have ever known.
Who shall be our companions now ?
To share our joys, to heal our woes,
Since they of happy heart and brow,
Within the narrow grave repose.

Shall we forget the joyous hours,
 When boyhood in its fairy prime,
 Sought laughing for the brightest flowers,
 To wreath around the scythe of Time?
 Shall we forget 'twas they who knelt,
 With us upon the self same sod,
 And prayers, in which devotion dwelt,
 We poured in innocence to God!

Oh, no!—the memory of the dead,
 Close, close within our hearts we'll set,
 And, while each other joy is fled,
 We'll cherish as an amulet.
 And oft, beneath the evening sky,
 We'll stray where rests each lovely brow,
 To shed a tear, and breathe a sigh—
 Who shall be our companions now?

II.

"The Village Green."

Oh, yes! we do remember well,
 The happy childhood's hours,
 When free from care, and full of joy,
 We sought the woodland flowers.
 And to our young companions told,
 Of blossoms we had seen,
 Pouring our new-found treasures forth,
 Upon the village green.

And when our mothers call'd us home,
 Because 'twas even time,
 How we entreated oft to stay,
 And hear the village-chime;
 Then, for the morrow, forming plans,
 More gay than yet had been,
 We parted with a smile of joy,
 Upon the village green.

Tho' in a far and distant land,
 Through mingled good and ill,
 Those happy times—that happy place,
 Clings to our memory still.
 And tho' a dark and saddening thought,
 May sometimes intervene,
 It cannot cast a gloomy shade,
 Upon the village green.

•K•

EXTRACTS FROM THE

JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

Who travelled through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Flanders
 and Italy, at the commencement of the last century.

LEYDEN.—Leyden is very ancient, and there are still left some
 marks of its antiquity; but that which at present renders it most

famous is the university. They commonly carry strangers to the physic-school; and in the anatomy-hall you may see a great number of skeletons of men and beasts, many natural rarities, and other curiosities, as plants, fruits, animals, arms, strange habits, pictures, mummies, curious works, urns, idols, &c. I fear I should hardly be believed, if I related the story of a Prussian peasant, which is here painted. He had swallowed a very large knife, so that they were forced to cut open his stomach to get it out, after which he lived eight years. This knife is about seven inches long, including the handle, and about an inch wide at the broadest part. At the side of it is written, "*Annorum 22, deglutivit cultrum hujus magnitudinis, Anno 1635, 29 Maii.*" It is added, that Daniel Schuabius took out the knife the 9th of July following, in the presence of such and such physicians, whose names are there mentioned. The knife, to my knowledge, is still kept in a cabinet of rarities at Königsberg.*

In the midst of the hall are the bones of an unfortunate thief, whom they decidered to extremity, after they hanged him; they fixed his skeleton a-straddle upon that of an ox, because he had been a cow-stealer; they put his feet into shoes made of the skin of another thief, and his body into a shirt made of his own bowels.

The physic garden is not far from hence. A great number of rarities are still to be seen in the gallery of this garden, and in the cabinet, called the "Indian Cabinet," to which this gallery leads. I observed, among other things, an ape and a cat, which came into the world with wings, the hand of a mermaid,† a starling with long ears, a monster which issued out of a hen's egg, a piece of money of pasteboard, made at Leyden, when it was besieged by the Spaniards in 1574, and a serpent brought from Surinam, on whose skin are several natural figures, which resemble some Arabic characters. I make this last observation, because our guide very much admired this little wonder of nature: but, to speak freely, I find nothing singular in this, no more than on the back of common mackerels; or in the Greek letters which are formed, as some fancy, by the turnings and windings of the Meander. There is so universal and so odd a diversity of such conformations in the world, that it would be easy to find the like figures almost on the first thing we met with, if we would but look for them.

HAERLEM.—Haerlem is very large and very agreeable; and the linen and tape which are made here, have for a long time been its chief trade; but I hear that, at present, they have a great manufacture of silk stuffs. The great church (dedicated to St. Bavon)

* Instances of this nature are not, it is true, very common; but this appears to be too well authenticated to admit of doubt. There is another knife in the Museum at Vienna, which was extracted from the stomach of a Bohemian, in 1602. It had been in the stomach nine months.—EDITOR.

† In the Museum of Mr. Brookes, the anatomist, there is a skeleton of the head of the mermaid, which is, in fact, a species of seal.—EDITOR.

and the town house, are the stateliest buildings; and the wood of tall trees, with its long and straight walks, is one of the principal ornaments of the town.

Haerlem boasts of having given birth to Laurence Coster, who, if you will believe the people, was the first inventor of printing. But we know that John Guttenburg, of Strasburg, disputes that invention with Coster; and that the pretended conjurer, John Faustus of Mentz, will give place to neither. This blessed invention is also attributed to John Mantel, and to Conrad and Arnold, brothers, and burgesses of the same city of Mentz; as likewise, to Peter Scheffer, Peter Gernsheim, Thomas Peterson, Laurence Genson, one second John Guttenburg, and several others. It is strange that history is so intricate and entangled with fables, that we cannot discover the truth of so late a transaction: but, if we consider the nature and circumstances of the thing, we shall soon perceive the cause of this confusion; for the reason why we find the names of all those printers at Haerlem, Mentz, Spire, Strasburg, and other places, is, because they were all partners; and those who contributed to the change resolved to have a share in the glory. For this reason, every one of them claimed the honour of the invention; and since the controversy could not be easily decided, even at that time, it is not reasonable to suppose that we should be able to give a clearer view of it at such a distance.

This new secret was quickly divulged, and the invention was communicated to the principal cities in Europe. I will not pretend to give an account of the persons by whom it was propagated; such an enquiry would engage me in a new labyrinth, for the imitators sometimes make more noise and disquiet than the inventors. Nor is the time of this invention less uncertain than the author. I verily believe that every year is mentioned, as being the first *epocha* of printing, from 1420 till near the end of the same century. Coster, as far as I can perceive, had the greatest share in the first invention.* But neither he nor Faustus was the author of the finest and most useful improvement of it: for they engraved their characters on wood, as it is sometimes used at present, so that every plate became useless as soon as the impression was finished, since the letters could not be separated. The way of casting letters was not invented till some years after; and I think the honour of this invention is almost unanimously ascribed to one John Mantel. Aldus Manutius, that learned Venetian printer, found out the Italic characters, which, perhaps, received that name from the country where they were invented. He was also the first who printed in Greek and Hebrew. I shall conclude this digression with observing, that as there is nothing so advantageous, which is not attended with some accidental inconveniences: so the invention of an art,

* There are certainly no books of Faustus's impression so ancient as those which have been printed by Coster.—EDITOR.

which was so useful to the learned world, ruined the trade of those who lived by transcribing books.

Among the divers rarities which are to be seen at the town-house of Haerlem, they keep, with particular care, in a casket of silver, and wrapped in silk, the first book (according to those of Haerlem) that ever was printed.* Its title is *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*: it hath many figures. The keeping of this book is entrusted to several magistrates, who have every one his own key of the place where it is, which renders it not easy to be seen. The statue of Lawrance Coster is also to be seen in this place. The following inscription was put in letters of gold, on the door of his house, with these verses:—

MEMORIA SACRUM.

Typographia Ars Artium omnium Conservatrix.

Hic primum inventa circa annum 1440.

Vana quid Archetypose Præla Moguntia jactas?

Haerlemi Archetypus Prælaque nata scias.

Entulit hic, monstrante Deo, Laurentius Artem.

Dissimulare Virum—dissimulare Deum est.

If what Trigaltius and other travellers have said, be true, that printing is of so ancient usage in China, it is very probable, that those who first made use of it in Europe, were but imitators after all. Guy Panciroli does affirm it, and Count Moscardo, who quotes him, seems not to question the truth of it. Mezeray, a famous French historian, is also of the same opinion, in the life of Charles VII.; and all those who have written concerning the king-

* The first book that was printed, with a date, is a Latin Psalter, in black letter; it was printed by Faustus and Schoeffer, in Mentz, August 14, 1457.—The first Latin classic ever printed was Cicero's Offices, printed in Mentz, 1645. The first Greek book that was printed is Lascaris's Greek Grammar, printed in Milan, January 30, 1476. A copy of this work was purchased for the King's library, at Dr. Askew's sale, in 1775, for £21 10s. The first Greek classic that was printed; was an edition of the Iliad and Odyssey, printed at Florence, in 1488, in 2 vols. folio. The first book printed in the English language, is the "Recueyll of the Hystories of Troye," in 1471; an imperfect copy of which was sold in 1812, for the almost incredible sum of one thousand and sixty pounds! But the first book printed in England is "The Game of Chess," in 1474; both printed in black letter, by Caxton. Down to the year 1540, the University of Oxford had printed but one classic, which was a book of Tully's Epistles, printed at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey. Cambridge had not printed any classic at this time. The first Greek book printed in England was the "Homilies," printed in 1543, at the expense of Sir John Cheke, who established the Greek Lecture at Cambridge. From these facts, England, with its two splendid Universities, together with all its resources of wealth and learning, was sixty-seven years later than Milan in adding to Greek literature from its own press; and after Mentz had printed a Latin classic, Oxford followed at the respectful distance seventy-five years. That commercial cities on the Continent, at this early era, should have so far outstripped us in emulation, is extraordinary; when, in the nineteenth century, to collect the scattered fragments of early typography, without limitation of expense, and without discrimination of their worth, has been sufficient to confer distinction on men of the first rank and fortune; of our time.—EDITOR.

dom of China, agree in that point: and chiefly John Mendoza Gonzales, who tells, in his history of that country, that he has seen a Chinese book, printed 500 years before printing was known in Europe. Such is the information that I have been able to gather on the subject; and I must feel vexed and grieved that my own native country had no part in the invention of this noble and useful art.

Meyer, John de Beka, and several other historians, do report, that in the year 1403 or 4, a mermaid was brought to Haerlem, who, by a furious tempest, was thrown on the neighbouring shore; that they accustomed her to eat several sorts of meat, but her principal food was bread and milk; that they taught her to spin; and that she lived many years. Others write that this mermaid was sent from Embden to Haerlem. J. G. à Leydis adds, that she would often steal away to return to the water, and that she had an odd kind of speech; but "*Locutionem ejus non intelligebant, sed nec ipsa nostrum intellexit idioma*," that is, they did not understand her speech, nor she our language; a very natural and likely consequence, I opine.—They also affirm that she was buried in a church-yard, because she had learnt to salute the cross.

COLOGN.—They shewed us, in a great chapel, near the church of St. Ursula, the bones of the eleven thousand virgins, who were massacred by the Huns, in the year 238; they are hung round the church almost in the same manner as the swords and pistols are ranged in the guard-chamber at Whitehall. These bones have no ornaments, except the heads, which are honoured in a particular manner; for some of them are put up in silver shrines, others in gilt boxes; there are none which have not, at least, their caps of cloth of gold, or a bonnet of crimson velvet, wrought with pearls or jewels. And this is what, together with the pretended "Three Kings," is the chief object of the devotion of Cologne, and from whence it takes the name of 'Cologne the Holy.' It is also for the same reason, that the arms of the city are, "Argent, Eleven Flames Gules, with a Chief of the Second, charged with three Crowns Or." The "eleven flames" are in memorial of the eleven thousand virgins, and the "three crowns" represent the three kings.

In the church of the Maccabees there is a crucifix; but the most surprising and edifying circumstance of which is, that when the Hungarian pilgrims come to Cologne, they do each of them cut off a lock of hair from this peruke, and yet it never diminishes. The Carthusians (if you will take their own word for it) have the hem of Christ's garment, which was touched by the woman that had the bloody issue. When the women of Cologne are troubled with a flux of blood, they send some wine immediately to the Carthusians, that they may dip a piece of the relic in it: after which, a draught of the sanctified wine is esteemed an infallible remedy.

(To be Continued)

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

On Wednesday, August 21, the anniversary of the King's Birth-day was celebrated with the usual festivities. There was firing of great guns, and firing of small,—the troops were reviewed, and all public officers and prisoners enjoyed the luxury of a holiday. The officers' mess-dinner was attended, as usual, by the fortunate officials, who possess the *Entrée, ex virtute officii*, and by the several select friends of the officers and Government. The viands were, as usual, also,—of the most delicious description,—the wines superb, the company enchanting, brilliant, and entertaining. The ball at Government-house was attended by all the beauty and fashion of Hobart Town and its vicinity. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock, and was kept up with spirit till an early hour in the morning. In commemoration of the day, His Excellency was pleased to grant the indulgence of a Ticket-of-leave to upwards of eighty individuals.

A serious accident occurred on board the brig *Adelaide*, on Wednesday, the 21st of August. During the time of the Review in the Paddock, the *Adelaide* fired minute guns, and one of the seamen, who was acting as gunner, incautiously placed his hand before the mouth of a cannon, that had hung fire. It exploded, and so shattered his hand, that amputation was found necessary, and was accordingly performed by Dr. Scott at the Hospital.

Our attention has been called to the insecure and dangerous condition of the bridge, which crosses the road in Barrack-street:—the erection of a trifling rail on each side would be sufficient to remedy the evil, as it now exists: it was only yesterday, that an inquest was held on the remains of a soldier, who fell over in the dark, and so fractured his skull, as to have survived only a few days. The poor fellow was buried on the 23rd of August, with the usual affecting military solemnities.

The inhabitants of New Norfolk and of the adjoining districts are about to meet "to consider the propriety of establishing an annual prize-show, and rewards for servants in husbandry."

We cannot too highly applaud this measure, and we consider New Norfolk, of all places in the Colony, most admirably calculated for effecting every purpose of such an institution. Nay more, we should think, that a very excellent corn and cattle market might be established there, as it would afford the up-country settlers the ready means of disposing of their produce, while the facility of conveying the produce to Hobart Town would be very great. We shall recur to this subject again, as soon as we learn the result of the meeting, which is fixed, we perceive, for the 16th inst.

We are happy to find that Mr. J. E. Cox has obtained the contract for conveying the mail to Launceston. The highly credible manner in which Mr. Cox has already performed the important duties attached to this office, will, we are quite sure, afford universal satisfaction as to his present appointment.

The following important Acts are to be laid before the Legislative Council:—An Act for establishing Standard Weights and Measures, and for preventing the use of such as are false and deficient. An Act for the better preservation of the ports, harbours, havens, roadsteads, channels, navigable creeks, and rivers in Van Diemen's Land, and the better regulation of shipping in the same. An Act for the regulation of the Customs of Van Diemen's Land and its Dependencies."

The "Gazette" of this week, contains a Notice, directing Wednesday next, the 21st ult. to be observed as a holiday throughout the Colony, as the Anniversary of the King's Birth-day. At sunrise, the Royal Standard will be hoisted at Mulgrave Battery, and the Union Jack at Mount Nelson: at noon, a Royal Salute will be fired from a battery, and the troops in garrison will fire "a feu de joie" immediately afterwards. The "beau monde" is on the "qui vive," and preparing to celebrate the day with all possible gaiety. His Majesty attains his 68th year.

Dr. Seccombe, has received by the "Mary Ann," a handsome silver snuff-box, from the inhabitants of Plymouth, for his professional exertions in that

town, during the prevalence of the Cholera, a compliment, we understand, paid to about forty other medical practitioners on the same occasion.

Dr. Ross has, we think, merited the thanks of all the parents in the Colony, who have young children, by the publication of a little "Note Book of useful, experimental, and entertaining knowledge." It is drawn up for the use of the junior class of the Mechanics' Institution, but will be found useful, in the instruction of all young people; and, we shrewdly suspect, that not a few old people, also, would benefit by an attentive study of this little *Brochure*. Our worthy contemporary promises to continue its publication regularly, if he be sufficiently encouraged. May we hope, that the desire of knowledge at the Antipodes is not quite so dull and dormant, as to interpose any obstacle to this highly meritorious object? We can only say this, that it is a shame, if it be.

We have to thank a friend for the perusal of a letter from Mr. A. G. Robinson, by which we learn he has succeeded in removing from the main, near Port Davey and Macquarie Harbour, twenty individuals, men, women, and children, of the native tribes.

Mr. Deane's "Soirée" was extremely well attended on the 8th ult., and the music was excellent. Rossini's Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was performed with great spirit and correctness; and we hope, in the next Concert at the Court-house, we shall be again treated with this charming composition. Mrs. Henson improves, as she gains confidence; and Mr. Pemphrease exhibited himself to good effect, as a comic singer. We had no glees last night, and we were very sorry for it, for we consider this species of composition so truly English, that we would, above all others, have it diligently cultivated. We are pleased to find Mr. Deane's exertions so completely crowned with success, which he certainly in every respect merits.

We are sorry to hear that the *William*, a fine craft belonging to Captain Goodwin, has been entirely wrecked outside the Heads; but are happy, at the same time, to add, that the enterprising proprietor and Captain Kyle, who were on board, have escaped.

We copy the following paragraph

from the "Globe," London paper, of the 26th February last, which shows that some, at all events, are alive to the interest of the Colony at home, and that they have taken the proper view of the subject. We sincerely hope that the errors which were committed in the first instance, will be carefully avoided for the future, and thus a ship load of females, well conducted and of industrious habits, sent out occasionally, will undoubtedly prove of the most essential service to the Colony—"News have arrived of the female emigrants of the "Princess Royal." They give but little encouragement to the plan, which has been adopted (doubtless with the best intentions) by those to whom the Government entrusted the work, of sending out females to Van Diemen's Land. The grand mistake appears to have been, that of associating with respectable and virtuous females, a number of women of very indifferent character and habits, who were sent out under the expectations, that they had been sent out under the expectations, that they had been restored to the paths of virtue, but who have proved on the voyage, and since their arrival at Hobart Town, the difficulty of reclaiming those who have once obtained bad habits—a second mistake appears to have been, the sending them out in a merchant ship, instead of a naval transport. In the latter, much better arrangements would have been made, and those evils might have been prevented, which have arisen from the associations of a number of sailors and females, who had just broken loose from restraint. It appears that virtuous and industrious females, would be sure to do well in that country, but the indifferent and actually bad, will injure rather than benefit the Colony; the Colonists state, that the convict women are quite numerous enough. If care be not taken in the selection of those who are sent out, and they implore the committee of management, to exercise more caution in any future arrangements.—Some of the females who went out, appear very respectable, and there is no doubt of their settling to their own advantage, and that of the Colony; but the larger proportion have turned out indifferently, and acted so ill on the voyage, that the Colonists would much rather have no

more importations from England, if an approved plan be not adopted.

The whaling ship *Deveron*, Captain Currie, belonging to this port, is, we regret to say, totally lost; she foundered in a gale from the south-east, on the 21st of July last, off the coast of New Holland, with six hundred barrels of oil on board, belonging to several merchants of this town. The captain and crew saved themselves, with great difficulty, and reached Trial Bay, thirty miles to the northward of

Port Macquarie, after being out four days. Three of the crew came here yesterday, in the *Currency Lass*, from Sydney.

Our new Rural Dean, Mr. Palmer, has, we are happy to say, taken a lively interest in the success of the Infant School. A subject, we consider, of very great importance to the Colony.

The prices of Colonial produce, continue the same, with the exception of potatoes, which have advanced 10s. per ton.

Gardening, &c.

AGRICULTURE.

Sept.—This is the latest month in which wheat sowing can be attempted with safety; and even now only of spring wheat, or in low bottom lands. There are some who choose to risk their seed by sowing in October, and for one instance where it succeeds, it fails in ten. A few potatoes for an early crop, may be advantageously planted, in situations where the frost (which sometimes comes in October, and even November) is not likely to affect them. English barley is thought by some to answer better if sown this month than earlier—others again, prefer to let it be well up, and cover the ground before the warm weather sets in. For barley, the ground should be made fine by ploughing, harrowing, and rolling; for it is at the best a tender plant, and will not bear sowing upon rough ground, because it then becomes too deep by harrowing, and is prevented coming up; two and a half bushels per acre is the most approved quantity. The farmer will do well to give the land he intends for turnips or mangel wurzel a ploughing this month; and he should well bush-harrow his meadows.

HORTICULTURE.

All sorts of plants, such as cabbages, cauliflowers, lettuces, &c., may now be planted out; and let a few carrots, onions, and all kinds of salading be sown for succession. Sow turnips for table use, and be careful to keep the succession crops of peas and beans in order, by sowing and planting immediately the preceding crop shews above ground. Plant potatoes, and do not be afraid of using the hoe well, in earthing up those previously planted, as well as in keeping the ground clear of weeds.

Go constantly over your seed beds, such as onions, carrots, &c., and hand-weed them well, otherwise the weed will overrun the plants. All sorts of flower seeds should now be sown. In the course of the first fortnight, the apple-grafting should be completed, the course for which is thus correctly explained in the Almanack formerly published by Mr. Bent:—"There are various ways of grafting, but the general method is, cleft or sift grafting; because the stock is left, and the graft put into the cleft part, and is performed as follows:—The stock or trees upon which this kind of grafting is performed, are generally about an inch or two inches in diameter. First, with a strong knife, or a tenant saw, cut off the head of your stock, about two inches or more, according to inclination, from the surface of the ground, and pare it very smooth. This done, fix upon a smooth part of the stock, just below where it is headed, to place your graft; and on the opposite side to that, cut away part of the stock about an inch, in a sloping manner upwards, so as the crown of the stock may not be more than about half an inch broad. This done, prepare your graft or scion thus:—Observe to cut the grafts into due lengths, leaving four or five eyes to each; then take a sharp knife, and pare away the bark, and some of the wood at the lower end of the graft, in a sloping manner, about an inch or two in length; and then cut the other side in the same form, making it to have a wedge-like shape, but let one side of it, which is to be placed outwards to the stock, be left near double the thickness of the other side; therefore, always be careful that one side is thicker than the other. The graft being pre-

pared, take a strong knife, and place it on the middle of the stock, cross ways the top of the sloped part, and with your mallet strike the knife to the stock, observing to cleave it no farther than what is necessary to admit the graft readily; then drive the grafting chisel a little way into the cleft, to keep it open for the reception of the graft, which then directly introduce into the cleft on the uncured or upright side of the stock, at the back of the slope; inserting it with great exactness, as far as it is cut, with the thickest edge outwards, and so that the inner bark may meet exactly even every way with the inner bark of the stock. The graft being placed, then

remove the grafting chisel, taking care not to displace the graft; let it be tied and well clayed, bringing the clay nearly an inch above the top of the stock, and a little lower than the bottom part of the graft, leaving a due thickness on every side of the graft and stock, making it in a round or globular form, and taking care to close it well in every part, that no wet, air, or sun, can enter—to prevent which is the whole intention of the clay, and without this precaution the whole operation will prove useless. This kind of grafting may also be performed on the branches of full grown trees, if you desire to change the sorts."

Shipping.

ARRIVALS.

August 10.—The ship *Thomas*, Captain E. Henley, with passengers, and a general cargo of goods.

—The barque *Caroline*, from the *Whale Fishery*, with 150 tons oil.

August 11.—The barque *Mary Ann*, 278 tons, Captain *Jacks*, from *Plymouth*, with passengers, and a general cargo.

—The barque *Emperor Alexander*, 366 tons, Captain *J. Hurst*, from the *Downs*, with 209 male prisoners—passengers, *Dr. Donolly*, R.N. Surgeon Superintendent, *Capt. Scott*, of the 44th regiment, *Lieut. Lonsdale*, 3rd regt., and 29 rank and file of the 21st, 6 women, and 9 children.

—The schooner *Harlequin*, from *Sydney*, with a general cargo.

—The *Enma Kemp*, from *Rio*, with a cargo of coffee and tobacco.

August 16.—The ship *Curler*, from *London*, with passengers, and a general cargo.

August 24.—The ship *Cabotia*, from *Liverpool*, sailed 7th May, with passengers for this port and *Sydney*.

August 25.—The ship *Sir John Rae* Reid, from *London*, 6th May, with passengers for this port and *Sydney*.

—The ship *Atlas*, from *Plymouth*, with 200 male prisoners—Surgeon Superintendent, *John Love*, Esq., *Capt. Forth*, *Lieut. Mortimer*, of the 21st, *Mrs. Forth* and child, two serjeants, one corporal, and 25 rank and file.

DEPARTURES.

August 5.—The barque *Funchal*, for *Sydney*.

August 12.—The *Jane*, for *Swan River*, with troops and stores.

August 14.—The schooner *Prince Regent*, for *Launceston*.

The schooner *Mars*, Captain *Hay*, has sailed for *Bass's Straits*, to endeavour to recover some of the wreck of the *Courier* and *Defiance*.

Marriages, Births, &c.

BIRTHS.

On Monday, July 12, the lady of *Mr. Henry Wilkinson*, Assistant Surveyor, of a son.

On Friday, August 16, the lady of *Mr. D. Smith*, of *Cashmere*, *Ross Bridge*, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

On the 25th July, at *Barton*, *Isis*

Rivulet, by the *Rev. Mr. Davis*, *Henric*, son of *Mr. Edward Nicholas*, of *Nant*, to *Sarah*, daughter of *Mr. Andrew Gatenby*, of *Barton*, *Isis Rivulet*.

On the 23rd August, by special license, at *St. David's Church*, by the *Rev. W. Bedford*, *John Grant Smith*, Esq., *Audit Office*, to *Charlotte*, daughter of *Hugh Macdonald*, Esq. *Buisdale*, *South Uist*.



View of Mount Wellington.—(Taken from the Flag Staff.)

THE
HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.]

OCTOBER, 1833.

[No. 8.]

EXTRACTS FROM THE
DIARY OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

No. I.

Few people are acquainted with the arduous toil, which attends the outset of a physician's career, unless he be assisted by a strong connexion, or attached as a teacher to some public institution. Talent he may possess, with every virtue under Heaven, but unless he has the patronage of the rich and the influential, he will be no more thought of than the sounding of brass, or the tinkling of a cymbal. How often does the man of talent see, with heart-burning indignation and bitter scorn, all homage paid to ignorance, and all neglect to worth and virtue! How often does some bold stroke of assurance, or some lucky accident elevate, by one huge stride, the fortunate empiric to an enviable and extreme height of patronage and practice! —

But why should I moralize? Here am I, at this present writing, 16 mo. Junii, A.D., 18—, a practical example of the poet's assertion; "And oh! alas! how hard it is to climb," to the lowest rank, even, of professional pre-eminence. I have fagged as few men have fagged;—was a marked favourite with every one of my preceptors—not excepting the oddest of them all, honest John Abernethy—passed *all* my examinations with particular *éclat*, and even discovered a new use for the *spleen*, with which I shall, one of these odd days, astonish my astute brethren. But *cui bono*? To what end has all this tended? To nothing more than imbuing me with abundant confidence in my own acquirements, and with a conviction, that modest merit does not always meet with its reward, while "slow rises worth by poverty depressed," *et cætera, et cætera, et cætera*.

— I am sorry B—— has not inserted my article on the
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Sick Poor this month—for two reasons. It might have paved the way to my election at the ——— Dispensary, which I much fear I shall lose—and the re-mu-ne-ra-ti-on would have been a matter of no in-con-si-der-a-ble con-si-der-a-ti-on to me just now; for fees are “like angel visits—few and far between,” and this silly canvass has already cost me a trifle—*n’importe, mon ami! courage!* The election takes place to-morrow, and if I can depend upon promises, I need not abandon all hope! But promises are—Pshaw!

It is over, and I have *won!* What a day of bustle and exertion! And for what? To be allowed the privilege of writing myself “Consulting Physician to the ——— Dispensary!” Will this bring me patients? Yes; plenty of *poor* ones! Will it extend my connexions? Perhaps—amongst the friends and supporters of the institution. And then I made a speech, which was loudly applauded! I heard a rich old cheese-monger say, it was “wastly fine, partickler in that ere part as vas about the poor.” (N.B. This was a slice from my article aforesaid, and fitted extremely well.) I shall write to my mother forthwith, and tell her of my *success*—the dear, kind soul will be delighted.

..... The Sick Poor! What do *I* know about the Sick Poor? Or, rather, what *did* I know about them? I saw, perhaps, once in a month, a poor family almost starving, or burnt up with fever, raving with delirium, or watching with stupid and tearless agony, the death-throes of its chief support and protection—and this I saw only with the curious eyes of a pupil. Now, not one day passes in this populous and poor district, in which I do not witness all the combined miseries of poverty, sickness, want, and vice of every disgusting description. Drunkenness, entailing upon its wretched victim, at one moment the fearful fury of a maniac; at another the depressing languor of a hypochondriac, is rife, indeed, in the purlieus of this crowded quarter; and in vain do I and my colleagues point out its consequences:—its brutal victims have no other means of drowning the coarse cares to which they are subjected, and they are willing to run all risks. Poor wretches! Did they know, as *I* know, how great and enduring are the miseries of a drunkard’s death, they would not run thus heedlessly into so frightful a doom. But *che sara, sara*—what will be, will be—and what power has one frail, feeble mortal, to avert the destined doom of another?

..... Dined to-day at Mr. Abernethy’s, and met a small but bright constellation of professional and general genius. There was S——y and V——t, and E——e of Bartholomew’s, with Drs. G——h and C——d of the same: C——s B——ll, S——th—d S——th, M——ll H——ll, N——l A——t, young H——s, B——e, the Poet Laureate, Daniel Wilson, and a brother of Irving, the Scotch preacher. The only ladies present were Mrs. Abernethy, a most charming and accomplished creature, and a Miss A——e,—the dinner being professedly a professional one. All dinners, to which

more than four are invited, are at first dull and somewhat solemn—the grand business of eating and drinking engrosses general attention, and when the appetite is satisfied—but not before—the intellectual portion of the entertainment commences. In this, as well as in the other department of the business, our eccentric, but kind-hearted host, played a conspicuous and most entertaining part. Throwing aside that ungainly peculiarity of demeanour, which too frequently characterizes his conduct; indulging in a pure and poignant style of wit; displaying, at the same time, the carefully garnered fruits of much laborious study and much general knowledge, Mr. A. was the life and soul of the party. How I wished that his worst and bitterest enemy, the Editor of the ———, could have witnessed the playful and really amiable ebullitions of the Professor's fancy on this happy occasion! Had he been so fortunate, I am sure he would have imbibed a more correct opinion of his opponent's character; or, at all events, a more kindly one.

No character has been so grossly misrepresented, or so little understood, as that of Mr. Abernethy. By the multitude, he is stigmatized as a surly, morose, inattentive and rude brute; because, forsooth, he will not patiently listen to the thrice-told tale of a puling hypochondriac! By the profession, he is accounted churlish and disrespectful, because he cannot avoid showing his contempt for the humbug and nonsense, so sedulously displayed by so many of his contemporaries. But no one can dispute his professional learning, or deny the good he has done to mankind. Independent in principle, honest and straightforward in purpose, and strong in the confidence of his philosophical acquirements, the eccentricity in which he too often indulges, might surely be extenuated, in consideration of the good he has done and is doing. But there is a *physical* cause for much of this rudeness. Mr. Abernethy has been labouring for many years, under a cruel affection of the heart,—and those who have witnessed, as I have often witnessed, the arbitrary and tyrannical influence of such a malady, even upon dispositions, naturally the most bland and amiable,—and upon individuals, who have no harassing professional cares to increase their sufferings, would readily concede a pardon to the eccentric professor for a portion, at least, of his unceremonious vagaries. His professional brethren are fully aware of this irremediable cause; but, when the sufferer has ceased to be, detraction will be busy with his memory;* and all the blots and shadows of

* I have not been mistaken in my prediction. Since Mr. Abernethy's death, I have perceived, with much pain, a series of low and ribald anecdotes of him, published in an English Magazine. If the writer adopted that mean and malicious mode of revenging some former *rub*, which the professor might have justly given him, he must not expect to receive, as his reward, the good opinions or commendations of honest men. It is an easy matter, though no honourable man would willingly undertake the task, to disfigure and mutilate the dead body of any man,—the verriest vermin, a stoat for instance, may gnaw and mangle the senseless corpse of the lion, but it would not dare even to gaze upon the noble animal when alive.

his character will be raked up from every vile and filthy source, and published by some *friend*, for the benefit and oblectation of a knowledge-loving public. His devotion to science—his industry—his kindness and attention to the poor—his integrity, and his enlarged benevolence will never be alluded to: these are virtues which possess no charms for the million—they lack the *sauce piquante* of malevolence and slander. But when we are told, how Mr. Abernethy behaved to a fat lady with a sore finger—and how he did the same to a rapacious lawyer with a sore leg; how, moreover, he spoke out to the Duke of York, (who, being a Duke Royal, was a God to be worshipped,) and how he skipped about the room to show delicate young misses how to take exercise—these, and similar edifying pleasantries are the steps by which Mr. Abernethy is to climb to immortality,—these are the delicate morsels, which some discriminating writers will call and cook up for the especial edification of a discerning public.

I once ventured to mention this opinion to the Professor, with a view, I will candidly confess, of ascertaining his feelings on the subject. His remark was extremely characteristic:—

“My good Sir, I know it: I have not lived all this time in the world without knowing, that

“The evil that men do lives after them—
The good is oft interred with their bones:”

So will it be with me, and with you, too, if you attain any degree of celebrity. But what matters it?—The lifeless corpse will no more *hear* the ill-natured sarcasms of an ill-natured world, than it will *feel* the knife of the anatomist, as he traces the source and distribution of its once sensitive nerves. As to myself, I am well satisfied with my own actions: I know I have done some good, and by those whom I have benefitted, I am well content to be remembered.”

Mrs. Abernethy said rather a smart thing at this same dinner. The Professor had been eulogizing public schools for boys, and he concluded by saying, he should send his son to Eton, *to learn manners*. “It was a pity, my dear,” said Mrs. A., “that *you* did not go there for the same purpose.” “Egad! and so it was,” replied our host, “and I dare say you are not the only person, who thinks so!”

In the calm bosom of domestic life, few persons appear to greater advantage than Mr. Abernethy. The ungainly churlishness, which he too often and too coarsely exhibits, when in pursuit of his professional duties, is put aside and replaced by the fondest and most endearing attributes of a husband and a father. The lugubrious *off-the-stage* appearance of Liston; does not present a more startling want of resemblance to his mirth-moving *acting*, than does Mr. Abernethy's home-demeanour to his professional manners: his rudeness is exchanged for playfulness—his impatience for a

sedulous attention, amounting sometimes even to a courtly formality, to the comfort of every person under his roof; and, when the pangs of his despotic and cruel malady do not tear his very heart-strings, few men can be so perfectly entertaining, or, upon good occasion, so heartily jovial as "surly John!" Oh! that in the integrity and talent of their professional character, some few more of the disciples of Galen would more closely imitate the example of Mr. Abernethy! The professors of the "healing art" would not then be stigmatized as a greedy and avaricious race, nor would the most useful and most noble of callings be polluted by the disgraceful actions of its mercenary votaries. The petty jealousies, which now influence too many of the fraternity, would be supplanted by a manly candour, and a praiseworthy competition to excel each other—not in the taking of fees—in itself, by the way, no unpleasant pastime—but in dispensing those invaluable blessings, which, from their worth and extent, were capable, in ancient times, of deifying their givers. *

"Sun of China! What contradictions do we find in this strange world!" I have just returned from a visit to a rich merchant's wife in Bedford Square, who, being determined to go to a rout at the West End, sent for me in a great hurry at eight o'clock to cure her "instantaneously," as she expressed it, of a violent catarrh. I found the lady, who was enormously corpulent, in her own room (a clumsy attempt at a tasteful *boudoir*) wrapped up—head, legs, feet, arms, and every thing—in *new* flannel, and reclining on a large sofa, placed in front of the fire. She was attended by a genteel, and interesting girl, very plainly dressed, and whom I soon discovered to be an orphan niece, and, of course, a most miserable dependant.

"My dear Doctor!" she exclaimed, disentangling one of her fat and red arms from amidst its flannel garniture, "Dear Lady G— tells me you are very clever at curing colds and catarrhs, and such like.—Now, do, dear, dear Doctor, cure *mine* instantaneously!" As I had never had the happiness of seeing the good lady before, I was rather surprised at the warmth of her address; but observing a quiet smile on the pretty features of her attendant, I readily conjectured that it was merely her usual manner.

Having asked a few necessary questions, my afflicted patient gave full scope to her volubility—"My dear Doctor—I *must* be cured instantaneously—I must indeed! I would not miss Lady L—'s rout for a thousand pounds—I wouldn't I assure you. And, now, only look at me! Did you ever see any body suffering so dreadfully as I do? I am sure you never did. And there's my husband—poor, dear, loving soul!—he is quite fidgetty about his poor Dora; and wouldn't have me leave my snuggerly here—no—that he wouldn't—for a thousand pounds. But I am determined to go to Lady L—'s, and you *must* cure me, instantaneously—you must indeed!" And so she went on, till she grew so hoarse as to be-

come perfectly inaudible; and then, fairly vanquished by her malady, she covered herself up in her blankets, and groaned, most lustily, with pain and vexation.

I attempted to remonstrate with her upon the impropriety, and, indeed, the danger of leaving the house on so cold and foggy a night,—but it was perfectly useless—she was determined to go—and gave me to understand so, by shaking her fat, fussy little hand at me; and, at the same time, exhibiting a rueful expression of mingled vexation and resolution, which was irresistibly comical. I saw at once the patient I had to deal with, and prescribed accordingly; nay, at her particular request, I waited to observe the effect of a sedative draught, which was procured at a neighbouring chemist's; and was wonderfully commended on account of its “instantaneous” influence upon Mrs. ——'s catarrh! The lady recovered her voice—called for her jewel-case—threw off her flannel wrappers by degrees, and, rising (not *quite* like Venus from the ocean) from the sofa—walked slowly to the opposite mirror, and declared, with a smile of conscious triumph, that she should still “look as well as most of the folks that would be at Lady L——'s rout!”

I thought it was now high time to take leave, and rose for that purpose—“Good evening, my *dear* doctor!” exclaimed the grateful patient—“Good evening—you will call to-morrow—I shall be glad—very glad to see you—indeed I shall—good bye!” And I departed—*without a fee!*

Let not the kind-hearted reader smile incredulously at this declaration. Alas! nothing is more common than this kind of conduct towards young and unestablished physicians. The name and patronage of the rich and the fashionable are considered amply sufficient, as a remuneration for the advice and attendance of any young man, who has not yet forced himself into notoriety; and those, who will not hesitate to squander hundreds, nay thousands, upon worthless trifles, will decline the payment of an ordinary guinea fee to a physician or a surgeon, who may have wasted an hour or two of his time in friendly advice or professional assistance. I do not say, but that my plump and voluble patient in Bedford Square, may, at some future time, adequately remunerate me for any further attendance: but this will depend upon some really serious illness in the family—a stroke of paralysis, perhaps, on the good lady, or on her “poor, dear, loving soul” of a husband;—till when, I may be sent for at all hours, and upon all frivolous occasions; merely from the kind, and I know, well-intended recommendation of “*dear Lady G——,*” and without receiving a single fee for my pains. And yet, if “*dear Lady G——,*” or any other “*dear*” friend, was to hint at Mrs. ——'s illiberality, *who* would be more furiously offended than herself! “*Sun of China!* (I *feelingly* repeat) What contradictions do we find in this strange world!”

(*To be continued.*)

SONG.

The ladies are gone, boy,
 But fill up the bowl;
 With the brightest of wine, boy,
 We'll deluge the soul:
 And since, with their presence
 No longer we're blest,
 We'll e'en drink from the glasses
 Their red lips have press'd.

I've heard, that whenever
 Small birds on the brink
 Of a clear eastern fountain
 Stoop over and drink,
 That fount become sacred!—
 Then sacred be this,
 Where the red lip of woman
 Hath printed a kiss!

H.

 THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

TIMOTHY TEMPLETON,

A TURNKEY IN HIS MAJESTY'S JAIL AT NEWGATE.

 CHAPTER II.

Twenty years ago the "Royal and Ancient foundation" of Christ's Hospital was very differently constituted to what it is at present. Innovation had not yet ventured within the antique precincts of its cloisters, nor had it then interfered with those loved and cherished customs, which were consecrated by their antiquity. There was, in those days, an air of venerable gravity as well as of scholastic austerity upon all and every thing connected with the institution, from Sir John William Anderson, the stately president, down to Beadle Allen, the *fag*-shop keeper. The steward, Mr. Matthias Hathaway, was the very personification of pedagoguish solemnity; and his tall, upright, even stately form, surmounted by well powdered hair, gathered smoothly into a queue, had a wonderful effect upon the boys, and conveyed, even to strangers, no limited notion of his power and authority. The nurses, too, presented an appearance which comported well with the gloomy old hall, and the gloomier old wards—they were, with but one exception, fat, crummy, heavy old fashioned dames, looking as if they had been cut out of Holbein's picture, representing the Court of Edward VI., and hung at the lower end of the hall aforesaid. The

internal arrangements, both as regarded the education as well as the conduct of the boys, was of this old fashioned, close, contracted character. The system of mental education was confined in the Grammar School to a very meagre acquirement of classical learning, except in the case of the Grecians, who certainly did receive, under Dr. Trollope, an admirable preparation for college; but, where only two Grecians could leave in a year, perfectly educated, ten or twenty times that number of the other boys quitted the school imperfectly instructed. In the writing-school—for all the schools then had their exclusive scholars, as well as their exclusive masters,—the time of the boys was still more extensively squandered away, and two or three years would be invariably occupied, or rather wasted, in learning merely to write a superlative hand, and the ordinary rules of Arithmetic—Book-keeping, by double entry was not even taught—nor any thing, in fact, beyond the mere common routine of any parish school. Hence many hundred boys left the Hospital at the age of fifteen, who were entirely and utterly ignorant of the common rudiments of classical learning. It is true that many of these *afterwards* acquired some slight knowledge of Latin, but it must be sufficiently evident, that their time would have been much better occupied, and their advantages of acquirement much greater, had half of it been devoted, as is the plan now adopted, to the learning of classical and general knowledge combined.

The old system of corporeal punishment was practised, at the period I mention, by some of the masters, to an extent perfectly frightful. It was a common thing for one of the writing masters; when he entered the school-room in the winter, to exclaim to his usher, as he walked up and down the room, “Come F——! it’s a cold morning, send me some of those noisy fellows, and I’ll give ’em a brushing!”—and if any unfortunate urchin was fixed upon, as more loquacious than the others, no matter whether it was true or false, a “brushing” he would receive, such as would suffice to warm him and the master, too, for the whole morning. But the most brutal exhibitions of this kind, were those which were performed in the hall before all the boys. This flogging, “at the top of the hall,” as it was termed, was, of course, intended for a formidable example, and was never resorted to, but for serious offences—such as stealing, or playing truant. On these occasions, after a suitable address from the steward, the delinquent is brought from the dungeon by the porter, who officiates on this occasion as the flogger, the steward standing by to regulate the number of lashes, which were proportioned not always to the enormity of the offence, but to the conduct of the offender in receiving them. Some of the boys—resolute young devils!—would pride themselves upon the duration of their silence, and after receiving some dozen “cuts” would then grumble out a solitary oh! which was usually deemed sufficient. Other young offenders would roar most lustily under the infliction, and these were more kindly dealt with. On one occasion, there

were some fourteen or fifteen boys flogged, one after the other, for rebelling against the orders of the steward, and rushing out at the gates, on a day, when they had expected a "leave," but were disappointed. These were selected as the boldest of the ring-leaders, and such an exhibition was never witnessed, I should think, at any public school before. It was a cold raw November morning, between seven and eight o'clock, and the porter, Rigby, who was naturally a good-natured, kind-hearted man, marshalled the culprits to the *dais*, where, in the old hall, the steward's table stood. He was followed by a beadle, with a formidable bundle of rods, and the whole cavalcade had, I can assure you, a very awful effect. After a suitable address from the steward, the flogging began, and as the offenders were certainly some of the most "tough" fellows in the school, it was not speedily at an end. I am not going to moralize upon the brutality or inefficacy of such exhibitions. I can only answer for myself, and affirm, that it had a most excellent effect upon my young and soft mind, for upon many future occasions of incipient error, the fear of flagellation was before my eyes, and my better genius prevailed.

So much depends upon the attachments which boys form at school, that I have often felt surprised more attention has not been paid to the subject by parents and pastors. In my case, this was strikingly exemplified; for I came to London perfectly friendless—the shy and diffident inmate of a secluded mountain-home, plunged at once into a populous microcosm. I was, besides, an object of supreme ridicule and fun, as *Taffy* always is, and, perhaps, will be, at any public school in England. As to young Probyn, he was too fine a gentleman to afford me any attention, excepting the high honour of cleaning his shoes, and brushing his coat*; and even, had he been otherwise disposed, I should soon have been deprived of his companionship, as his friends were compelled to remove him from school, in consequence of the stir, which a certain reforming Alderman made in the Committee, touching the abuse of the charity by its application to the convenience of the rich and the unqualified. Young Probyn's father was a dashing clergyman, and his cousin was the Earl of C—f—t, and he was one of the first who was removed, in consequence of the Alderman's exposure.

I have said I was utterly friendless. In so large a school, however, it is not to be supposed that I remained so long; and the cause of my first boyish friendship is extremely characteristic of the admiration, which human nature in its rude and early state (and what are boys but young savages?) invariably bestows upon mere brute, courage. There was a bully of a fellow in our ward, named Jones—Ferdinando Jones—whose constant practice it was to

* There is no *fagging* at Christ's Hospital; but at the time I was there, a system quite as pernicious was in vogue, it was termed *brassing*, and consisted in the bigger boys relieving the lesser of their money on *leave-nights*, for which service they became their champions and defenders in all cases of unauthorized oppression,

tyrannize over every "new boy," that came into the ward. There was a blustering boldness about this lad, that carried considerable terror and dismay into the bosoms of those poor boys, who, like myself, had but just left the kindness and comforts of home; and Ferdinando usually made their fear subservient to his own interests. I had become subject to this young tyrant's exactions in more than one instance; when one day, he ordered me to bend my back, that he might enact the rider thereupon. I refused, and he struck me. My Welsh blood was up, and I returned the blow; there was but one alternative—I must fight him! Down, then, we went to the yard usually devoted to such encounters, and with us went some twenty or thirty of our ward, all anticipating some amusement from the contest. Ferdinando treated the affair very cavalierly, and, no doubt, expected to give "Taffy Templeton," as I was called, a hearty drubbing: but, in this he was mistaken—he cried *peccavi* in less than three "rounds," and I was declared champion of the little boys! This was an honour for a new-boy almost unprecedented, and all the "files" of our ward were loud in their praises, and liberal in their favours. I was exempted from *brassing*, admitted into the ward in cold or wet weather, had my choice of the "parts" of bread and meat—in short, Sir, I was a "lovey."

Amongst all my newly acquired friends and patrons, none were more kind than a lad named Lovett,—the senior *file* and *brasser* of the ward. Lovett was an extraordinary boy in every respect. An orphan from his infancy, he never knew his parents:—

"No mother's care
Shielded his infant innocence with prayer."

Well, indeed, for him would it have been, if it had been otherwise; for to this sad, but unavoidable destitution, may many of poor Lovett's misfortunes be attributed. I never yet knew any person (and my knowledge of human nature has been pretty extensive) who possessed so many natural good qualities, but these were all perverted, for want of proper direction. His generosity ran into unmeaning prodigality; his bold courage degenerated into dogged obstinacy, while his physical superiority led him to exercise a despotic tyranny over all whom he could subdue by force of fist. I believe he had no friends in London,—none, at least, whom he could visit on leave-days; and, this privation rendered his *brassing* avocations the more constant and severe. His usual haunt on leave-nights was in an empty bed niche near the door, where, like a vigilant toll-keeper, he exacted a fee from those, who returned from their friends laden with *fag*, or money. I have already mentioned my exemption from these exactions; and I can well remember, with what boldness I entered the ward on these occasions, while the other boys would crawl up the stairs in fear and trembling, pondering woefully upon the supposed extent to which they might be mulct.

These may appear trifling reminiscences, Sir; but subsequent events, as you will soon learn, have rendered them deeply impressed upon my memory. "The boy is father of the man,"—and Lovett's boyhood—undirected, as it was, by authoritative influence, was but too true a preface to his manhood: but I will not anticipate.

I went through the school without distinguishing myself in any extraordinary manner—that is, I neither set the ward on fire, nor made love to the nurse's daughter—nor bearded the steward—nor, in short, did I do any thing worthy of commemorative importance. I was, however, flogged the requisite number of times, and "turned out," as a groom would say, a fine, chubby lad of fifteen.

Your inquiring glance adds, did I form no friendships during my six years' scholarship? I did, with two, and only two individuals—the name of the one was Burton, that of the other Podd. Can you tell me, deeply learned as you are, (I know you write in the Magazines—so do I!) how school-friendships are contracted? How it is, that from amidst several hundred human beings, the heart should single only one, or, at the utmost, two companions to its yearnings, and accompanied, accordingly, by them—be unmindful of all the others? "Congeniality of sentiment," you will exclaim. Congeniality of a fiddlestick! There was no more congeniality between Burton, Podd and me, or between any one of us, than there is between us and the prim effigy of Edward VI., affixed over the church-gate. Does not Plato say something about the etheriality of the soul flying about till it meets with an opposite spirit, and then mingling with it, like acid and alkali, producing from such union, a bland and harmonious whole? Burton was a quiet, contemplative, and apparently a dull boy. Podd was a learned, and, therefore, a disagreeable boy; and I was a hot, and choleric Welshman—even as a boy, the slave of impulse, with scarcely one sentiment in common with my two friends:—but friends we were, although not, certainly, from "*congeniality of sentiment*."

I left school before either of my friends: Burton followed in about a month, and Podd remained nearly a twelvemonth longer, by which, you will understand that I was the senior young gentleman of the triad. My uncle Highmore, who had kindly continued his patronage to me, while I was at school, had provided me a situation with a medical practitioner in London—a stranger to us all—but recommended by one of the masters; and the very day I quitted Christ's Hospital, I proceeded directly to my new residence in Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square. My uncle was one of those old-fashioned gentlemen, who, having never had any children himself, considered my interests better consulted by debarring me of the usual boyish enjoyments. I had not seen any part of my family during the whole six years I had been in London; and, instead of letting me pay a visit to Wales, when I left school, it

was the old gentleman's pleasure, that I should enter at once upon the duties of my apprenticeship, and upon them did I, accordingly, enter.

To a boy of my curious and ardent disposition, every object, in my new situation, was a matter of interest. My new master, whose name was Ratcliffe, was blessed with a buxom spouse, and a romping daughter, about three years younger than myself. He was a pettish, good-hearted, irritable, thin man, extremely fond of his daughter, and usually squabbling with his *cara sposa*, who, although an extremely worthy, "good sort of woman," had her weak points, like the rest of us. One of these was a mortal aversion to all book-learning, as well as every thing in the shape of super-refinement. "Give me a girl," would the good lady say, "who can make a pie or a pudding, a shirt for her husband's back, and look after the servants! None of your flighty and flaunting Madame's *for me*—they are useless hussies!" As to the book-learning affair, it was a constant source of bickering between the worthy pair—Mr. Ratcliffe, being a most ardent and devoted zoologist, and in the opinion of his thrifty dame, spending more money about "those useless nick-nackeries" than they are worth. Nevertheless, Mr. Robert Radcliffe continued his zoological pursuits—particularly as regarded his researches into the lungs of butterflies—the "nick-nackeries" so pathetically lamented—and his faithful rib continued her vituperations, very much to my edification and amusement.

To a youth so friendless as myself—for I had no relations, or even acquaintances in London—my domestication with Mr. Radcliffe's family was an event of no trifling interest and importance. Naturally of an affectionate and a confiding disposition—looking upon all mankind literally as my brethren, as anxious for my welfare, as I was for their's; and, *then*, undeceived as to my flattering estimation of my fellow-men—what wonder is it, that I beheld every thing around me through the charming medium of exulting youth? I had quitted school with the approbation and esteem of all my masters, (no slight honour, let me tell you, in so large an establishment) and I was gratified and encouraged by the kindness and commendations of my uncle Highmore, whom I really esteemed, and whose kindness to my mother, as well as to myself, I had learnt properly to appreciate; and, in addition to this, I was stimulated to increased exertion by the success I had met with in my vocation, as an author, having published in a paltry magazine, some verses on a blackbird. These circumstances considered, I entered Mr. Radcliffe's family, "predisposed" to gain the good will of every member of it, and to deserve a continuance of my uncle's praise and regard.

Were I in a moralizing mood, continued Mr. Templeton, emptying his glass, and proceeding with all due formality to compound another,—Were I in a moralizing mood, which your whiskey provokes, I could spin you a most eloquent and edifying

discourse on the inevitable vagaries of fate: but observing the interest which you take in these reminiscences, and anticipating, therefore, your anxiety for their continuation, I will be merciful, and spare you the infliction. Let me, however, direct your attention to one circumstance, and I will leave you to moralize upon it, the next time you are kept awake by the tooth-ache. Will you tell me why it is, that I, Timothy Templeton, after being such a good boy at school, and after gaining, as you will soon see, I *did* gain—the esteem and regard of my master, the apothecary; after, indeed, doing a number of wonderful things in the way of goodness—will you fain tell me why I should have risen no higher in this bustling world, than a jailer's man? It is to me a matter perfectly inexplicable; but, your superior penetration may, perhaps, suggest a solution, after I shall have gratified you with some further particulars of this surprising history.

I had been nearly a year with Mr. Ratcliffe, when my uncle Highmore arranged for my visit to Wales. Seven years had now elapsed since I had left home, and I had not seen any of my family, during the whole of that period. However expedient it may be, under some circumstances, to encourage the absence of one member of a family from the others—a son from his parents, especially—I am very certain, that, in my case, it was injurious to me, as a son: that is, it removed from me—by depriving me of the controul and solicitude of a mother—a great portion of affection and reverence for that mother: for how could it be supposed that I should love a person, whom I had not once seen during the most important and plastic period of my boyhood? However this may be, I had still enough veneration left to render the prospect of a visit to my mountain-home, a matter of superlative felicity: and well do I remember the deep, deep joy, which filled my bosom; when the old rumble-tumble of a night coach rolled out of the yard of the “Bull and Mouth,” whither I had posted to secure my place, on its road to Shrewsbury, where we arrived some time in the evening of the following day.

In those days of halcyon innocence and simplicity, there was no conveyance from Shrewsbury to any of the towns in M——shire; but there was a coach, if it deserves the name, which crawled within about twelve miles of my native place; and by this was I consigned, *per order*, to a rude mountain-village, where a man had been sent to meet me with a horse. At this romantic hamlet we arrived about five o'clock, on as fine a summer's afternoon as ever glowed from the heavens: and I will not attempt to describe to you the buoyant exultation, which made my pulses bound, as I rode over the hills to my secluded home, which, however, I did not reach till the gloom of evening had shrouded it in darkness, hiding from my sparkling eyes, for the present, the scenes so familiar to my memory.

Although the less changeable and more enduring works of Nature had remained indelibly impressed upon my recollection, it

was otherwise with the beings, for whom these works were created. Even the members of my own family, (my mother alone excepted) were perfect strangers to me; and, as to the hundred and one juvenile acquaintances, who had sprung up like so many mushrooms in my absence, I recollected them no more, than if I had never seen them; they knew me, as a sort of Lion—but the knowledge was not reciprocal.

And my cousins? you ask—were *they* too forgotten? Even so—every one—even Ellen herself; but our meeting was nevertheless joyous in the extreme. The two boys had grown hugely in stature, and the girls, but especially Ellen, had become pretty and interesting. Ellen, who, you recollect, was the youngest, was at that shy, budding age, when girlhood is bursting into womanhood—when every word calls up a blush—every glance a terror. Girls, at this age, have good memories, and I could perceive that our childish love was still fondly remembered; for the kiss, which I impressed upon her lips at meeting, suffused her brow and bosom with one burning glow of agitation and delight. Say what you like—think what you like about the matured charms of woman, there is nothing like the gentle, artless *naïveté* of girlhood. Unconscious of any scheming—regardless of the future—full of hope, and tenderness, and love—every impulse tells at once upon the heart, and you see its effect reflected from the tell-tale features: and the eye! did you ever observe its irrepressible disclosures?—its searching, thrilling, irresistible lightning?—its softness, its fire, its love? Ah! my dear friend! I have had opportunities of scrutinizing women of every kind and character—but all must yield, in point of true and powerful attraction, to the blushing, artless, sensitive and delicate-minded girl of fifteen!

I have told you already, that I was in love at nine years old: you may suppose, then, that my amorous propensities were not diminished at sixteen—indeed, they were not: and from the very moment of the impression of the kiss aforesaid, I was in love with Ellen. Gracious Heaven!—what ecstasy!—what delight!—what rapture did I experience in the artless interchange of love, which, at this period, occurred between us! Ellen, all affection—all feeling—all confiding tenderness,—met my boyish advances without once reflecting on the future. And I! alas! was too happy to reflect at all! and plunged headlong and joyously into a whirlpool of passion and delight. Alas! alas! how soon was the gay fabric of my glad vision crumbled into dust! how soon was every vestige of it destroyed!

“ Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted !”

But I will not anticipate: “all’s well that ends well!” as our governor always tells young criminals, by way of consolation and encouragement, upon their first visit to our *castle*.

Dream of a wounded Soldier on the Field of Battle. 71

My visit, as you may suppose, passed on with all the quick rapidity of joy, and I returned to London to pursue, with a bad relish, my professional studies.

DREAM OF A WOUNDED SOLDIER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The day had set—and silence drear
Sank o'er that field—the last but one
So fiercely fought, and dearly won—
The red goal of his wild career—
The mightiest of the human kind—
Which was like meteors on the wind,
That deeper darkness, in its rear,
Leaves, when its brief and blazing race
Hath sped along the wilds of space!

The thunders of the fight had past
To echoes on the moaning blast;
But oft upon its hollow sigh
Of low and melancholy sound,
Came the loud sob of agony,
To break sepulchral silence round:—
There, in his blood, the war-horse lay,
Whose stormy breath had wreath'd him o'er
With foam—such as the ocean's spray
Leaves, when the winds have pass'd away,
At eve along the silent shore!

There, imaged in the broad Garonne,
Like drops of light the pure stars shone;
The watchfires' fitful gleams, that sank
And soar'd along its silent bank,
Ting'd the dark night-cloud's edge with fire,
And blaz'd on turret, dome, and spire!—
In that still hour, the sleep I found
Was such as fever'd brain permits,
When pangs that shoot from stiffening wound,
And wild delirium, rage by fits!—
Oh! then to troubled Fancy's eye
Again the tide of war roll'd by—
'Mid sulphurous pall, the whistling ball!

The battle's fiery tempest past
With rushing sound—as, in some hall
Of ruin, roars the gathering blast;—
And sweeping down the sky's blue dome,
Like Comet with its burning train,
Burst with wild roar the blazing bomb,
And strew'd with dead the plain!

Then came, methought, a night of fear:
We fled; and thundering in our rear,
To change retreat into a rout.
In that dark dream I seem'd to hear
The horsemen in their full career,
With wild hurrah—and 'vengeful shout!
And hurrying on, as storm-clouds flee,
Or wrecks that drift upon the sea,

2 *Dream of a wounded Soldier on the Field of Battle.*

Methought we pass'd through ghostly glades,
'Mid moonlight gleams and mournful shades,
Where dying men forsaken lay,
And saw—but could not scare away,
The famish'd vultures, as they tore
The shuddering flesh ere life was o'er!—
And fast—and fast—and faster still—

A living chaos—on we roll'd
Adown the vale, and up the hill,
And o'er the mute and midnight wold,
That starting shook, as in hot haste,
At gallop o'er the lonely waste,
By foaming steeds the cannon whirl'd,
Woke central echoes of the world!—

Then chang'd the visions of my dream :
Upon a waste, all bleak and dim,
And bounded by th' horizon's rim,
I stood beside a desert stream,
Whose lone and melancholy sound
Each sense to slumber seem'd to lull ;
It was so dreamy and so dull,
That deeper seem'd the silence round :—
And there, methought, I walk'd with one
I lov'd in youth—yet knew that she
Ere then had pass'd from things that be
Beneath the circuit of the sun !

And as I spake of perils o'er,
The silent tears stole down her face,
And in her cold and close embrace
She clasp'd me as to part no more!—
Then sudden on my startled ear
Again arose the sounds of fear,
Like rustling of the forest leaves,
When her last sighs pale Autumn heaves.
Then the loud tramp of hurrying throng,
That bore us in their flight along,—
Till sweeping o'er that dreary track,
We heard at last the ocean's roar,—
The headlong charge was at our back—
Fire flash'd behind—floods yawn'd before!—
And borne away unto the verge
Of rocks that hung above the sea,
To them we clung convulsively.—
In vain—for o'er the sounding surge,
Forc'd from our hold by crowds that prest,
Down, down we sank amidst the waste,
While shrieks of horror slumber broke;
And from that direful dream I woke!—

I woke—and to my opening eye
Another scene arose in view ;
But still the voice of agony
I heard—and deem'd reality
What was a dream—yet partly true ;
And closely to my couch I clung
As it above the deep did hang,—
But the dread cries I heard—the pang
Of ghastly wounds from warriors wrung !

As morning beams steal through the sea
 Of mists that, on the landscape wide,
 Rest like a dim and waveless tide;
 So memory's light to me
 Came glimmering through a wilder'd track,
 O'er which night's phantom-shadow lay;
 Through them it slowly wander'd back
 Unto the scenes of yesterday—
 And I—from visionary pain
 To real—gladly woke again.

R.

 LETTERS HOME.

 No. II.

My dear Friend,

I promised in my last, to enlighten you one day as to the state of the Medical Profession at the Antipodes; this promise I will keep, but not yet;—I have, at present, a far more interesting theme to discuss, namely, the *Press of Van Diemen's Land*.

If you still entertain the same opinion, as you did, when we were fellow-students together, your opinion of the state of our Colonial Literature must be very imperfect, and, allow me to add, perfectly inadequate. Why, we have in the Colony altogether, nine weekly Journals, seven of which are published in Hobart Town alone, and the other two at Launceston. Of these seven, five are miscellaneous Newspapers, one the official Government *Gazette*, and the other an Advertising sheet, delivered *gratis*, to the amount of about five thousand every week: we have, besides, two annual Almanacks, and a Monthly Magazine.

To begin with the Newspapers; I must take them in their chronological order, commencing with the "*Colonial Times*." This is an "Opposition" Paper,—but one of a peculiar character, and by whom conducted is more than I can tell you: the Editorship is said to be "in commission," and several persons are supposed to have a hand in the hashing up. It delights in the "*shewing up*" of officials, and rarely grapples vigorously with important public measures. Its leading articles are, generally, tame and heavy, but its "home paragraphs" are sufficiently hot and spicy. If report be true, a gentleman, high in office here, occasionally contributes to the public gratification, by concocting squibs for the *Colonial Times*.

The second on the list is the *Tasmanian*, the most obvious supporter of the "powers that be" of any of its contemporaries. In pursuing this support, however, I have observed nothing, but a vigilant exposition of palpable misrepresentation, and a fair com-

mendation of measures, intended to be beneficial. But, as I have already mentioned, party-spirit is so red-hot here, and the government has so many different opponents, that the slightest expression of approbation is construed at once into obsequiousness and adulation—and, by many people, the *Tasmanian* is, on this account, actually supposed to be in the pay of the government, and its editor appointed by the same influence! This, I know, to be a very great absurdity; for the present editor is one of the few associates I have, and, to my certain knowledge, he has no more to do with the government than you have.

The Hobart Town *Courier* comes next. It is Edited by an old and esteemed Colonist, Dr. Ross, who is, also, the Government Printer, and who contrives, with no trivial dexterity, to keep on good terms with all parties, and to steer clear of the shoals and quicksands of party-spirit, which abounds here—more than is necessary or agreeable. There is a degree of quiet complacency about the *Courier*, strikingly characteristic of its good-natured conductor. Emanating from the Government printing-house, it cannot be expected to be a very vehement exposé of abuses; but if it does not act this part, it certainly cannot be said to take any very active concern, either in lauding the Government, or in defending it from the attacks of its opponents: there is no obsequiousness in the *Courier*, but a quiet, gossiping industry, which renders it a good family journal. It advocates education and Temperance Societies with good emphasis, and denounces the encroachment of injudicious luxury, and the pauper emigration system with unabating zeal and earnestness: it commends, also—and, I think, justly—the mode of Prison Discipline, pursued here,—and which I shall some day explain to you,—and takes rather a general view of subjects, than a particular notice of individual occurrences.

The *Colonist* was established rather more than a year ago, by a party, who styled itself “The Legion,” for the avowed purpose of opposing the present government. There were many errors to be amended, and innumerable evils to be removed,—and the *Colonist* was to be the cleanser of our political Augean stable. It commenced its career with considerable spirit and effect; for, by boldly attacking measures instead of abusing men, it promised to become, what it really affected to be, the Journal of the People. But there were too many cooks concerned in the cooking;—the Legion was too numerous to preserve the requisite unanimity, and a quarrel occurred with the editor, Mr. Gilbert Robertson, from which period the poor *Colonist* has been floundering through a slough of personal scurrility and abuse, till it is well nigh become smothered in its own slime. In the brief space of about six months it has had almost as many professed editors—and nearly as many actions for libel have been tried and obtained against its ostensible proprietor in the same period. With the exception of one, these actions all emanated from private individuals, and this one was an *ex officio* prosecution by the Attorney General, against

the printer, for a very unjustifiable libel upon the government. The *Colonist* is now under the control of an old settler and a magistrate, and has, at length, dropped a portion of its personality—having merged and settled down into a very quiet and much milder paper.

The *Austral-Asiatic Review*, conducted by Mr. R. L. Murray, who was, I believe, the original editor of the *Tasmanian*, is an ably-written, but somewhat eccentric Journal. There is a great deal of original and vigorous talent in it, and a degree of honest independence upon most points, which render it an useful addition to our periodical literature. Its epitome of European intelligence is always good, and written with a force and tact, which the editor's extensive knowledge and experience enable him to display to advantage. This paper is a bitter and formidable opponent of the *Colonist*, and has tended, in conjunction with the *Tasmanian*, considerably to curb the red-hot and impetuous radicalism of that Journal.

The Government *Gazette* requires no description—it merely contains the official notices, and is published every week. The advertising sheet, which is appropriately termed the *Trumpeter*, is published twice a-week, and contains advertisements, and a burlesque leading article. The two Journals published at Launceston are mere local chronicles, and brief records of passing events in that quarter of the island: they make no pretensions to politics, and are, perchance, wise in their abstinence.

The *Magazine*, I leave to speak for itself, having sent you herewith all the numbers hitherto published. I think you will agree with me in the notion, that it is a very respectable miscellany, and that the contributors seem to run very well in harness. I send you also, the two *Almanacks* or *Annals* for last year,—one of which, you will see, is published by Dr. Ross, of the *Courier*, and the other by Mr. Melville, the proprietor of the *Times* and the *Tasmanian*: they are both highly creditable works, and will afford you a good idea—especially Mr Melville's—of the past and present state of Tasmania.

I have now given you a brief and cursory sketch of our Colonial Literature; and, I think, you will form a very favourable opinion of our civilization and refinement. We beat our elder sister Sydney, very considerably in this respect, for although that Colony has just started a *Magazine*, it will bear no comparison with our's,—and its newspapers are dull and spiritless in the extreme. But what do you think our government is now contemplating? Nothing more nor less, than a direct tax upon Literature, in the odious form of a postage upon Newspapers! The press, as you may suppose, has taken up this subject warmly, and has raised a loud and strong outcry upon the occasion. I hope the Government will hearken to the cry, and, in accordance with the public wish, relinquish an impost so unnecessary and injurious.

I send this by the ——, and the Captain will deliver it to you

31st,—I am positive as to the day and hour, having committed a memorandum thereof to the safe keeping of my mother's bible, which has been treasured for years at the bottom of her oaken chest, and never molested by any one but myself, and for the purpose just mentioned;—well, on the day and date aforesaid, I, Tom Finnarty, was seated on the dicky of my cab, as patient as a saint, opposite the soda-water warehouse, facing Catherine Street; I had not had a fare all that day, and but one on the preceding day—a fine fat crown-piece given by a member of Parliament, for such I judged him to be, from the gentility of his behaviour, and the *nate* grammar of his conversation. After braving the heat for hours, I was fairly worsted, and compelled to take shelter under the hood of my cab. Three had just tolled on St. Clement's, when it was my accursed fate to descry, at a considerable distance, a stout little man carrying a large blue bag, containing something more ponderous than is usually entrusted to the keeping of frail gambroon or worsted. This bag he kept swinging from one hand to the other, clanking it, as if by accident, against the shins of all those who were not aware of his approach; and, after this grievous fashion, he threaded his way towards me. I could not but wonder at the bold daring of the queer little fellow: he was a strange ungainly brute—his broad shoulders out of all proportion to his wizened body—he looked as if he had been put together of ill-assorted members, and like the droll formations of a Christmas pantomime. But what amazed me most was, that the little ugly creature appeared, from the first moment I saw him, to be hailing my cab. It was verily so. As he drew near, he fixed his black eye intently upon me. I shuddered—by the Virgin, I, Tom Finnarty, did shudder at the thought of polluting my cab with such a strange looking animal. I took no notice of him; though eager and panting for a fare, I would rather have carried a living shark, turtle, or sea monster, or a man diseased with the cholera, than this odious creature. I feigned sleep—I pretended to be drunk; but all to no purpose. He roared out in the silent street, "Halloo, Tom Finnarty, no tricks upon travellers. You are neither sleeping nor drunk. I know you, man—I know your mother, and I know your oaken chest, and your bible, wherein you keep your memorandums." Burning with shame at this remarkable disclosure, and devoutly crossing myself, I hurried to receive his detested body within my vehicle. Whereupon, summoning my resolution, I asked, with a subdued voice, Where to, Sir? "Straight forward," was the answer. The malicious devil, seeing my confusion and shame, dashed down the hood of my cab, and cast a proud glare of defiance at the bright and burning sun. He then commenced a series of extravagancies, the most remarkable in the records of cab-driving. He took a sort of canister out of his gambroon bag, and amused himself like a juggler, with tossing it on high, and catching it in its descent, to the amusement of every spectator, but to my extreme terror and astonishment. The clang it made, every time it fell into his iron

fist, was indescribable. The noise and the laughter of the people only added to his outrageous mirth. At Charing Cross, though mortally perplexed and terrified, I ventured to repeat the question, Where to, Sir? "Straight forward," he cried, with a horrible chuckle; and, thereupon, pulled out of the blue bag a massy silver divider, and, holding the canister by a little handle, he would one time twirl it aloft like a tamborine, than rattle it with as much ease as if it were a dice-box; at another, he would make it ring louder than a Chinese gong, by banging it with the divider, which he would then flourish about his head after the manner of a bass-drummer. On passing the Opera House—I know not whether the sight of it suggested the idea of music, but he broke out into a song or yell in some savage tongue, not a whit daunted by the respectability of the West End. He sang vociferously, often cracking his voice into a howl; the burthen I remember well, from the frequency of its repetition, and from the furious dashing of the divider against the canister, exactly at every syllable—a precision which, I do believe, drove it through my ears, to take its everlasting seat in my memory:—

Janga boonga wanga loo
Sprachna kalee, trashna troo
Koomaloo, woomaloo, kom coo coo.

To me all this was appalling. To him and to others it appeared rare fun; but I determined to put a speedy conclusion to it at all risks, and to convey the madman, fool, felon, or juggler, no farther than the top of St. James's Street. On arriving there, I run my horse suddenly close to the pavement; but he no sooner observed my purpose, than, with a terrific crash on the accursed canister, accompanied as if with the screams of twenty eagles, or the hallooings of a hundred hungry cannibals, he roared out "Straight forward, Tom Finnarty," and my horse started forward in a fright, which required more steadiness than I was master of to control. Shopkeepers now crowded to their doors and windows—the boys hooted and cheered—the monster twirled and jangled his canister, and sung with tenfold fury. We scoured past St. James's Church, and to a certainty should have been driven, horse, cab, canister, and all, into the shop of Mr. Hamlet, the silversmith, had not a policeman, to my unspeakable comfort, though with more bravery than brains, checked our career, and, springing into the cab, ordered me to drive to Bow Street. Now, thought I, he has got hold of the right sow by the horns. The demoniac could, without question, have tossed the valiant 'blue' into the street, like a wallet; or into the air like the canister; but all he uttered was a growl, like that of the lion, when he collects his strength for an onset. The policeman made an effort to catch hold of the canister, but he was instantly pinned with one arm in a corner, where he struggled like a squeezed kitten in the hands of a lusty boy, and became the sole sport of this insane mockery of a man. The canister only whirled

about his ears with increased noise and rapidity, and the horrible "Jooanga booanga" song was roared louder than ever. I, however, galloped on like a madman to Bow Street, and there delivered my detested freight, and we were both shown into his worship's presence. I breathed freely at the sight of Sir Richard; but the incarnate devil, nothing abashed, approaching the bench with a confidence which stunned me, whispered in his worship's ear; the magistrate smiled, and muttering something about harmless eccentricity, he uttered with a loud voice that he was discharged.

The reporters stared—they had lost a capital case. The crowd, out of respect for the decision, made instant way. Some kind souls, who had witnessed my distress, endeavoured to conceal me, but in vain. His basilisk eye was upon me. I looked in agony for the magistrate's protection, but was reminded of an Act of Parliament and its penalties. I wiped the cold drops from my brow, and in so doing, observed something like an indication of pity in the demon's countenance. He pushed, or rather lifted me before him, and, in an instant, poor Tom Finnarty was like a wisp of straw perched once more on his dicky. I had barely time for thought, when the canister was twirled ten feet into the air; and the frightened populace scattered in all directions, when they heard the never-by-me-to-be-forgotten cry of "Straight forward." At the same moment I felt a hand in my pocket—but I knew it was empty, and so I let that pass. Away I went, reckless as to the direction, for if, at the corner of a street, I ever made the least hesitation, I was saluted with the cry of "Straight forward." After a little time, I began to consider, what the deuce the creature's hard could have to do inside my pocket. I therefore slyly slipped in a couple of my fingers, and brought out a coin which presented to my delighted eye, the rich and glossy beauty of a newly-coined full-weight sovereign. My joy was equalled only by my surprise. At another time, or from any other person, I would have considered it a Godsend;—but in truth, I now regarded it as the devil's own benefaction. However, I bravely determined on permitting it to remain in my pocket,—willing to consider it as a first proof of the harmless eccentricity to which the magistrate had alluded. I now made up my mind to be more cheerful, especially since my companion grew a trifle more quiet.

In this way, turning and returning, we travelled through a multiplicity of streets, and at length reached the Regent's Park; but, no sooner had we passed through Gloucester gate, than I perceived, from his jerking and fidgeting, that he meditated more mischief; and just when we arrived at the Zoological Gardens, out came the divider once more, glittering in the sun as he brandished it in the air; and, before I could say a prayer, it came in furious collision with the canister, and with a clang so loud and clear, as to awaken the sleeping echoes of Primrose Hill and its sister knoll; at the same time he filled the tranquil air of that lonely region with cries, howls, yells, and screams, that were quite fearful. In an

instant he was responded to by ten thousand other cries, screams, yells, and hideous noises—the domineering roar of the disturbed lion, the angry ‘miaow’ of the devouring tigers and hyænas “eager for the fray,” while the shrieks of alarmed monkies, the screams of eagles and other birds of prey, made up the treble of this appalling concert. The race of timid birds thrust their heads under their wings—rabbits took to their burrows—the beavers to their island dominions—and the astounded bear clambered to the top of his pole, where he gazed all around, like the Mr. Speaker of an unruly assembly, calling out “Order! order!” This frightful outcry was the occurrence of about thirty seconds—and was instantly followed by tremulous shouts from persons within the enclosure. Groups of elegant people were scampering from all quarters of the gardens, hallooing for their carriages. The rush towards the gate was fearful. Beautiful young creatures, pale and panting, were shrieking for help, to young men with heroic mustachios and white faces, who had far outstripped them; husbands taking to their heels, and piously recommending their wives to the protection of Providence, while a tardy file of grandmammas, and opaque ancient aunts, brought up the rear.

To me, who knew the sole cause of this most ludicrous panic, the whole scene became the subject of overwhelming mirth. The creature within my cab was all this while dandling his canister on his knee, and chuckling joyously at the effect produced by his inimitable powers, and I was now for the last time ordered “Straight forward:” but with a voice far more gainly than on any previous occasion. I began, indeed, to like my gentleman amazingly. The garden scene had touched the key of a faculty which he possessed in perfection, and which he forthwith began to display. One time was heard the barking of a mastiff, with the grunting of a frightened sow and her litter—sounds which brought to my remembrance the domestic decencies of our old cabin in Ireland. At another time one would have sworn that I had behind me a coop of discontented turkeys, indignant peacock, rebellious geese and ratiocinating drakes—all huddled together—conversing and wrangling after their accustomed fashion. In a rapture of satisfaction, at the amazement of the pedestrians, I would now and then cry out “Encore, encore!” which I judged, from his chuckling laugh, took with him exceedingly. In this manner we progressed through nearly every street in wide Marybone. At length, we crossed Oxford Street, and into Grosvenor Square. Here the order was not “Straight forward,” but “Round and round.” I do not know what kind of spirit or fancy possessed him in this particular place, but he commenced a most miraculous imitation of at least twenty different speakers. He was a portable debating club—and I made it a point of duty, at every fall of his voice, lustily to exclaim “Hear, hear!” The singularity of our progress and exhibition, in process of time, lined the square round and round. Seventy-year-old housekeepers, and sexagenarian rosy-faced gouty

porters (footmen were in the country) stood at their respective doors. Some would exclaim, "Mercy on me! that is my master's voice;" and "that is mine's," another would say.

It was now dusk. We travelled three and thirty times round the square, by which time he became exhausted, and had, apparently, nothing farther to say either pro or con. My head was becoming giddy with the continual circularity of our course; and my little horse, as if ashamed of this incomprehensible tramping, made a dead halt. Hereupon I again felt the hand of my customer in my pocket. It was to deposit therein another sovereign. He then discharged me in due form, and as becomingly as any christian, begging at the same that I would direct him the nearest road to Richmond.

Before I could answer, or even wonder at such a question, at such a time of day, and after such a route, I was shaken, as if by the arm of a giant; and a voice came screaming into my ear like the rushing of a mighty cataract, "Ahoy, Finnarty, a fare—a long fare; you have been in the Land of Nod for the last half hour." So I had. But guess what my fare was; Mr. ———, the tipsy silversmith, with a beauteous silver tea vase, in a blue bag, and Mr. ———, the mimic, promising a sovereign each, if I drove them expeditiously to Richmond Hill.

A.

A PASSING GLANCE.

She sat within a summer room,
And seemed retired from human sight;
And o'er her face of healthful bloom
Passed smiles like morning light.

And when her settling features sought
The usual pensive grace they wore,
There lived in them as happy thought
As in the smiles before.

"'Tis thine," I cried, "the bliss to know,
One happy, unpolluted breast—
Thy breast as pure as mountain snow
On which the sunbeams rest."

And I did bless her as I went,
That in me she did strongly stir,
With air and features eloquent,
Some thoughts of some like her.

Such youthful Shakspeare's bride might be,
And Milton's mother, calmly fair,
The infant poet on her knee,
Of amplest fame the unconscious heir.

Such Lady Russell, ere she stood
Before the dread, determined few,
Who thirsted for the only blood
To which her heart's affection drew.

All graces of the form and face
That nature can to woman give—
All inward and exterior grace
Did in my spirit live.

Of Mary did I think, who gave
The Great, the Just, to mortals birth—
To Christ, who came the lost to save,
And walked in glory through the earth.

Of woman's love, and woman's tears—
The anxious, watchful, tender, true;
The spirit unsubdued by years,
The love that death can scarce subdue.

With tenderest tears my eyes were wet,
As through my heart that current ran;
And for a space did I forget
The strength and dignity of man.

W.

EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

[A *Lady's Log-book* will interest the general reader by its novelty, but to the many friends of the admired writer, this will have great personal effect.]

Speaking of the sea after twenty-four hours experience, I am inclined to speak of it with high delight; but my practice cannot be very discriminating, since the greater portion of the twenty-four hours has been spent at anchor. Very smooth, pleasant voyaging this; no sickness, no rolling, no disagreeable of any kind; as the man, when he lay at the foot of the hill he had to mount, said—"Oh, that this were working!"—so I say, oh, that this were sailing. However, such lazy motion is not likely to continue. To-morrow, to adopt the phraseology of Francis Moore, we may probably "expect sickness more or less," and couches may probably rob the dinner-table of passengers and appetites. However, come it may, as come it will, I am inclined to promise myself much positive pleasure from our long sojourn on the waters. There is a novelty in all the ship arrangements, a contrivance, that interests me no little, and that, to speak truth, have done more to rob departure from England of melancholy, than any considerations of a more exalted nature. William Howitt says in his *Book of the Seasons*—"Thanks be to God for mountains!" I am more than ever inclined to say, "Thanks be to God for trifles!" They are sources of pleasure, and may be made sources of benefit; often, by turning an annoyance into an amusement. Thus, our cabin, though one of the two best in the ship, for convenience, light, air, and size, has a rather ludicrous drawback: a good portion of some eighty dozen of poultry, ducks, geese, fowls, pigeons, &c. &c. have

their local habitation in pens over our heads; and all day, and almost all night, they peck, crow, quack, gabble and quarrel according to their several natures. The sound of their beaks resembles a shower of hail; they are of necessity cramped for room, and, like children, are always crying out for food. They disturb one grievously, but they amuse; and when, at daybreak, their cries are joined by the low of our three cows, the grunt of some of our twenty pigs, and the bleating of a few of our sixty sheep, I am transported to a farm-yard.

— I believe the true log of the day, would be simply, "All sick." However, there are degrees of sickness as of stature, and I only attained to pretty decided uneasiness. Lying down cured me; something too might be effected by the conversation of a character so original, and so native to seas and ships, that she deserves a place in one of Mr. Cooper's nautical novels. She is my voyaging attendant, and, having in a similar capacity made seventeen voyages to and from India, five of them in this vessel, may be said to have no home but the water. Monsieur Forbin was deeply offended by meeting a lady's maid with a pink parasol at the foot of one of the pyramids of Egypt—the real lady's maid, with or without the pink parasol, is far more inappropriate on shipboard. But my treasure of the deep belongs not to this species. Staid, straight, Scotch, and respectable, her heart and accent full of the Tweed, and her talk of all quarters of the world. Something of a merchant too,—trading at all the touching points, and, from a collection of red morocco bibles to stores of ribbons and pins, having articles for barter from England to the poles. Add to this, a memory that is a perfect Newgate Calendar for Scotland, with such sea habits, that from the poop to the galley, she is at home, is never tired, never out of temper, and never without a history appropriate or inappropriate to the book, matter, or conversation in hand. I have called her Sea Kitty—and here at least she will never lose the name. On land she is like many others—on the ocean she is like nothing but herself: in her eyes, the sea, like the king, can do no wrong, and next to the ocean, the captain:—her temporary master and mistress, whilst faithfully served, and duly had in honor in all matters touching *their* world, the land, are somewhat regarded as children in whatever touches her's—the ocean: she is a nautical Leatherstocking.

— To-day we may be said really to have commenced our voyage. Our pilot is gone, and the last faint trace of the Devonshire coast is melted into the sky; I watched it gradually disappear, rock, headland and cultivated hill, so that I should recognize particular fields by their shape—yet, contrary to all the declarations of poetry and fiction, the farewell look affected me singularly little. The truth is, that occasions for great emotion are rarely times of great emotion; we are slaves of passing events and necessities; and even against my will, the beauty and novelty of the scene charmed away sadness. Last night, the wind was fair for our purpose,

[blowing us out of the Channel,) but it was rather rough, and the sea was splendid; the magnificent swelling of the waves, the dazzling foam of their curled heads running hither and thither—with the bright and quiet stars looking down from above—all awoke wonder, how one could be a pilgrim of the waters, and ever yield to poor, vain, foolish thoughts! And yet, alas! both with one's self, and others, folly and vanity come to sea!—to sea, where one seems to have breath and being immediately in the presence of Deity!

An event occurred just as dinner was served, and, to the utter discomfiture of curls, all the ladies hastened on deck to see a steamer from Portugal hailed. We had not been long enough from land to regard it with much sentiment; added to which, the vessel was such an ugly common thing, with such a crewish looking crew, that I thought we did them too much honor by standing to have our curls blown out. Our captain wanted information of the two Dons, Pedro and Miguel; the master of the steamer cared for nothing but the bearing of the Scilly Islands. After a little mutual trumpeting, we separated; certainly the steamer bore away at a gallant rate, but looking as ugly as possible, the picture of a fat woman with her arms a-kimbo, or of three single boats rolled into one. I dislike steam-boats: there is nothing calm in their speed, or dignified in their motion; on they go, splashing and dashing, the bullies of the water, or, when their smoke is visible—Beelzebub's frigates.

—We are in the Bay—and, if it is generally what it has been to us, in the much calumniated Bay of Biscay. The sea is quiet, and the wind so fair, that its continuance would blow us to Madeira in a week. It seems magical: in five days we have traversed the space that this very ship and captain have been, beforetime, three weeks in accomplishing. Whilst other present propitious circumstances hold, except the want of newspapers, and a hall-door to walk out at, we have no need of land. I have just cut a pine; we have fresh fruit, bread, and vegetables every day. Wonderful is the ingenuity of man! More wonderful still the protecting kindness of Providence! Here are we floating in ease and security over this fathomless, and, to the eye, illimitable element. On deck, our band is playing all kinds of home tunes, and there comes a strange blending of the dashing of the waves, the boatswain's whistle, and 'I'd be a Butterfly,' waltzes, and quadrilles—sounds of English towns and streets. With regard to the said band, music is music at sea, and it behoves one not to be finical, otherwise discontented recollections might arise of orchestras one has heard in days of yore. However, any music is at times valuable, because its mere noise brightens the spirits, sets people talking, and by the time we reach Bombay, our musicians may have learned to play in time. The orders transmitted to them (in nautical phrase) are amusing—they are playing an ugly tune, or a pretty one badly—"Bid those fellows take a reef in"—or they suddenly

stop—"Ask those fellows why they have hove to," says the captain to the steward, a person grave as Sancho's in the island of Barrataria. These poor fellows (the musicians) occupy an anomalous position on board. They are to play morning, noon, and night, should we require them to do so; they play us to dress, and to meals; they play to keep the men in step when the anchor is weighed, and yet upon occasion they have to haul at the ropes and go aloft,—as Wordsworth says,

Something between a hindrance and a help.

If one of them fell into the sea, we should note them by their instruments, (fell overboard, the key bugle, &c.) for they seem musical abstractions.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Giver of glowing light!
Though but a God of other days,
The king and sages of wiser ages,
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays.
Breathe out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

King of the tuneful lyre!
Still poets' hymns to thee belong;
Though lips are cold whereon, of old,
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song.

Lord of the dreadful bow!
None triumph now for Python's death,
But thou dost save from hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day!
No more thy clouds of incense rise,
But waking flow'rs, at morning hours,
Breathe out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane!
No more thou hearest to hymns sublime,
But they will leave, on winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.

P.

WATERLOO.

I was travelling to Brussels. In my life, I have been no small wanderer over the face of the earth; and being constitutionally a gregarious animal, I love to make myself happy amongst the flock, in whatever fold it may be penned for the time being—whether in a stage-coach or a hotel, in a ball-room or by the fire-side. But, somehow, I have seldom been so cross, or so ill-disposed for companionship with my fellow men, as on that same journey to

Brussels. It might be that, after long association with some of the brightest and kindest of my race; after having met with unbought affection and unexpected kindness in a strange land; after having found one sweet oasis in the midst of life's great desert, and bound myself to the spot by a thousand endearing ties—that every link had been broken—that I was again upon the world alone, like a solitary voyager in a shattered bark, ploughing the wide and threatening waves of existence;—and I knew not then that the wind would waft me to a brighter fate and a happier shore. However, the night had passed away in hot feverish fits of sleep—the only repose to be met in a diligence; and this short refreshment had been disturbed every instant by the noise and irritable peevishness of a little girl on the other side of the coach, who was travelling with her mother (a poor, honest countrywoman) to the fair city of Lisle. I had begun by wishing the child at the devil, for her fidgetting, and going on to wish the mother after her, for trying to keep her quiet (which made more noise than all), I was in a fair way of wishing myself there too, for my crossness, when the carriage stopped at St. Quentin, and admitted a new traveller. He was a man of about forty-five, with a clear blue eye, shining good humouredly through a deep sun-burnt skin. The moment he entered the vehicle, he seemed to come as a friend amongst those it contained. It was not vulgar familiarity—for there was much of gentleman-like calmness in the suavity of his manners—but it appeared a kind of benevolent cheerfulness, which made him pleased with the happiness of those around, and anxious to promote it. His first advances were towards the child, and, in five minutes, he was the most intimate friend she had on earth. He submitted to all her humours, permitted her placing on his fingers the piece of string with which she was playing at cat's-cradle, and at all his blunders in the complicated machinery of the cradle, joined in her innocent laugh, and wondered at his own stupidity. “Whenever I am far from home,” said he, turning towards me, “I love to meet with a child. It puts me in mind of those I have left behind.” And the warm, kind smile that beamed from his eye, and played round his lip, would have warmed the coldest heart. His good humour made me ashamed of my crossness, and I was glad of an opportunity to throw it off. He was a native of Brussels, I discovered, and I asked many questions about that town, which I had then never seen. The conversation soon turned upon the events of the late war. To prevent any mistake, I told that I was an Englishman. He bowed, and said that he had never liked the English till the battle of Waterloo. “The French,” said he, “had circulated amongst us, so many tales of your avarice and your cruelty towards your prisoners, especially on board the Pontons (which I have since found to be either false or greatly exaggerated) that I confess my mind was unfavourably impressed towards your nation. On the arrival of your troops, however, I found that, though they had not the excessive liveliness and amusing loquacity of the French,

they had a degree of frank good humour, and orderly integrity, that more than compensates; and many circumstances afterwards tended to make me equally love and esteem your countrymen."

He then went on to give me a great many anecdotes of the British army at Waterloo, and of that great commander, who, after having constantly defeated every French general opposed to him, at length met and conquered the conqueror of one half of Europe. What he related of the Duke of Wellington I shall pass, as it only tended to record that same cool determined judgment, and heroic calmness in all situations, to which every foot of the Peninsula could equally bear witness. But one anecdote of an English officer interested me not a little.

"As no one could tell," said he, "which way the course of events might turn, the citizens of Brussels formed a guard amongst themselves, for the defence of their property—the privates being all tradesmen, and the officers merchants. The battle of Waterloo soon removed every doubt as to which party would gain the ascendancy, and many of the French prisoners were delivered into the hands of the national guard of Brussels, to be conveyed to the places assigned for their reception. "I commanded a company," continued he, "which was actively employed on the occasion, and I found that one principal difficulty of the service consisted in securing the prisoners from the exasperated vengeance of the Prussians, who would willingly have bayonnetted their ancient enemies, the French, even amongst the ranks of our soldiers. After my duty was done, and I had been relieved, I rode out of the town to see what service could be rendered to the wounded left on the field of battle, when the first object which attracted my attention on the road was one of your countrymen. He was an officer, and had a severe cut on the head, which was bound with a silk handkerchief. He had also received a wound in the leg, which caused him to walk with difficulty; nevertheless, he was limping on towards the city *on foot*. Not that he had not a horse, for its bridle was passed over his arm, but he had appropriated it to a nobler use. Tied on its back, for he was too weak to keep his seat, was a wounded French officer; and every now and then, the Englishman, as he walked on, and as his own wounds pained him, turned round to see how the other bore up, and tried to cheer him with a word or two of broken French."

F.

CHARITY.

Prithee, what is Charity?
Is she one, with holy eye,
Weeping near to Sorrow's bed,
Soothing sinners' hour of dread;
Fearing not that stain may light
On her robe of spotless white,

Though she treads the darkest scene,
 Where Misery and Sin have been !
 She who points to Heav'n above,
 She whose heart is filled with love,
 She who feels no prudish fear
 When the child of shame draws near ;
 She who bids her not despair,
 For God will hear repenting pray'r ;
 She who does her alms unknown,
 She who bends at Mercy's throne,
 Hidden all from human eye,
 Trust me,—this is Charity.

But a little French Milliner, filled with grimace,
 Takes Charity's name and stands forth in her place,
 Flaunting abroad in a furbelow'd gown,
 She's the wonder and pride and belle of the town :—
 O how she sighs at a story of woe !
 A sigh's so becoming to bosom of snow—
 Oh ! how she begs, looking pretty the while,
 Till hearts, and subscriptions, are gain'd by her smile ;
 She sits in her parlour, surrounded by beaux,
 And looks so divine making poor people's clothes,
 And fans of goose-feathers, and shoes made of scraps,
 And fire-screens and needle-boxes, babies and caps ;
 She's so tender and busy,—she levies a war
 'Gainst the gentlemen's hearts at a Fancy Bazaar.
 Oh ! Charity flaunts it in feather and plume,
 And smiles like an angel—in rouge and perfume.
 She flirts at her booth, she's the gayest of belles,
 And hardly she bargains, and dearly she sells ;
 And customers wonder, that lady so free,
 So kind to the poor, and so tender shall be !
 A truce to your wonder ; she heeds not the poor,
 If once she is married she's tender no more.
 Ah, me ! that such labor, such feeling and care
 Should all be bestow'd on Vanity Fair !
 And deeper the error and darker the shame
 That this is transacted in Charity's name !

MY LAST PUPIL.—A TALE.

It was before I became a real gentleman and independent portioner of Balgownie Brae, in the west of Scotland, and when I was nothing but an obscure Dominie (although a licensed minister of the kirk of Scotland), and earning my bit of bread by communicating the rudiments of that learning, which never was the making of my own fortune, to young men for the making of theirs, that the first part of my experience was obtained in the ways of this wicked world.

At that time the obtaining of a good and respectable pupil, who could pay the school wages punctually at the quarter's end—or even the half year—was, as may be supposed, always a pleasant and comforting event to me ; and I not only laboured diligently to pre-

pare the minds of my young friends for the mighty world, with which they were one day destined to grapple—but it was my way to follow them, after I had dispensed them from my hands, with eyes of interest and affection, wherever I could trace them throughout the various prosperities and adversities which it is the lot of man to encounter on this side of time. If I were to tell all the stories that I could narrate of my pupils—and how the world tossed them to and fro, during my own life—and how some of them became good, and some declined into evil, notwithstanding all the godly precepts that I delivered to them—the world would be much instructed thereby. But, as the world cares little for instruction, but only for the pleasure and amusement, I will withhold them all, excepting only the history of my “last pupil;” in whose fate, indeed, it is quite likely that no one will take half so much interest as myself.

Well—one long afternoon, when my head was quite moidered with the weary din of the school, I was so confused and stupified, that I never so much as heard the noise of a carriage, which, with prancing horses and real postillion, actually stopped at my poor door. Down went the steps, with a clatter that made all my scholars run to the windows, in spite of my utmost authority, and out came a fine lady and an elderly gentleman; and after them a smart lad hopped from the coach, whom native sagacity at once led me to apprehend to be my own trysted pupil.

The preliminaries were settled between the parents and myself in five minutes after we had been all convened in my best apartment. But, with the mere pounds and particulars, my business was not quite ended; and I began to look in the face of the pupil and of those who accompanied him. I was not so ignorant of this world's vanity as not to know that there must have been some other reason besides the fame of my character and qualifications that should bring such grand people to my country domicile. My surmise was justified by further appearances. There is something painful to the eye in all incongruities. The lady was not yet more than five and twenty, and I scarce ever had seen a prettier woman. The gentleman bordered on fifty, but his look indicated a mixture of sensuality, Scottish greed, good-nature, and imbecility. Yet, though the lady was pretty, even to fascination, I could not say that she commended herself wholly to my approval. I knew not then whether it were natural levity, or a sort of broken-hearted recklessness, that influenced her, as if from the habitual consciousness of having thrown away by one act all life's happiness, and most of its virtue: but the manner in which she handed over her child to my care, though affectionate to extravagance, was not such as I should expect from a staid and sensible parent. With all this, there was, about the carriage and the habiliments, something that bespoke the motives which had chiefly brought them to my obscure seminary, and that without indicating what ought to have accompanied them. As for the boy, Henry, I was not wrong in judging

him to be the best of the group. He was as pretty as his mother, and more manly than his father—what need I dwell on particulars? he became my pride, and the pride of my school.

How I instructed my dear and interesting pupil, Henry Fairly, for the several years that he sojourned in my humble dwelling, and how I taught him all manner of heathen learning—as is the fashion—and delivered to him many counsels regarding the affairs of the world into which he was about to enter—as is *not* the fashion—and how I talked with him, in the field and by the way, of all that men should aim at in the perplexities of this world, and all that they should eschew in the midst of its temptations, and how the thoughtful youth hung upon my words and reciprocated my inferences—it is not for me with any boasting to detail. But, before he had quite finished his time with me, behold, a letter came hastily to my hands ordering him home with all speed, for that all things there were in great disorder, and his mother in a dying state. I saw that the time was now come when he was to go forth to the world, being the real prop and hope of his family, and that all my counsels were to be put to the proof. Why need I tell how we parted, or with what blessings I blessed him at the little green end before my door? My pupils have always been to me the promised seed of my pains-taking and my purposes, and even, I may say, of the wishes of my heart—albeit, that I ne'er had a child of my own.

It did not fall in my way to learn aught authentically of Henry Fairly for some considerable time. At length I journeyed to the city where he had gone to live, but the house to which I had been directed was all shut up and altered. I could hear nothing regarding him such as I wanted to know, and, just as I was stepping into the coach to leave the town, a broken-down-looking man, in deep mourning, passed me, leading two pale girls, in the same sombre dress, the former of whom I scarcely recognized as the gentleman, who, with a beautiful young wife by his side, had visited me in his own carriage not five years before. What had happened to cut off so young and so light-hearted a creature, I knew not; but she was now above a year dead: everything had gone wrong—yet, in the meantime, Henry Fairly, from the abilities he had shown, had been sent out a midshipman in a King's ship to bring home a fortune for his father and sisters.

Time still passed on, and nought was heard of Henry or his ship, nor did the world take any notice of the sorrows of his eldest sister Eliza, who silently bore the weight of her father's afflictions and her own, as she mourned the absence of the hope and prop of the family at their desolate fire-side. But the truth soon came out; for, it being then war-time, while men were slaughtering each other abroad, and rejoicing for it at home, Henry Fairly's ship had been taken on the high seas, and he was then lying in a French prison.

I now heard something more of the history of this unfortunate family. Henry's mother was the daughter of a man of good family, and, when she first came to this part of the country, was accounted

one of the prettiest women that had ever stepped on Scottish ground. Being instructed, as most daughters are, that to obtain a rich husband is to obtain everything, she consented to become the wife of Mr. Fairly; and he, with corresponding folly, imagining that the sweet notes of love may, at any time, be sung by a golden bird, and that congenial happiness may be bargained for, and bought, by the mammon of unrighteousness, throw his long-saved gains into the lap of beauty, and dissipated his fortune without a day's satisfaction. Domestic dispeace, evil report, and jealousy, complete the tale—family ruin, broken-down feelings, and premature death, complete the tragedy.

But the family were to be renovated and raised up by the energy and abilities of young Henry. At least, so said many—and I said it too, in the simplicity of my heart, until I began to bethink me of what materials the world was made—although I could not deny, but that blocks *may* be cut with razors, by that long perseverance which blunts away the instruments, until its original character is lost and gone. And so I heard with joy that Henry had come home, and was already, with his orphan sisters, in the old-fashioned borough of Netherton. With haste and pleasure I arose, and went forth to see him after all his adventures; for the message I had received was mysterious and unsatisfactory.

When I arrived at the door of the solitary house in which his father now dwelt, my admission within was not less invested with a silent and ominous mystery. At length I was permitted entrance into a dark back apartment, where sat Henry's father, having a small stoup of liquor before him, and apparently tipping by himself, with the maudlin enjoyment of that imbecile sort of misery, which, too far gone for common energy, seeks with infantile eagerness this wretched relief from its own thoughts. The smile of pleasure—as if insensible of its own degradation—with which this ruin of a man recognized me, was to me more shocking than the most intense expression of despair; as I contrasted it with the wan look of frigid melancholy, which sat upon the countenance of the tallest of the growing girls, who cowered by themselves in a corner near the window.

"Where is Henry?" I inquired, in anxious disappointment.

No answer was given me for a moment; and the father looked at the daughter, as if each wished the other to answer the question—while I now heard distinctly a foot go tramp tramp, on the floor over our heads.

"Take a glass with me," said Mr. Fairly—pushing with a silly expression, a glass towards me; "and we will talk of Henry afterwards."

"Is he not here? Where is he?"—said I, refusing the liquor.

"My father does not like to speak of poor Henry"—said the eldest girl—and silence again allowed the same *tramp, tramp* to sound with painful monotony over our heads.

"No—there are many things that your father does not like to

“speak of, my poor child,” said the old man, his look of joyous excitement subsiding into pathetic sadness, as he looked upon his daughter, and was reminded of his wife.

“For God’s sake, inform me,” said I, “who that is, that keeps walking about above us in this strange manner.”

The eldest girl now arose, and, with a look of heart-broken melancholy, led the way up stairs. Heavens! what I felt, when the door was opened, and Henry Fairly, my clever and handsome former pupil stood before me. He fixed his hollow death-like eyes upon me for a moment, and, without uttering a word, threw himself into my arms.

“What is this—Henry?” said I. “Why that changed, that ominous look! Why remain by yourself in this solitary apartment? Why this appearance of affecting desolation?”

“Desolation, indeed! my dear, my more than father,” said the youth. “Little did I think, when I went a hopeful boy to sea, that my career was so soon to terminate. But yet I am resigned—I am almost happy—if I could only hope that when I was gone, God would provide a protector for my poor, my orphan sisters.”

I soon learned the whole truth—that, in the cold damp of the French prison, where my spirited Henry had lain a whole winter, he had caught a terrible and inward disease, that had been slowly eating into his frame: that the only relief he had from his pain was by keeping on his feet, as long as his strength sustained him; and that, in short, in a desolate home, and with all his early hopes blasted, the poor youth was fast walking to his death. I do not remember ever meeting with a severer trial to my feelings, than what was presented to me at this painful moment. The very sense and manliness with which the youth spoke—of the unfortunate end of all his hopes for the renovating of his family, of the state in which he should be forced to leave his sisters, and of his sad, sad feelings, on his return home, on finding his father, not only reduced to poverty, but his mind so perfectly broken up, as to be unable to protect his own children—while I looked upon it with pride, as evidencing, that the good seed I had sown in his mind was not sown to the winds, affected me the more deeply for his melancholy situation.

“And why do you not go below, Henry,” I said, “instead of wearying out your solitary hours in this naked apartment?”

“My father cannot bear to see me, Sir!” he said, “for I remind him so much of my mother that is gone; and I would not vex my unhappy parent, for the few days I have to live—and so I just walk here in this lonely room—and sometimes I almost think that my own sisters almost neglect me. But grief, you know, Sir, is indolent; and I will bear up as I can—for the girls will have enough to suffer when I am dead.”

There was something awful in the manliness of his resignation, as well as in the terrible expression of mortality contending with warm-blooded youth, that appeared in the sunken face of my dying

pupil; and as he ever and anon pressed my hand and thanked me for my former instruction, which, as he said, placed earth and heaven in its true light before him. But when I came to say something of his deceased mother, he grasped my arm almost to pain, and said—"My friend! my more than father!—if ever you would do that good in your generation which I shall never live to do—raise your voice wherever you can, concerning the miseries that are caused by unequal marriages for filthy lucre's sake. My mother was fitted to adorn the world—my father was a wise and a worthy man with his class. You know what has happened—yet, you know but in part, for the world will never know, as it ought, what miseries the folly of parents entails upon their children!"

Why need I tell what followed between myself and Henry—or with what distress we parted, never to meet in life—or how I prayed over his still beautiful remains, when, on coming next to Netherton, I found him a stretched corpse—or how his father was hardly able to attend him to the grave?—What shall I add more? The old man is dead, and the orphans beautiful as their mother, are little minded by any, except myself—for it is not the way of the world to care for the unfortunate.

S.

MOONLIGHT.

Again thy beauty brightens o'er
 The earth beneath, the skies above;
 Fair orb! I welcome thee once more,
 For still thy pensive hour I love:
 And still to thine ethereal throne
 I turn, my wonted vows to pay,
 Yet now I gaze on thee alone,—
 The friends I love—oh! where are they?
 Perchance they too may gaze, and feel
 The tranquil influence of thy power,
 Through evening's sacred silence steal
 O'er them, and bless thy shadowy hour.
 Pass on, pass on, fair evening moon!
 The world's untarnish'd diadem;
 Thy lovely light will leave me soon,
 But leave me to be nearer them.
 E'en now thy soften'd rays may gleam
 On those I love, for whom I sigh,
 And they may hail thy tranquil beam,—
 Lone maiden of the cloudless sky!—
 Remembering as thou glidest on,
 To visit brighter isles than our's,
 Thy light, in times gone by, hath shone
 O'er happier scenes, in happier hours.
 Oh! do their faithful bosoms thrill
 With feeling, as perchance they speak
 Of him, whose heart is with them still,
 Though joy hath ceased to light his cheek?—

Though fancy now no longer gives
Her waking dreams of future bliss;
And the sole hope on which he lives,
Is of a happier world than this.

Still, still he never can forget
How often, when the shadowy hour
Had nature's dusky carpet wet,
With pearls of dew on every flower:
Not lonely thus the breeze of even
Came o'er him, feeling then, thy shade
Had joys as dear as those of heaven,
Except that they will never fade.

Not so with those of earthly thrill,
Or else I had been happy now;
Fair orb, thy tranquil beauties still
Had beam'd upon a tranquil brow:
And o'er a heart as gay, and light
And careless as the zephyr's wing,
That little reck'd of sorrow's blight,
Nor dream'd that winter follow'd spring.

Pale orb! farewell! this pensive lay
Is sad, but how can I rejoice?
'Tis sad, but why should I be gay?
When nature's deep and midnight voice
Heard by unnumber'd echoes borne
When thoughtless, heartless thousands sleep,
Tells me that man was made to mourn,—
Tells me that he was born to weep.

R.

To the Editor of "The Hobart Town Magazine"

SIR,—

It may, perhaps, be deemed presumption in so young a man as myself, to attempt an essay upon a subject of such great importance as "Strength of Mind," for insertion in a public work. But those who thus attempt to repress an endeavour, which has many good objects in view, should recollect that, without a beginning, Steele, Addison, &c. &c., would never have been qualified to compose that most admirable collection of essays, the "Spectator." And, as to the difficulty of the subject, I must confess, that this very circumstance contributed not a little towards inducing me to attempt it, although, undoubtedly, my principal aim was to show the beauty and exceeding importance of this manly virtue. One other reason, I have for my choice, is briefly this—I do not recollect ever to have read an English composition touching, particularly, upon this point, although I have not forgotten the "Fortitude" of my old favorite, Cicero. As it was written, it is now, Sir, submitted to your judgment, although, knowing the value of your pages, I have compressed and curtailed more than I could have wished. Pleading, as an apology for this intrusion, my

anxiety for the advancement of literature, in my adopted country.—
I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Hobart Town, Oct., 1833.

Strength of mind may be defined—first, as that faculty or innate *passive* power, which enables a man to resist all instances, whether of his own thoughts, or at the suggestion of any outward agent, when it appears to him, that, if he should comply with such instances, evil, of some kind or other, would be the result; and, secondly, as that *active* power, which enables a man, under any circumstances, to act with instant decision, and cool judgment.

It would appear, on a first cursory view of the subject, that to resist evil, would be found more practicable, than to do good: because, to resist evil impulses, requires only a *negative* exertion: whilst, in performing a good action, some *positive* physical motion is usually required. But, upon a more minute investigation of the subject, the error of this opinion will become apparent: for human nature is so naturally inclined to evil, that where a very slight temptation exists, in addition to nature's impulse, the mind of man, (merging the future consequences, as well as the present difficulty of action, in the overwhelming flood of passion) will generally bend to their united power. By *as* much, then, as the resisting temptation is found to be the more difficult task, by *so* much is the undertaking more honourable, and the attainment of the end more worthy of effort: for, if human creatures contented themselves with only endeavouring at easy objects, how much, and in what, would they be superior to the brute that perisheth?

Our Maker originally implanted in the breast of every one of us, a certain portion of each of the senses, proper to intelligent beings, but it remains for ourselves to cultivate the ground, and nourish the plants, which He has placed therein. The germ is not wanting: care and persevering attention cannot fail in bringing it to maturity. Possessing the valuable qualities which have been already mentioned, I should imagine that no person would deny, for one moment, (unless from the pure love of contradiction) that strength of mind is to them who possess it, a most useful, nay, a divine point of character—and to those, who do not possess it, that it would be a most desirable acquirement. If, then, this quality of the mind be of so high a value, why does any man, not possessing, neglect to attempt its gradual acquirement? Some will say, alas! I can see most plainly the beauty and manliness of the virtue you recommend, and much and sincerely do I grieve that it is beyond my reach; I am too far gone in my weakness, and the attempt at amendment would only be followed by stronger confirmation of my evil habits. To these, I answer, try the experiment, it can do no harm—try it, not by a sudden and violent change of all your habitual follies or vices into the extremes of rigid virtue, (for, this would be making too strong a contrast, and attempting much with insufficient means, and destitute of experience) but by a gentle and gradual withdrawing of your mind and body from the broad way

of vice and folly, and as gradual an induction of your thoughts into the right way. Be the beginning ever so small, ever so apparently insignificant, once having passed the rubicon, your way is not only plain and straightforward, but easier and far more pleasant than the one you have left. Strength of mind, then, is not only valuable as it conduces to our comfort and happiness here, but it has a more lasting good, and a better life in view—for, by enabling us to resist evil, and to do good in opposition to all other considerations, it does, undoubtedly, perform a very considerable part towards bringing us to God.

‘M

IMPROMPTU TO MOUNT WELLINGTON.

Mount Wellington, Mount Wellington,
Thou reachest to the skies,
And the bright sunshine of the spring,
Upon thee laughing lies:
But yet it doth not thaw the snow,
That circles round thy haughty brow.

’Tis thus ambition rears its head
Above its fellow men,
And honor, wealth, and pleasure seem,
With light to crown it then.
But ah! the snows, unmelted still,
Of sad dissatisfaction chill!

•K•

ELIAS WILSON.—A SKETCH.

On a summer morning, in the year of grace 1676, a man was seen making his way towards a lonely cottage in the vale of Dalveen, at the head of Nithsdale: a glimpse, indeed, of the traveller could only now and then be obtained, for he seemed desirous of concealment, and his presence was chiefly indicated by the rustling of the bushes of hazel and of holly, among which he forced his way, or by the startled birds—for the sun had not yet wholly risen, and the lark had but newly ascended with his song. He passed a small stream, and, coming to the door of the cottage, by the side of which a cheese-press was standing dripping with new whey, cried “Marion, Marion!”—the door was quickly opened, and a young woman threw herself into his bosom, saying, “Elias! bless thee—bless thee!” “And bless thee, too,” said he, returning his wife’s embrace; “but this, my love, is no time for vain and

worldly affections. Put on thy mantle; take thy little one in thine arms, and follow me, I have escaped, almost alone, from a bloody field; and here we may no more abide." She went into the cottage, and returned with a child of six months old or so, in her arms, milk in a flask, with some bread and honey; and said, "Elias, I am ready; but let us unloose the cow and turn her to the pasture, and open the door of the fold, so that the sheep may go to the hills,—for they are God's creatures, and must not perish." And he said, "Surely; for so it is written." And he did as she spake, and then left the cottage, accompanied by his wife and child.

Now, Elias and his wife were both young, and this was the second year of their marriage. They turned their faces towards that wild and wooded linn, which unites itself with the deep glen of Dalveen: and as they went, Marion looked back on her home and said, "It is a sweet place, and loth am I to leave the hearth where we first kindled our bridal fire, and seek a refuge in the glens and caverns of the earth. Elias, it is better: but, oh! eternal life is sweet;" and she clasped her child closer to her breast, and lulled it with a little song of her own making. All the while Elias spoke not: he wound his grey plaid closer round his body, leaving both his arms free—examined the edge and point of a sword which hung at his side, and which seemed to have been lately used—threw a long Spanish musket over his left arm, trimmed the flint and looked into the lock, loaded it—and then, having felt the handle of a small dagger, which he carried beside his sword, resumed his former rapidity of pace. They soon entered the ravine—sought their way along a path fit only for a wild cat, and, having reached a sort of cavern or recess in the rocks, they paused and sat down on a rude bench of stone, with a table of the same kind before them; upon which Elias turned to his wife, took the child into his bosom, and said,—“See how green the trees are—how pure that falling water is—how rich the wild flowers blossom—and how bright the sunshine is, seeking to find us out amid the thick boughs which encircle our den of refuge. Look ye down the vale of Nith, and look ye up to Heaven. He, who rules above, spread out this bounteous land beneath our feet, and hung yon marvellous canopy over our heads; and gave unto us the fowls of the air, the fish of the stream, and the beasts of the field, for our inheritance. But the wickedness of man mars the bounty of God. We are deprived of our patrimony; we are hunted to the desert place, and are forbidden to sing the praises of Him, who dwells on high, under penalty of limb and life. But be not, therefore, cast down, my love, nor disquieted: when the doors of the earth are closed, those of Heaven will be opened; let us retire further into this wild and seldom-trodden glen, and then lift up our voices, freely and without fear, to God,—for assuredly he is wroth with us because of our fears. Last night I heard his voice, saying, ‘My saints are fearful, and my people deny me; and I shall give them, for a time, to the power of the strong and the cruel, that men may know I am wroth with the faint

of heart, and the feeble of spirit.' " And Marion answered, and said, "So be it, Elias." And they arose, and continued their journey along the rude path which the accidental foot of man and beast had fashioned in that wild ravine. Sometimes the way scaled a steep and fearful crag—sometimes it crept among the fantastic roots of the oak and the beech—and sometimes it went to the very margin of the linn, where the rock, cleft as it were in two, disclosed the foaming stream at the perpendicular depth of fifty, and sometimes an hundred fathoms. Elias often had to use all his skill and strength in conducting his wife and child along this dangerous way.

At length, however, they reached what was to be their abiding place. This was a rude but not ungraceful sort of temple, formed by the earlier labours of the brook, out of the massy free-stone rock,—in the rude pillars of which, and ruder capitals, an ingenious artist might almost perceive the dawn of the Tuscan order. The entrance was wide, and overhung with honeysuckle; and the interior was recessed, and presented what, to anchorites, might appear both seats and couches. "Now, my love," said Elias, "this is the place where our Scottish warriors of old found refuge when they warred for the independence of their country; and in this place shall I, one of their descendants, fight the good fight without fainting. Might and cruelty must prevail in this land for a time; the nobles and great ones of the earth have united against us, and we are driven, for a season, to the heaths and desert places, to be wounded with the shafts of the hunter." "Alas! my Elias," said his wife, looking earnestly in his face, "and is our dream of wedded happiness come to this? Our hearth is clean—our cottage fire burns bright—the fruits of the season are in our fields—our flocks are not few on the hills—this little one hath come smiling into my bosom—and we have much, much in this little world of ours to cling to and to love." "Peace, woman," said Elias, sternly: "think ye that I have shut my eyes on that domestic picture with which ye seek to lure me? Am I blind as the slow-worm and the mole? No; those blessings which ye raise in array against my faith, I prize not lightly. It is not for the shape of the garment I wear, nor the fashion of the dish whence I drink, that I thus peril thee and thy babe. It is for freedom to these limbs—it is for freedom to my soul—it is for freedom to worship God according to conscience, that I am thus hunted from rock to rock, and from cleugh to cavern. Woe to him, on the great day, who hath preferred a warm and a sweet wife, to the cause of liberty and the word of God. And woe to him who seeks us for harm in this place of refuge: this hollow tube, won in a sore sea-fight with the Spanish Armada, has never, in my hand, missed its aim; and this sword was never by my strength thrust in vain: so be not alarmed, my love, but lull thy babe whilst I keep watch, for the sons of Belial are ever busy against the broken remnant of God's church." So saying, Elias stood within the porch of the place, and lent an

ear to every sound, and an eye to every bird that flitted from bough to bough.

Now it happened on that very morning, that Captain Greer, with some fifty mounted troopers, was on the way from Edinburgh to Dumfries, to avenge the defeat and capture of General Turner, (called the Tippling Apostle of Prelacy, inasmuch as he was a hard drinker,) and had reached the entrance of the upper gorge of the deep defile where Elias and his wife sought refuge, when he was met by a messenger in the disguise of a shepherd, who said, that a sore battle had been fought, in which victory had blessed the arms of King Charles; but that Elias Wilson, one of the chief leaders, had escaped from the field, and was believed to be concealed in one of the wild glens in the neighbourhood of his cottage. "His house," said the messenger, "is but newly forsaken; the fire is scarcely extinguished on the hearth; I have traced his footsteps through the dew into the lower gorge of this wild ravine; where I dared not to seek him single-handed, for he is eminently skilful with the sword, and when he has his musket in his hand, an eagle cannot escape him."—"What, man!" exclaimed Greer, "and is Elias Wilson—he who can preach as well as fight, and fight better than the fighting laird of Bonshaw, lurking in Enterken glen? then, if we meet, and I fail to feed the ravens—there's a pair of them looking at me now—with his Cameronian carcass, may the fiend make my ribs into a gridiron for my soul."—"Whisht, Captain—Godsake whisht," said a veteran trooper, "no that ye frighten me with such wild words; but deil have me, if I like the presence of these hooded crows; they look at us, as they look at a sheep that's doomed to die on the mountains. An I were you, I would e'en take their counsel, and keep out of that dark glen—it lies nae in our line of march—and—" The Captain silenced him with a motion of his hand, and said, "Corporal Borthwick, take ten men, and station them privily in the ruins of the old hunting tower of Dalveen—there they stand, gray and lonely. They command, from the upper windows, the entrance of the Friar's Cell, where this fighting Cameronian has no doubt taken refuge—it is a long shot—but you are skilful. The rest of the men will enter the ravine at both ends—the moment you have a full view of him at the entrance, take a deliberate aim—if he falls, here is my purse, and you are a serjeant." Borthwick stationed himself and his men according to orders, whilst his Captain went into the ravine on the desperate service of dislodging a practised warrior, whose place of refuge no one could approach without peril of his life.

"I think, my lads," said the corporal, "our Captain has shaped out a garment for himself he will find some danger in sewing."—"And I think," said a soldier, "that our corporal speaks more like a tailor than a warrior—God! I dinna like to be packed up in this auld tower, when there's game in hand; but nae doubt the Captain thought we were all tailors, and that our courage was but small."—"I will show my face, Moran, where yours dare not be seen,"

exclaimed the corporal, standing full in the window, and holding the musket, with which all troopers in those days were armed, right towards the friar's cell. The wife of Elias, wearied in body, and overcome in mind with the miseries of that morning, had fallen into a slumber: but even in slumber there was no repose; she dreamed that her house was beset with enemies, and that carabines were levelled to destroy her husband—and shrieked out, "O Elias!" On looking up, she saw him peering warily through the screen of honeysuckle which covered the entrance of the cavern, and cocking his musket as he looked; he motioned her back—presented his piece and fired; the ravine echoed loudly to the report: and corporal Borthwick dropped forward from the window, and his helmet was seen glittering for a moment, as he dropped dead into the fearful chasm below. "We are beset all around, my love," said Elias, reloading his musket: "I have slain one son of Belial, in the act of presenting his engine of death at thee and me: but fear not: God will work out our deliverance—so compose thyself, and keep out of the way of harm. They know not the Friar's Cell: it commands both the upper and lower approaches—but peace, peace." He presented his musket as he spoke; the serjeant, that conducted the party who were to penetrate from the lower gorge, received the ball in his brain as he gained the summit of the rock, and fell over the cliff; it fared no better with a second adventurer; and the rest, daunted, and believing that the fugitives were in force, desisted, and stood undecided.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed Captain Greer, "the game has begun—the old tower is sending shot after shot; and there will be nought left for us to do but to march to the Friar's Cell, and report on the dead body." So saying, he descended into the ravine, and wound his difficult and adventurous way warily with foot and hand. "Captain," said the veteran who formerly addressed him, laying his hand on his arm, and pointing upwards, "there's our forerunners—that man never had luck, that they took a fancy to yet; but I'll follow ye to the red hot doors of perdition afore I'll flinch; only I have nae faith in things, if these blood-crows don't believe, that they are to feast atween your breast-banes and mine." It is said that the Captain changed colour, as he looked on those dark companions of his march; still he went forward; one of them uttered a croak, and looked into the chasm below, where the stream was invisible for mist and spray, and seemed as if it saw something. At that moment, Greer took off his helmet, waved the plume to scare them away, and at the same time moved his head to and fro, and continued to advance. At that moment, a ball from the Friar's Cell grazed his temple, and struck the veteran who followed him on the forehead; the latter, in the death pang, clutched hard the arm on which his palm was laid, and dropping heavily back, the living and the dead were precipitated some thirty fathoms. The rest of the troopers were struck with dismay—their leaders were slain—no one volunteered to advance; and as they stood irresolute,

they heard a shot ring again from the same fatal place, and saw the body of one of their comrades sink down on the window-sill of the tower, while his musket, dropping from his relaxed hands, went rattling down the rocky ravine. "All the whigs are come from hell," said one, "to defend this cursed glen—let us march out; place sentinels at the passes; despatch two of our fleetest horses to Dumfries, for an officer to command us, and for foot soldiers accustomed to such warfare,—for my part, I can only fight on horseback." This sentiment, as it promised security, was embraced by all—they retired to the extremities of the ravine—placed sentinels—sent two troopers to Dumfries for assistance—and when the next day dawned, penetrated unmolested to the Friar's Cell;—but Elias Wilson and his wife and child were gone; they escaped at nightfall, by scaling the almost perpendicular side of the ravine; sought shelter in a distant glen—and, foiling all their enemies, lived till times of peace came, when they returned to their cottage, and lived and died in good old age. Yet, once a year, as the day of their deliverance returned, they went with their children and servants to the Friar's Cell, and sung a psalm, and prayed a prayer—and the same was till lately done by their descendants.

A SHORT ARGUMENTATIVE DISSERTATION.

[Intended to adjust the hitherto undecided limits between Prose and Poetry.]

Even to this day, the critics disagree on the class to which they would assign particular kinds of literary composition. Some would rank even comedy with poetry: but, without wasting argument on so judicious an arrangement, I shall introduce Telemachus as an imposing instance; a work, which many assert, and many deny, to be an heroic poem *complete*. A literary mind, fond of just and necessary arrangement, becomes impatient of such a deficiency in the laws of criticism, as leaves a cause of this nature in a long protracted state of incertitude, and is tempted, even with a diffidence of its own capability, to volunteer its aid in clearing the two kinds of composition from the intermingling confusion. Surely it would prove a satisfaction to the lovers of study, to survey the agreeable prospects opening on each side, with all the advantages of a clear horizon and beautiful boundary. I shall again advert to Telemachus, and must confess, that its plot, construction of incidents, machinery, and descriptions approximate an heroic poem. But, untuned as the language is to the far sweeter key of verse, and charged with the various lumber of prose, I cannot consent to place it in so exalted a rank. By casting a wider glance, we may observe, that the properties I have granted to Telemachus are common to prose as well as poetry. Every novel of merit has a well con-

trived plot, well unravelled incidents, just and refined descriptions. Many authors, professedly prosaic, have adopted a very flowery style, and commonly the most florid figures of speech fall from the lips of the orators. And are we to consider the studied productions of the former, or the extempore effusions of the latter, as poems? The true answer lies in the negative; and in this we are the more confirmed, when we call to mind the many beautiful passages we meet in poetry, which have not, or scarcely have, the aid of trope, metaphor, or figure, to array them. As a proof of this, I shall quote a few of the first lines of Parnel's "Hermit," and mark the only figurative word they contain with italics.

" Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew :
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruit, his drink the *chrystal* well :
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so calm, of such serene repose,
Seem'd Heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose,
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway."

From Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

" Sweet was the sound, when, oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmurs rose :
There as I pass'd with careless steps, and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below,
The swain responsive, as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whistling wind,
And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind.
These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause, the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail ;
No cheerful murmurs flutter in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled,
All, but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring.
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age for bread
To pick the brook, with mantling cresses spread,
To pull her wintery faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn,
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain."

After looking attentively over the beautiful simplicity of dress, in which the foregoing extracts are clothed, the judicious reader will readily perceive, that the properties common to both prose and poetry can never, by their own influence merely, constitute a poem; and that, to raise a composition to so exalted a rank, it must be

endued with a property peculiar to poetry,—I mean such an arrangement of words as produce a continuation of sounds far more melodious than those placed in prosaic order.

EXTRACTS FROM THE

JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

Who travelled through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Flanders and Italy, at the commencement of the last century.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. II., PAGE 52.)

I observed at the entrance into the church of the Twelve Apostles, a picture which represents a singular event. The wife of a consul of Cologne, being buried in the year 1571, with a ring of some price, the sexton, the night following, opened the tomb to steal the ring: but I am mistaken if he were not frightened when he felt his hand grasped, and when the good lady took hold of him to get out of the sepulchre. However, he made a shift to disengage his hand, and immediately ran away, without asking any questions. The lady, who was come to life, unwrapt herself as well as she could, and went to knock at the door of her house. She called a servant by his name, and, in a few words, told him the sum of her adventure, that he might admit her without any scruple. But the man thought her a ghost, and, in a great consternation, ran to tell the thing to his master. The master, as incredulous as the man, called him a fool, and said he would as soon believe his horses were in the garret; and instantly a most dreadful noise was heard in the garret; upon which the man went up, and found six coach-horses there, with all the others that were fast in the stable. The consul, amazed at so many prodigies, was not able to speak: the man was in an ecstasy or swoon in the garret; and the living deceased quaking in her shroud, and expecting to be let in. At last the door was opened, and they chafed and used her so well, that she revived as if nothing had passed; and the next day they made the necessary machines to let down the horses. And, as a confirmation of the story, there is, at this day, to be seen in the garret some wooden horses, which are covered with the skins of these animals. They shew, also, in the church of the Twelve Apostles, a large linen curtain, which this lady spun after her return into the world, in which she lived seven years after.*

* Who would have expected to find this old story to originate in Germany? Our English version, however, does not contain the fact of the horses' expedition, which is, doubtless, a supererogatory embellishment.—EDITOR.

MENTZ.—As we parted from Baccharach, a furious storm arose, in which a large boat was cast away; and ours was also in some danger. We went ashore, a little before we came to Rudisheim, where the bad weather constrained us to stay awhile, and pass by an old ruinous house, which they said belonged to that wicked Archbishop of Mentz, who was eaten by rats. The Rhine makes in that place a little island, in the midst of which is a square tower, which they call the *Tower of Rats*: and it is commonly reported, that this prelate, who was the most wicked and cruel man of his age, fell sick in that ruinous house I speak of: (some say it was in another, a little further off, which is not material to the story,) and that, by an extraordinary judgment of God, he was environed with rats, which could by no means be driven away. They add, that he caused himself to be carried into the island, where he hoped he might be freed from them, but the rats swam over the river and devoured him. An ingenious man; whom I saw in this place, assured me that he had read this story in some old chronicles of the country. He said he remembered that the Archbishop was named Renald, and that this accident happened in the tenth century. I would have willingly given credit to his relation, but I fear there is some mistake in it; for, I know that about this time, there was a certain priest named Arnold, who fraudulently dispossessed the Archbishop Henry; and that this Arnold was massacred by the people, which may have occasioned some confusion in these histories. The name of the Archbishop was not Renald, but Hatton II., surnamed Bonosus; and it is said, that, in a time of famine, he caused a great number of poor people to be assembled in a barn, where he ordered them to be burnt, saying, “these are the unprofitable vermin which are good for nothing but to consume the bread which should serve for the sustenance of others.” This story is related by a great many grave authors, and generally believed here, though some look upon it as a fable. Some are too apt to give credit to any prodigy, and others deserve to be censured for their obstinate incredulity. Since the holy scripture describes a Pharaoh pestered with lice and frogs, and a Herod devoured by worms, why should we hastily condemn an event of the same nature, for a fable? History furnishes us with several instances of more surprising accidents, which were never controverted. And I remember, I have read two such histories in “*Fasiculus Temporum*.” The author says, that “*Mures infiniti convenerunt, quædam potenter, circumvallantes eum in convivio, nec potuerunt abigi donec devoraretur*”; that is, a multitude of mice compassed a certain man about, strongly assaulting him at a banquet, nor could they be driven away till they had devoured him. This happened about the year 1074. He adds, “*Idem cuidam Principi Poloniæ contigit*.” (The same thing happened to a certain Prince of Poland.)

* Pliny, upon the testimony of Varro, relates, that the isle of Gyara, one of the Cyclades, was abandoned by the inhabitants because of rats. He adds, that a city

The ornaments in which the Electors celebrate mass are extremely rich; and the canopy under which the Host is carried, on certain occasions, is all covered with pearls. I remember, I have read in the chronicles of the Abbot of Usperg, that they had formerly in the treasury in the vestry, a hollow emerald of the bigness and shape of half a large melon. This author says, that on certain days they put water into this cup, with two or three little fishes that swam about in it; and when the cup was covered they shewed it to the people, and the motion of the fishes produced such an effect as persuaded the silly people that the stone was alive.

Every Elector bears the arms of his own house; but the Elector of Mentz quarters, Gules, a Wheel Argent, which are the arms of the Electorate. It is said, that the original of these arms came from the *first Elector, who was the son of a cartwright. In the great church there are several magnificent tombs of these princes, who usually are buried there.

FRANCFORT.—In the town-house we took a view of the chamber in which the Emperor is elected, and where they keep one of the originals of the Golden Bull. This Golden Bull is a book of twenty-four sheets of parchment, in 4to., which are sewed together, and covered with another piece of parchment, without any ornament. The seal is fastened to it by a silken string of many colors, and it is so covered with gold, that it resembles a medal. It is two inches and a half in breadth, and a large line in thickness. Upon the seal is the Emperor Charles IV. seated and crowned, holding a sceptre in his right hand, and a globe in his left. The scutcheon of the empire is on his right, and that of Bohemia on his left, with these words round the whole “*Carolus Quartus divinâ favente clementiâ Romanorum imperator semper Augustus;*” and on each side near the two scutcheons, “*Et Bohemix Rex.*” On the reverse there is a kind of a gate of a castle between two towers, which apparently denotes Rome, this verse being written about it;

“*Roma caput mundi regit orbis fræna rotundi.*”

And over the gate between the two towers,

“*Roma aurea.*”

The famous treacle of Francfort is made by Doctor Peters, who

of Spain was overthrown by rabbits: one in France by frogs: and another in Africa by mice. The prince above alluded to was Pappiel II., surnamed Sardana-paius, who, with his wife and children, was eaten by rats, Anno. 823. Chron. de Pol. Garon, says—that the rats gnawed the name of Hatton, which was in many places in the Tower of the Rhine. The history of Hatton is related at large by Tuthemius in his Chronicles, by Camerarius in his meditations, and by many others. Calvinus reports, that, in 1013, a certain soldier was eaten by rats. See also, 1 Sam. ch. vi. ver. 4, 5.—EDITOR.

* Wilegise, or Viliges, the country of Brunswick. The chapter is wholly composed of gentlemen. There are forty-two, of which twenty-four are only capitularies. Two-thirds of their suffrage are required in the choice of an elector. (He's.) The university was founded by the archbishop Oithems, Anno 1482. (Calvin.)—EDITOR.

is very skilful in pharmacy, and, in other respects, a very curious person. There are more than a hundred several drugs that enter this composition, which are all ranged in pyramids, on a long table. The Doctor hath many antiquities, and other rarities, among which he highly values a nephretic stone, which is as big as one's head, and cost him sixteen hundred crowns.

There are in this place a great number of Jews, but they are as beggarly as those of Amsterdam are rich. They wear their beards picked, like Charles I., and have black cloaks with puffed ruffs. They go from tavern to tavern to sell things to strangers: but, being reputed thieves, one must take heed of them. They are obliged to run and fetch water, when any fire happens in the city.

WORMS.—As we took coach at Francfort to proceed on our journey, we observed the coachman to put a little salt on each of his horses, with certain little ceremonies, which made part of the mystery. And this, as he told us, was to bring us good luck, and to preserve us from charms and witchcraft, during our voyage.

I took notice of a picture upon the altar of one of the chapels of the church of St. Paul, in which the Virgin is represented, receiving Christ as he descends from the cross, while several angels carry the instruments of the crucifixion to heaven. But, either the painter was mistaken, or else the angels have since *brought back all these instruments that are now preserved as relics.

There is another very curious picture at the entrance of the church of St. Martin, over a moveable altar. This picture is about five feet square. God the Father is at the top in one of the corners, whence he seems to speak to the Virgin Mary, who is on her knees in the middle. She holds the little infant Jesus, hanging by the feet, and puts his head into the hopper of a mill. The twelve apostles turn the mill with their hands, and they are assisted by the four beasts of Ezekiel, who work on the other side. Not far off, the Pope kneels to receive the hosts, which fall from the mill ready made into a cup of gold; he presents one to a Cardinal, the Cardinal gives it to a Bishop, the Bishop to a Priest, and the Priest to the people.

There are in this city two houses that belong to the public; one of which is called the Bugar-house, in which the Senaté assembles twice every week about affairs of State. The other is for the magistracy, and is the place where common causes are pleaded. It was in the first that Luther had the courage to appear on an occasion, which is known to all the world, in the year 1521. They tell us that this Doctor, having spoken with a great deal of vehemency, and being, besides, heated by the warmth of the stove which was before him, somebody brought him a glass of wine, which he received; but he was so intent upon his discourse, that he forgot to

* The Romanists' churches, chapels, &c., are full of multiplied lances, nails, thorns of the crown, sponges, &c.—*EDITOR.*

drink, and, without thinking of it, set the glass upon a bench which was by his side. Immediately after the glass broke of itself, and they are firmly persuaded that the wine was poisoned. I will not make any reflections upon this story, but I must not forget to tell you, that the bench on which he set the glass is at present full of holes that were made by cutting off little pieces, which some zealous Lutherans preserve in memory of their master. Luther speaks pretty large of what happened to him at Worms, in his "*Colloquia Mensalia*," chap. 1, 28, and 52.

We went also to see another house, which they call the Mint; in which, among other things, I observed a *skin of parchment in a square frame, upon which there are twelve sorts of hands, written by one Thomas Schuveiker, who was born without arms, and performed this with his feet.

They also shew another little round piece of vellum, about the bigness of a guinea, upon which the Lord's prayer is written, without abbreviations, but this is no extraordinary thing. I know a man who wrote the same prayer six times in as small a compass, more distinctly; and even, without the help of a magnifying glass. This house hath a long portico, between the arches of which hang great bones and horns. They say the former are the bones of giants,† and the latter the horns of the oxen, that drew stones with which the cathedral is built. And are not these very curious and venerable pieces? The outside of the house is full of several paintings, among which there are many figures of armed giants, which, in the inscription below, are called "*Vangiones*." It is well known that the people, who formerly inhabited this part of the Rhine, were called "*Vangiones*," as we find in Tacitus and others; but I cannot tell the reason why they would have these "*Vangiones*" to be giants. Nevertheless, these tall and big men make a great noise at Worms, where they tell many fine stories of them.

I have a mind to add here, a singularity which I take from Monconys, and of which also I have some remembrance myself.

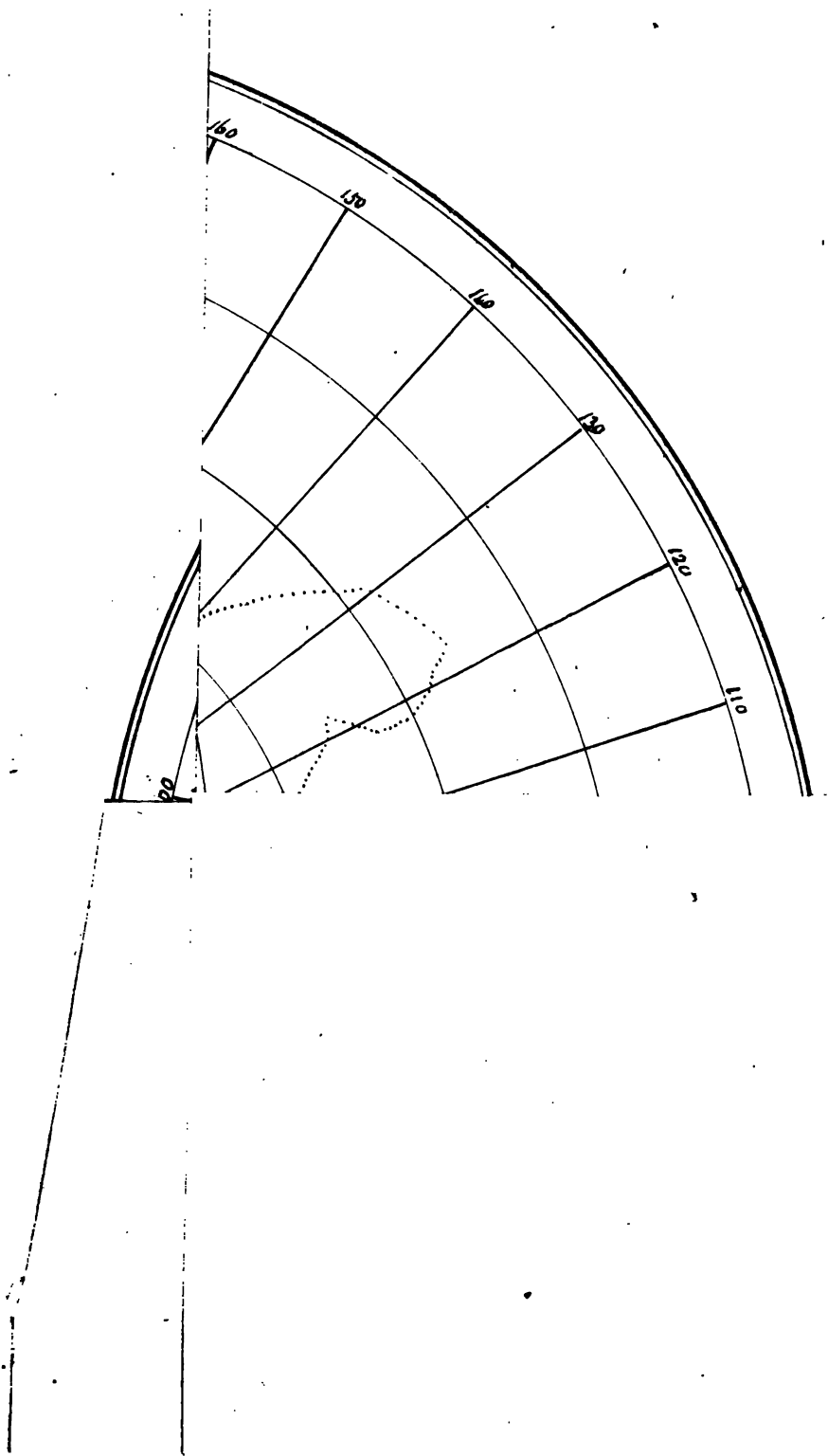
"Over against the Bishop's house," says that traveller, "there is a little place, in which they pronounce sentence of death against criminals. And they shew, at about ten paces distance from the door of the said house, a short stone pillar set in the ground, like a boundary, round which they make the criminal take three turns; that if, during that time, he can touch this stone; or else, if a young woman can come at him, and kiss him three times, he be delivered; but there are appointed persons," says the author, "always ready to hinder both. Let every one judge as he pleases of the origin and use of this ridiculous and cruel custom."

* These two verses are written on the top of the leaf:—

"Mira fides, pedibus juvenis facit omniarecta;
Cui patiens mater brachia nulla dedit."—EDITOR.

† Camerarius writes, that in his time some of the bones of those giants were kept in the arsenal.—EDITOR.

(To be continued.)



Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

Most of our readers will recollect, that about eighteen months since, Captain Briscoe, of the brig *Tula*, brought his vessel to this port for repairs. It will also be fresh in the memory of many, that some of our public writers, pretended to doubt the authenticity of Captain Briscoe's statement, viz. that he was then on an exploring expedition, at the cost of a London mercantile house; indeed in the *Tasmanian*, the epithet "piratical" was more than once repeated, when referring to the *Tula* and *Lively*. At the time Captain Briscoe was with us, it became pretty generally understood, that a discovery of land of some importance had been made, but as great pains was taken to keep the situation a secret, the various reports circulated, were of course only surmises of those, who only pretended to be more knowing than their neighbours. The following extract, however, will disclose the secret, which was so well kept by the enterprising crews of the two little vessels:—

"The discovery of land towards the South Pole, made by Captain Briscoe, in the brig *Tula*, accompanied by the cutter *Lively*, both vessels belonging to Messrs. Enderby, extensive owners of ships in the whale fishing, has been communicated to the Royal Geographical Society.

"It is supposed that this land forms part of a vast continent, extending from about longitude 47 deg. 31 min. East to longitude 69 deg. 29 min. West, or from the longitude of Madagascar, round the whole of the Southern or South Pacific Ocean, as far as the longitude of Cape Horn. On the 28th Feb. 1831, Capt. Briscoe discovered land, and during the following month in which he remained in the vicinity, he clearly discovered the black peaks of mountains above the snow, but he was from the state of the weather, and the ice, unable to approach nearer than about 30 miles. The Stormy Petrel was the only bird seen, and no fish. It has been named Enderby's land, longitude 47 deg. 31 min. East, latitude 66 deg. 30 min. South, an ex-

tent of about 300 miles was seen. The range of mountains, E.N.E.

In consequence of the bad state of the health of the crew, Captain Briscoe was compelled to return into warmer latitudes. He wintered at Van Diemen's Land, and was re-joined by the cutter, from which he was separated during the stormy weather, in the high south latitudes.

In October 1831, he proceeded to New Zealand. In the beginning of February 1832, he was in the immediate neighbourhood of an immense iceberg, when it fell to pieces, accompanied by a tremendous noise.

On the 14th of the same month, land was seen to the S.E. longitude 69 deg. 29 min. latitude 67 deg. 15 min, it was found to be an island, near to the head land, of what may be hereafter called the Southern Continent. On the island about four miles from the shore, was a high peak, (and some smaller ones), about one third of its height was covered with a thin scattering of snow, and two thirds completely with snow and ice. The appearance of the peaks was peculiar, the shape was conical, but with a broad base.

This island has been named Adelaide Island, in honor of her Majesty. Mountains were seen to the south at a great distance inland, supposed about 90 miles. On 21st February, 1832, Captain Briscoe landed in a spacious bay on the main land, and took possession, in the name of His Majesty William IV. The appearance was one of utter desolation, there being no vestige whatever of animal, or vegetable life. In future, this part of the continent, if such it prove, will be known as Graham's land."

We regret extremely to state, that in consequence of repeated insults on the part of some silly and indiscreet young men, who have recently intruded themselves into Mr. Deane's "Soirées," these entertainments are for the present suspended. We are perfectly at a loss to conceive, why such a quiet and such an intellectual amusement, should be made the butt of irreverent ridicule; or

how it could by any means, afford any person the source of an indecent indulgence in riot and ribaldry. The extreme care and attention which Mr. Deane has always paid to the management of his "Soirées," and, generally speaking, the taste which he has displayed in the selection of his music—both vocal and instrumental,—ought at least to have secured for him, a respectful audience; but, we regret to say, such has not been the case. In a community like ours, where the sources of public amusement are so few, this determination of Mr. Deane, although forcibly, and, indeed, unavoidably urged upon him, is to be lamented; but let us hope, that he will recommence his exertions, under more auspicious and favourable advantages. We, for our own parts, shall give him every encouragement in our power.

An inquest was held at the Swan Inn, Bagdad, on Saturday last, before Frederick Roper, Esq., Coroner, on view of the body of Charles Rush, an assigned servant to Captain Wood, when a verdict of—Died by the visitation of God, was returned.

A barn of Mr. Gilbert Robertson's at Richmond was destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening last, by which the proprietor has sustained damage to the amount of several hundred pounds by the loss of grain and other produce. The fire is supposed to have been occasioned by a servant smoking in a barn.

We stated last week, that the wheat of this Colony was a great favourite in the English market, and our assertion is confirmed by an extract of a letter from Mr. J. B. Hall, Shipping and Commercial Agent, of London, inserted in the "Courier" of this morning:—"We have received here," says the writer, "a small importation of wheat from your Colony, per 'Forth,' from Launceston—about twenty quarters. This sample is very much admired in our corn market. It is found to weigh about sixty-four pounds per bushel; and it has been sold for 66s. per quarter, (8s. 3d. a bushel) while our highest quotation, for the finest Essex and Kent wheat, is only 62s. Indeed I may say, that your wheat, of this quality, will, generally, command a preference of 10s. per quarter. Perhaps it would pay you well if you were to send me a consignment of it." This in-

telligence is highly gratifying—and we sincerely hope, that it may stimulate some of our large end enterprising agriculturists to pay more attention to the growing of wheat, to a view to its extensive exportation.

We regret to learn, that Mr. Anstey has resigned his seat in the Legislative Council: ill health, we believe, is the cause of this determination.

There is, on Knocklofty and Stringy Bark Hills, some excellent sand for making glass: it must, however, be well washed before its excellence is discovered.

We are happy to state that a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Ireland has been received, constituting the Union Lodge of this town. The number is 336.

Robberies are still very prevalent. On Sunday night, the 15th inst., a daring burglar broke into Mr. Pinker's store in Elizabeth-street, and decamped with considerable booty, leaving, however, his hat and boots behind him. Mr. Askin Morrison's store was also attempted on the previous evening, but the thieves, who attempted to get in by the roof, were foiled in their efforts by the strong boarding beneath the shingles.

A light house having been established on the Iron Pot Island, at the entrance of the River Derwent, a light will be exhibited therefrom, every evening, and kept burning from dark till day-light. It is elevated about 70 feet above the level of the sea; bears 66° N. W. from Cape Raoul; N. 15° W. from Cape Frederick Henry, and may be seen five leagues from a vessel's deck.

The Mauritius has been made a free warehousing port, upon the same principle as some of the West India Islands.

The *Hydery*, Captain Macdonald, which sailed for India, a year ago, has been lost on a coral reef, at the small island of Basole, about four miles north east of Surugao, in the Straits of Panaon. The Captain and crew had arrived at Singapore last April.

The *Medway*, Captain Wight, has at last succeeded in selling a cargo of sugar at a good price at Sydney. After returning from the Mauritius to Sydney, with a cargo of sugar, and finding the market low, she proceeded to Valparaiso, in the hope of finding a better price, but being disappointed in that expectation, she has brought the sugar back to

Sydney, where it has been sold at 4d. per lb. and upwards.

We observe with great satisfaction that a railing has been placed on each side of the bridge in Bathurst-street, where a poor fellow recently lost his life, by falling into the creek. *O! si sic omnes!*—that is—would every one of our remonstrances be attended to with equal promptitude!

We have been requested by two or three respectable shopkeepers to caution the public against an imposition, which has been recently practised with great success. A roll of clay, made heavy with bits of lead or stone, is wrapped up in a paper, with a farthing or halfpenny at each end: this is passed off for six-penny worth of copper, or more, according to the size—and the cheat has not been detected, till after the disappearance of its perpetrator.

The practice of allowing dogs to run at large in the public streets, is a nuisance, becoming daily more prevalent. A week or two ago, a fine child of Mr. Hefford, of the Queen's Head, in Barrack-street, was bitten by one of these dangerous animals; and if the Police does not exert itself to put an end to this evil, much mischief is likely to arise from it. We are quite sure, however, that the matter only requires to be mentioned, to ensure the necessary attention from a Police, always ready to do its duty.

The smart little schooner *Blackbird* made her last passage to Sydney, in three days, and the *Harlequin* in four.

A serjeant, accompanied by a drummer and fifer, proclaimed throughout the Town, on the 27th inst., a caution to all shopkeepers, publicans, &c., not to give credit to any non-commissioned officer or subaltern of the 63rd regiment.

The following inns are to be transferred to the individuals respectively mentioned:—The Ordnance Arms, in Liverpool-street, to Mr. Wallis; the Rose Inn, at New Town, to Mr. Makepeace; the Beaufort Arms, to Mr. Wright; and the Mail Coach Inn, Lovely Banks, to Mr. Morris.

We have seen some very fine ham and bacon, the produce of Mr. Bethune's farm, at Dunrobin,—as fine, indeed, as any we have ever seen at home. Mr. O'Hara, in Elizabeth-street, has some for sale at very moderate prices. We are pleased to notice these comparatively trivial matters, because they evince a capability of supply, which may, at no distant period, enable us to depend upon ourselves for these and other essential articles of consumption.

The Legislative Council, we regret to say, is deprived of the services of its highly-respected members, Messrs. Anstey, Archer, and Cox; the former are labouring under ill-health, and the latter is at Sydney.

Gardening, &c.

AGRICULTURE.

So far as the labour of the field goes, October is with some farmers, a leisure month, although it ought not to be so; for they should be busily engaged in planting potatoes, and preparing their land for Swede turnips, for sowing which, as well as mangel wurzel, the next month (November) has been proved by experience to be the best in the whole calendar. Those who, from situation or other causes, do not find their account in growing either potatoes or turnips (although it is suspected there are very few of this sort) will do well to devote this month to repairing their fences, and putting up new ones, so as to preserve their growing crops; in cleaning their stock-yards, &c. with the

view of forming a good heap of manure; and in breaking up new land for the ensuing year's cropping, so as to give it the benefit of a summer's sun and air. It is astonishing how much this assists pulverization; a careful attention to which, has been well pronounced the perfection of tillage. A good farmer will now go over his late sown wheat, barley, and oats, and cleanse the ground of weeds. Every weed destroyed this month, is destroying nearly a thousand for the next season. He will also freely use the roller upon his late sown ground, the good effect of which will be almost immediately discernible, in the increased vigour of the plants.

HORTICULTURE.

This is a very busy month in the gar-

den, although more in weeding and closely attending to growing crops, than in either sowing or planting; nevertheless, a judicious gardener will be careful to keep up a good succession of every thing. Towards the latter end of the month, in forward situations, green peas and new potatoes will come to the table. New grafted trees will require attention, to see that the clay remains firm and close about the scion, as it frequently cracks, and is then apt to fall off. Should

this be found the case, take off the old clay, and substitute for it some that is fresh, well wrought up, and mixed with a little new horse-dung. All shoots that rise from the stock below the graft, must be taken off constantly, and be particular in keeping the trees free from suckers.

In the course of October, all gardens should be thoroughly cleaned—the borders and walks put to rights—and fruit trees well examined, to prevent insects from lodging.

Shipping.

ARRIVALS.

Sept. 3.—Arrived the brig Mary Elizabeth, from New Zealand, with a cargo of timber.

Sept. 4.—Arrived the barque Stakesby, Capt. Comer, from Portsmouth 3rd May, with 216 male prisoners.

Sept. 7.—Arrived the brig Mary, from London, with passengers and a general cargo.

Sept. 9.—Arrived the ship Indiana, from London, with merchandize and passengers.

Sept. 14.—Arrived the schooner Pr. Regent, from Launceston, with a cargo of corn.

Sept. 14.—Arrived the brig Lunar, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

Sept. 18.—Arrived the barque Lochiel, Captain T. Millons, from Leith, with emigrants and goods.

Sept. 23.—Arrived the brig Isabella, from her cruise after the Badger.

Sept. 24.—Arrived the brig Leslie Ogilby, from Sydney, with the usual cargo.

Sept. 27.—Arrived the barque Funchal, from Sydney, with sundries.

Sept. 29.—Arrived the barque Ann, from London, with merchandize and passengers.

DEPARTURES.

Sept. 3.—Sailed the ship Enchantress, for Singapore.

Sept. 3.—Sailed the cutter Blackbird, for Sydney.

Sept. 8.—Sailed the brig Adelaide, for England.

Sept. 11.—Sailed the barque Mary Ann, for Launceston.

Sept. 12.—Sailed the brig Amity, for Spring Bay.

Sept. 13.—Sailed the ship Cabotia, for Sydney.

Sept. 14.—Sailed the schooner Currency Lass, for Sydney.

Sept. 15.—Sailed the ship Sir John Rae Reid, for Sydney.

Sept. 17.—Sailed the ship Atlas, for the Mauritius.

Sept. 19.—Sailed the barque Emperor Alexander, for Batavia.

Sept. 23.—Sailed the ship Currier, for Sydney.

Sept. 23.—Sailed the barque Stakesby, for Singapore.

Sept. 23.—Sailed the brig Mary Elizabeth, for the Fishery.

Sept. 28.—Sailed the schooner Prince Regent, for Launceston.

Marriages, Births, &c.

MARRIAGE.

On Friday, the 13th inst., at St. David's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Bedford, Mr. Robert Davidson, of Glen Moray, Salt Pan Plains, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr. George Taylor, Valley-field, Macquarie River.

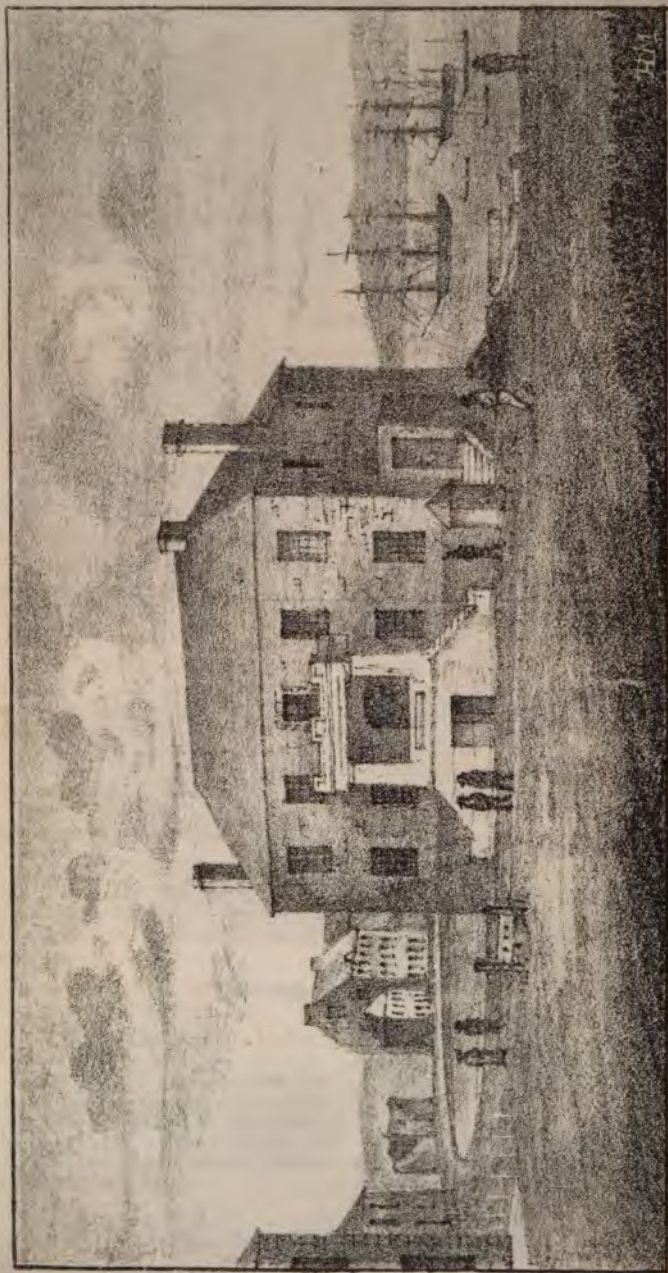
BIRTHS.

On Wednesday, 12th inst., Mrs. Wintle, of a Daughter.

At Jericho, on the 15th inst., Mrs. Peter Harrison, of a Son.

DIED.

On Sunday, 22nd inst., Catherine, wife of Mr. Mark Solomon, of Elizabeth-street, in the 30th year of her age.



(The Treasury.)

THE
HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.]

NOVEMBER, 1833.

[No. 9.

A DAY IN THE SUPREME COURT.

O YEZ ! O YEZ ! O YEZ !

Favour me, gentlest of readers, with your attention for a few minutes, and I will endeavour to place before you, in all the awful terrors of gown and parchment, the gentlemen, who compose, what is technically termed, the "Bar" of Hobart Town. With their Honors, the Judges, I dare not meddle, because there is such a crime as "contempt of Court," and such a place as "Bisdee's hotel"—"where the wicked cease from troubling," *but* "where the weary are *not* at rest."

First, then, let me "begin at the beginning," and commence with His Majesty's Attorney General for Van Diemen's Land and its dependencies, Alexander M'Dowall, Esq. We consider the Colony fortunate in its possession of this gentleman: as an advocate he is very effective, as a lawyer acute, talented and spirited—too spirited, indeed, to be shrewd—that is, to avail himself of the crooked obliquities of legal technicalities—trusting rather to strength of argument, and downright fact for the success of his pleading, than to the more easy and ingenious aid of quirk and quibble. The Attorney General's style of eloquence is characterized by considerable force, and the most pungent sarcasm: perhaps, a little over-addiction to metaphor may be charged against him; but as he is evidently an accomplished scholar, he usually manages his metaphors with tact and effect. As an instance of this we may adduce his reply on the last trial of Mr. Meredith, for a libel on Major Schaw, on which occasion he uttered the following spirited apostrophe:—

"Gentlemen, it becomes my duty after this long case to address to you a few observations. Mr. Meredith anticipated that from you he would receive ample justice. In that expression my client fully

conkurs, and is well convinced he shall receive from you the justice he comes to seek. He confounds the two most separate and distinct functions, those of the Judge and Jury, and he has called upon you—he has had the moderation to ask of you to commit perjury in order to give a verdict against him. The course of conduct he has adopted to-day, has aggravated the original injury, and demands damages. Gentlemen, I have watched the men who pretend to act in the name of Patriotism, and I find their course to be to deceive, seduce and betray. The moment any of them puts himself forth, as one of the correctors of grievances, he becomes lost to every accurate recollection of himself, and is governed only by the most dangerous principles. He erects himself into a personage of prodigious dimensions, and in his imaginary character swells with utterly artificial importance. Mr. Meredith has drunk deeply of this oblivious cup, of self-forgetfulness, and now has the modesty to ask of you to sanction him in so doing. Mr. Meredith's principle is, to raise a rumour by the most slanderous inventions, and then to justify himself, for his conduct, by referring to them."

But eloquence of itself is not a very useful or effective virtue, especially in those cases, where Assessors are to determine the matters at issue; and we question very much, whether in any case of legal pleadings, it is ever very influential. The great test of an advocate's abilities, as well as the probability of his success, depends chiefly upon his manner of conducting a cause; that is, upon his skill in lucidly placing the facts before the Court, and of availing himself of every circumstance, that may be applied to his client's advantage. I may illustrate this by the following example of a lawyer's tact and acumen.

A man was committed to Newgate upon a charge of murder. If I recollect rightly, there were but little doubts of his guilt; but as the evidence was merely circumstantial, there was a chance of his escape. By some means or other, it was proved on the Coroner's Inquest, that the murdered man must have been killed by a left-handed person: I do not recollect the particulars, but such was the fact. The evening before the prisoner was to be tried, a legal gentleman, who had interested himself in his behalf, visited him in prison, and urged him, if he really had committed the murder, to confess to him, of course, in confidence, the whole particulars, with a view of enabling him the more successfully to prepare for the defence: the man, however, rigidly persisted in declaring his innocence, and the lawyer departed. On his arraignment at his trial, in pleading "not guilty," he held up his *left hand*; of which simple circumstance, the counsel for the prosecution took such advantage, as very materially to influence the Jury: the man was convicted, and, of course, executed—but not before he confessed that he was the guilty murderer, and that he had killed his victim with his left hand.

Combined, then, with his eloquence, the Attorney General possesses a considerable portion of this useful, and as it were, intuitive

readiness; and, in a matter of any importance, we know of no person, to whom we would more willingly entrust the leading of a cause, than to this gentleman. He enters, with admirable warmth and facility into the spirit of the case, and evinces a degree of interest and anxiety for his client, that is extremely delightful, even to a mere spectator. We end as we began, therefore by avowing, as our opinion, that the Colony is indeed fortunate in the possession of Mr. McDowall.

If, however, we would give the preference to the Attorney General, as leader or conductor of a cause, give us, by all means, Mr. Gellibrand for a defence. Although by no means deficient in oratorical energy, eloquence is not this gentleman's forte: he possesses, in a remarkable manner, that tact and talent, in the management of a case, which characterized Sir James Scarlett in his best and most vigorous days. His examination of witnesses is admirable, without effort or even the appearance of effort, he elicits the information he requires with the greatest ease imaginable: and applies it to good and pertinent purpose. His knowledge of technicalities is extensive, and extremely useful, and the Court always listens with great deference and attention to his arguments and pleading, which are founded upon an accurate knowledge of his profession, acquired during a long and extensive practice. He has a very happy talent of sifting cases to the bottom with great ease and rapidity, and, by so doing, saves the Court a great deal of time and even trouble, without any carelessness to his client, or any want of exertion in his behalf. In disputed cases, where property is concerned, as in the late important one of *Solomon and Davis*, Mr. Gellibrand shows to great advantage and effect, bringing his knowledge and experience to bear upon the different points with great ability, and evincing to the most careless observer, an intimate and accurate acquaintance with a very laborious and intricate profession. In addition to his legal and forensic acquirements, Mr. Gellibrand possesses no mean literary talents, having, we believe, conducted one of our Colonial Journals, and being, now, an occasional contributor to them.

Mr. Horne is next on our list; and, although clearly a man of no mean ability, he does not possess the means of displaying it. Like Dr. Lhotsky of Sydney, his fund of information is, we do not doubt, copious and abundant: but, like that gentleman, he has not yet acquired the right mode of either using or applying it. There is a laborious heaviness—a want of the *lucidus ordo*—a cumbersome reiteration in his way of conducting a case, which are extremely oppressive, and which try the patience of the Court—more especially, when Mr. Justice Montagu presides—in a manner well calculated to remind it and all other persons, of the proverbial fortitude and forbearance of Job. Yet Mr. Horne enters with considerable spirit and eagerness into his cases: perhaps, were he a little less anxious, he would be enabled to shine more advantageously. In the mere matter of examining witnesses, he is most particularly

prolix, tiresome, and wearisome: the same question is asked over and over again, even until the Court is oftentimes compelled to interpose its authority, and prevent the grievous repetition: but, I really think, all this might be avoided, by the simple curbing of Mr. Horne's exuberant fancy, and a little more addition to some formal steadiness of procedure: he is a clever man, and has the means, we think, of decidedly displaying his abilities. Why, then, will he not study these means?

As an advocate, we must now approach Mr. Sutton; and we do so, with the utmost respect and reverence. An extraordinary man, in every respect, is Mr. Sutton, and we are sincerely grieved, that he does not more frequently adorn the Bar of Tasmania with the profundity of his legal erudition, and electrify the public with the lightning and force of his forensic eloquence. Who can conduct the case of a "fence" with more ability than Mr. Sutton? Who can mystify a jury with greater tact than Mr. Sutton? And, finally, who can enforce his arguments with greater effect than Mr. Sutton? Truly, we opine, that the inhabitants of Tasmania ought to subscribe for the perpetual retention, in all popular cases—libel, as well as others—of this talented gentleman. And we think they *would* do so, were the object of their adoration not so shy and diffident: as it is, the inherent modesty of his character repulses the natural impetus of his ardent constitution, and keeps him in the back ground: we sincerely lament this, and pray for its reformation.

Mr. Allport, the only other gentleman, who pleads to any extent in the Supreme Court, is rather a "new hand," but, from what we have observed of him, we esteem him an acquisition to the Colony. There is a quiet, but most estimable demeanour about Mr. Allport, which must inevitably win the good feeling of all persons. In conducting a case, he uses every effort to elucidate its prominent points, and, generally, succeeds: he is not yet sufficiently acquainted with the "quips and cranks" of this Colony to avail himself of the various manœuvres, which are constantly put in practice; but, we doubt not, that he will—and when he does, he will be a much abler advocate than he is.

We have, by an unpardonable oversight, omitted Mr. Rowlands, as well as Mr. Hugh Ross, both frequently engaged in the Supreme Court, but not so much in the character of Counsel, as in that of Solicitors: when they *do* appear in the former capacity, they evince a considerable ingenuity, and Mr. Rowlands, especially, whether engaged in a rich man's cause or a poor one's, exerts himself with a zeal and an energy, that renders his services always valuable.

Y. Z.

THE ARREST,

They are come!—who ne'er knew pity,
At the sight of another's fears!
They are come—whose orbs are rolled in blood
But were never dimm'd with tears!

They are come, whose hours of gladness
Are all in the red-red cup,
And they bring the dregs of sadness
That another may drain them up!

Lord Bertram eyes them scornfully,
And would spurn them in his pride,
Did not a young son press his hand,
And his right arm clasp a bride!
And even these—the scowl hath flung
It's shadows o'er his brow,
And he frowns defiance on the troop
Who come to seize him now!

And she whose fear-blanch'd cheek oft found
A pillow on his breast—
Whose 'still small' hand hath chosen now
His shoulder for its rest—
Looks not to meet the love-lit glance
She gloried to repay,
But turns a look of prayer on those
Who ne'er knew how to pray.

His child too!—the young boy who clings
Close to his father's side!
The link of love that binds his heart
More fondly to his bride!
The flower that she hath loved to tend,
He hath been proud to rear;
Shrinks at the ruffian's withering glance,
And trembles in his fear!

'Father, I like not the fierce looks
Of that relentless train,
Why do they bring those weapons here?—
Oh, bid them go again!
They seem as if they could not love,
It frighten's me to see
Their frowns! Oh, father dear, I hope
They are not come for me.'

'No, my poor child!'—the mother's voice
Break's on her infant's ear;
'Tis for thy father, boy,—that now
Those cruel men come here;
And they will bear him to a room,
All cold and dark and dim!
Where thou and thy poor mother, boy,
Must go and weep with him!

'And though no sun-beam ever falls
Where he must live and move—
Still we will go my child—and light
His prison walls with love!
And though his bed be the damp ground,—
His pillow the cold stone;
Still shall *one* spark of joy be found,
He shall not be alone!

A few Words on Bathing.

And once again, imploringly,
 She glances at her foes,
 To know if she may soften thus
 The sorrow of his woes!
 His whom she loved!—but one fierce glance
 Hath flashed upon her heart,
 And hollow tones now follow it,
 To tell her they must part!

‘Nay—that may never be—his cell
 Hath only room for one;
 And if we make him prisoner now,
 Our work is bravely done!’
 And he lifted the gyves with a blood-red hand,
 And grinned with a visage grim—
 If women wailed and children wept,
 What were their tears to him?

Lord Bertram to his breast hath raised
 And clasped his dear child now—
 And he hath printed one cold kiss
 Upon his bride’s pale brow;—
 And he is led away begirt,
 With fetter, gyve, and chain,
 They have parted!—they have parted!—
 Will they ever meet again?

H.

A FEW WORDS ON BATHING.

As there is now some prospect of fine, warm, summer weather, we have thought it advisable to address a few words of seasonable admonition to such of our readers as delight in the manly and most salutary practice of bathing. Now we, in our youth, were most desperate, and most daring bathers: in storm or calm, in winter or summer, in flood or drought, sea or river, no matter, we “buffeted the saucy wave,” and, like Lord Byron, delighted in a sort of amphibious existence. True it is, we could not compete with his lordship in the noble accomplishment of swimming,—because he was perfectly unrivalled in that acquirement, as well as in many others—good, bad, and indifferent; but we think we might, without any undue or glaring vanity, place ourselves second on the list: we willingly yield the superiority to his lordship, but we never yet knew a *second*, except ourselves.

Now bathing, besides being a most delicious pastime, is a more effectual mode of “prolonging and invigorating life,” than the perusal of a hundred works written on this very interesting subject. If Dr. Kitchener had merely confined his luminous lucubrations to the subject of bathing, and left all his pills, potions, and “peris-

taltic persuaders," where they ought to have been left, in the druggist's shop, he would have done some good in his generation; but the Doctor was no bather himself, and, therefore, he wanted genius and taste for the task; and so, wisely and modestly, left it alone. Bathing, as a part of the dietetic system, is practised freely by various nations—by the English, not at all. True it is, your fashionable idler, and your elegant *ennuyée* "at home," will betake themselves to Brighton, or Broadstairs, and there achieve the extraordinary feat of gently dipping their delicate bodies in the sea, stepping *in* and *out* of a machine—"Heaven save the mark!"—with as much grace and gentility, as they would step in and out of their carriage! And, encased in a bathing-gown, too! Then, in the evening—after wasting the day in idleness, they add to their absurdity by spending those hours, which ought to be devoted to rest and quietude, in gambling, dancing, talking scandal and scurrility—at balls and assemblies—and this they call *bathing for a season*! Poor noodles!—they know as much about bathing as a *bat*—and are as much benefitted thereby, and no more!

Now, bathing, practised as it ought to be, is a poetical art,—for, as poetry consists of the forcible expression of sundry moral perfections, so does bathing comprise the active exercise of sundry physical perfections. Look, for one moment, at the lusty swimmer, cleaving the cool, pellucid water of the Derwent or the Tamar—observe the agile and beautiful play of his muscles,—and, see, with what noble vigour his manly form rides buoyantly over the waters! *This is bathing*—and we shall now proceed to tell you, not only how and when to practise it, but what great benefit your health will derive from its constant and careful accomplishment.

We knew a person "at home," who made bathing, as he used to express it, a part of his religion. He bathed in the summer; and he bathed in the autumn. Winter—even when the river's edge was fringed with ice, had no terrors for him, and his lavatory propensities, were in full play in the spring. He was a thick set, pudgy, dumpy little man, of a sedentary profession, and the father of six lovely children. This man was never ill! The doctors detested him, and his wife, a good and careful body, rejoiced amazingly in his healthful habit. An old uncle, rich, and *very* sagacious, especially in matters connected with physic—for he had BUCHAN'S "*Domestic Medicine*" at his finger's end—once told him that he was apoplectic, and that bathing—*cold* bathing, as he particularly and emphatically expressed it—was the only mode of averting any serious attack; and, really, his advice, as far as we have been able to learn, has been perfectly efficacious. Our *pudgy*, dumpy friend was in good health, according to our last "advice," and his six lovely children—not to mention his careful wife—were, like young and juicy olive-branches, thriving apace—*estote perpetui*! one and all say we!

From this brief history, we may gather much useful information, touching the judicious practice of bathing—a practice by no means

so extensively used as it might be. The Russians are desperate bathers, and where do you see a more hardy and healthy people? They stew themselves well in a warm bath for half an hour, and then, reeking with the heat, they roll themselves in the snow, by way of a cooler. Here is Lyall's account of the business. "In a short time (after they enter the warm bath) such a profuse perspiration breaks out all over the body, as cannot be conceived without being seen, or from actual experiment. Every pore is opened; the whole system is thrown into a delightful lassitude, and the pleasurable feelings are not to be described. The enjoyment is still heightened by a servant pouring buckets of warm water over your reclining body. It is a common practice, also, for Russian bathers to be rubbed and even flogged by the bathing women, with *viniks*, or bunches of the leafy twigs of birch (why not say birch rods at once?) and then to be rubbed down with linen, cotton, or woollen cloths. From time to time they descend from their heights, stand in a tub of cold water, and have hot or cold water, and sometimes both, alternately, poured or dashed from buckets on their heads and over their whole bodies. In summer and autumn, the Russians also run from the baths while the perspiration is trickling off them, and plunge into the adjoining river, and in winter roll themselves in the snow, and some repeat this practice two or three times before quitting the *banya*."—LYALL'S RUSSIA, 113, 114.

We have never been in Russia, and cannot therefore, from our own experience, speak of the ineffable delight, which Dr. Lyall describes to be caused by bathing in the *banya*, with the pleasant accompaniment of being scourged with *viniks*; but we have found the matter described as perfectly accordant with the Doctor's eulogy.

Bathing operates upon the human frame in various ways, imparting its salutary effects by modes not commonly cognizant. One chief mode, however, is by its action on the skin,—an organ of most elaborate construction, and of the utmost importance in the animal economy.

In structure the skin is exceedingly complicated, being formed of a series of delicate membranes, which in the aggregate constitutes an organ capable of performing many important functions. It is a test or sort of meter by which is indicated the correctness of the circulation of the general mass of the nutritious fluid; it is an organ of transpiration, by which various materials—the retention of which would produce fever and other serious maladies—are discharged in an almost imperceptible manner, and in a gaseous form. It is a medium of absorption through which both poisons and remedies are conveyed to the most distant recesses of the body; and it is an organ of sensation, of which the minutest point may be so touched or affected as to produce the most pleasing or the most painful impressions. Lax, soft, delicate and beautiful as it seems, and as it really is, it is nevertheless equal to the finest stretched monochord, of which no division can be struck independently of the whole, either in actual feeling or in actual influence.

Covering the whole body as it does, and connected as it is with all the important internal parts, it is, as may be supposed, an extensive conductor of physical sympathy. With the brain and the stomach it possesses a quick and powerful sympathy, which is proved, as regards *the former*, by blushing and paleness; and, as connected with *the latter*, by perspiration from the effect of medicine,—by certain eruptions, particularly those caused by eating muscles and other indigestible food, and by certain uneasy sensations, especially those of itching and tingling caused, in the same way, and, in some constitutions, by taking opium and other narcotics. We must recollect, also, in considering the sympathetic influence of the skin, that it is a continuation of the membrane, which lines the different internal cavities. For instance, the membrane lining the nose, mouth, throat, stomach, bowels, &c., is directly connected with the skin, and is in fact, as it were, expanded into it: this will account for many affections of external organs, and will explain how much their cure depends upon a healthy state of the stomach and bowels. This doctrine of *continuous membranes* is extremely interesting, and fraught with infinite utility to the practitioner in the treatment of local disorders: it is one of those leading practical points, which he should always bear diligently in mind, in connection, of course, with the extensive sympathy of the stomach.

Independently of its uses as the organ of touch, the skin has other important functions to perform. These functions are chiefly subservient to the abstraction of superfluous heat from the body—an operation of great importance, as regards the preservation of health. Before, however, I explain its functions in this particular, it will be necessary that I should here present the reader with some brief observations on animal heat—upon which bathing has a great and immediate influence.

Few subjects connected with the animal economy have given rise to so much speculation as the cause of animal heat, or, in other words, of the unvarying temperature of the animal body. One of the most distinguishing attributes of a living being is its faculty of resisting extremes of temperature. The porpoise, which lies buried beneath mountains of polar ice, is as warm as any of its own species, which may be swimming beneath the line: the Ethiopian, who pants beneath a vertical sun, and the Laplander, who is cradled in the snowy bosom of the North, enjoy the same degree of animal heat, while man, wherever born, can go through the wide range of external temperature, which lies between the freezing and the boiling points, without undergoing the slightest alteration in that of his own body.* Were this not the case, and were the animal frame not furnished with a power capable of thus counter-

* Next to the man the pig is the animal that best bears the extremes of temperature: it will live and thrive almost any where.

acting the ill effects of an increased temperature, the circulation of the blood would be interrupted or even arrested; at one time the fluids would be congealed, at another evaporated, and the current of life would flow unequally, or would wholly cease. To obviate this evil, the body is furnished by means of animal heat, with one uniform temperature, which, in all animals, is somewhat above that of the medium in which they live.

After much careful investigation, and the adoption and rejection of various theories, it is now ascertained, chiefly by the patient and talented experiments of Dr. Crawford, that animal heat is produced and maintained by means of respiration,—that is—to speak learnedly—by the combination of the oxygen of the air with the carbon of the blood, thus constantly evolving caloric.

This, at once, brings us to the application of bathing, as a means of effecting animal heat—for, as the skin is a great and quick sympathiser with the lungs, and as it must be considerably affected by bathing, we see, at once, the connection, and its importance.

In addition to its obvious operation of cleansing the skin, and thus preserving its pores free and open, bathing produces a stimulant effect upon the whole frame, highly beneficial to its health. The *shock* produced by sudden immersion in cold water has an extensive influence upon the body: the blood is propelled from the surface into the internal cavities, * whence it again rushes out to the surface, producing that delightful and salutary *glow*, which is the test of the beneficial effects of bathing. In order, therefore, to insure this benefit, the bather should never plunge into the water, if he feels chilly: let him always go in with his body moderately heated,—not indeed reeking with perspiration, but in a comfortable glow; and while he is in the aqueous element, let him dive and dabble and swim about unceasingly. This will circulate his blood vigorously, and exercise his limbs handsomely, to the great benefit of his health, and the manifest comfort of his sensations. Let him, however, avoid bathing on a full stomach. The different organs of his frame will have enough to do to contend with the attack of the *shock*, without having their own ordinary avocations to attend to besides: it is no small matter to withstand the sudden impulse of so large and forcible a quantity of blood, rushing like a torrent, through every nook and cranny of the body; and if the stomach be clogged, it will stand in the way of all this, and, perhaps, drive more than its share of blood into the brain, to the great risk of apoplexy and, consequent, annihilation.

Neither should the stomach be quite empty. A biscuit, or crust of bread, with a glass of wine, will be a sufficient filip to its energies, and will keep it in good humour, so as to enable it to act

* We hear of the frequent fatal occurrence of *cramp* in bathing. May not death be sometimes caused by the sudden pressure of blood upon the brain, in those weakly constitutions, where the reaction of the shock is retarded, or delayed?

kindly in the affair. We throw out these little hints for invalids, or persons, who, like ourselves, are teased with delicate constitutions; and by observing them they will, we can assure them, benefit accordingly. To the strong all things are strong, therefore, they may do as they please: still we should have advised even Sampson himself not to have plunged into the Jordan, or the Euphrates, or any other convenient river, till he had somewhat digested the half-ox he ate last,—and our Sampsonian friends and readers will do well to take our hint, and be sapient. To them, therefore, *verbum sap*,—to all others a merry bathe in the Derwent,—without the companionship of sharks.

R.

SONGS OF IDLE HOURS.

VI.

"And shall we forget them."

And shall we forget them, the shores
Of our own native island?—oh never!
The clouds may be dark that o'ershadow them now,
But we cannot say, farewell for ever!
In place of the freedom that smiled,
The chain may be darkling our hearth;
But our lips oftentimes will exclaim with a sigh,
"Twas the land, the dear land of our birth!
Then shall we forget them, the shores
Of our own native island—oh never!
The clouds may be dark that o'ershadow them now,
But we cannot say, farewell for ever!

We are riding upon the blue sea,
With freedom around and above us,
But where are the eyes that once glanced on our path?
And where are the bosoms that love us?
Oh far we are leaving behind
The light of each beautiful brow,
But perhaps, in the prayers that they breathe to the skies,
They are naming the wanderers now!
Then shall we forget them, the shores
Of our own native island?—oh never!
The clouds may be dark that o'ershadow them now,
But we cannot say, farewell for ever!

VII.

"Sleep, Maiden, sleep!"

Sleep, Maiden, sleep,
And peaceful be thy slumber,
For sorrow never should
Thy gentle heart encumber.
Like a summer stream
On which the light is glowing,
So the current of thy days
Ever should be flowing!

Songs of Idle Hours.

Dream, Maiden, dream,
 And lovely be the vision ;
 Thy spirit borne in thought
 Through fields and flowers Elysian ;
 And if ought should bring
 A thought of earth before thee,
 May it be the hand of love
 Scattering rose-leaves o'er thee !

VIII.

"My Love at Home."

My love at home, I name thee not
 When there are others by,
 To note the anguish of my tone,
 Or mark the rising sigh :
 But in my hours of lonely thought,
 When none are listeners there,
 Thy name will upward to my lips—
 I breathe it in my prayer !

We're parted—I to seek a clime
 Far o'er the southern sea,
 And while with me 'tis night and gloom,
 It will be day with thee.
 Oh ! ever thus, although my heart
 May mourn a darksome fate,
 Be thou upon life's sunny side
 With hopes and joy elate.

IX.

"The Peasant's Song for Spring."

There's a voice abroad, it comes sweetly o'er
 From mountain and valley, from bower and brake,
 And falls in song on the bosom's core
 Like the soft lute notes young love can awake.
 I know the voice and the lay it sings,—
 The voice and its beautiful music are Spring's.

There's a balm abroad, the winds have sigh'd
 Their amorous tales to the flowers to-day,
 And, riffer-like, now the sweet's enjoy'd,
 Are playfully dancing away, away.
 I know the breeze and the balm on its wings—
 The freshening breeze and its odour are Spring's.

Up, brothers, up, ere the sun is up.
 And laughingly blesses the grass-covered earth ;
 And wherefore delay with the festival cup
 To welcome the Spring in her beautiful birth :
 For the joy she sheds, for the blessing she brings.
 Our smiles should ever be Spring's—yes—Spring's.

THE VOW.

For a kiss of that blood-rich mouth,
Whence low music is faintly flowing,
I pine—and not in vain;
For the passion within me growing,
As from odorous flowers, the south,
Breathes incense from my brain.

And a song even now is gushing
From my soul, o'er the human world,
That may not basely die!
Like the bud of the rose, unfurl'd,
Lady! why is thy fair cheek blushing?
Sweet lady! tell me why.

By the youth in thy life-blood fleet!
By the love that should fill thy heart!
I'll kiss thee ere the moon
Shall to-night from the stars depart;
And thy dream shall be strange as sweet
Ere they in daylight swoon!

ROB THE RED-HAND.

CHAPTER I.

The north-western extremity of Caernarvonshire terminates in a congregation of rocky mountains, which, stretching northwards towards the sea, constitutes a bold and precipitous boundary to the beautiful bay of Cardigan. Interspersed, however, among the mountain wilds are several secluded and fertile vallies, inhabited by farmers more or less wealthy, and enlivened by hamlets more or less populous. It is a beautiful sight to see from the top of the Glyder Vach, one of the tributary mountains of Snowdon, this large extent of mountain scenery, with the intervening vallies, watered by fine rivers, well wooded, and fertile in cultivation; and the Atlantic in the distance, stretching towards the horizon in measureless space. It is, I say, a beautiful sight to gaze over such a scene, and over so magnificent a display of God's creative power. Standing on the summit of this southern ridge, the eye, that small but exquisite organ, travels over miles of space, concentrating the whole, and carrying it to our sense, filling the soul with admiration and wonder, and the heart with gladness and gratitude.

A hundred years ago, as now, the inhabitants of this upland district were strictly a pastoral and a secluded people—solely occupied with the culture of their farms, by the produce of which—exported chiefly from the neighbouring parts of Caernarvon, Barmouth, and Pwllheli—they obtained all the necessaries of life, and occasionally a small proportion of its more simple luxuries.

Regarding them in the light of a retired and simple-minded race (for abundantly simple-minded they were) it might be imagined that their condition was almost Arcadian; and that the toils of the day were rewarded with the sweetest blessings which could follow those toils; in short, that they went to bed happy, and were contented, refreshed, and cheerful. But this was not, altogether, the case. The whole of that wild district was haunted by an extraordinary personage called *Robin-y-Llawrudd*, or Rob the Red-hand—a sort of Welsh Dom-daniel—being half man, half devil—a wizard, a necromancer—and God knows what to boot.

The event which imparted to Rob his cognomen of Red-hand will throw some light upon his character, and serve as a convenient introduction to the reader. Let us first premise, that by the old Welsh law, in case of murder, and what we now call manslaughter, *he* only, who actually struck the blow, was considered criminal.—“The aiders and abettors,” as an old writer has it, “were never hearkened after;” and although this law had long become obsolete among the statutes, still, among the peasantry, whoever, either in a fray or otherwise, has “killed his man,” obtained a title, fixed formerly by law, which was not altogether uncommon, which was that of *Llawrudd*, or Red-hand.

At a fair in a village in the upper district of the *Cantred*, or hundred of Tal-y-bont, a greater number than usual of the mountain black cattle was brought for sale, and, consequently, a larger congregation of drovers had been brought together. The Welsh drover is a person of habits somewhat strange and peculiar. His iron frame is animated by a spirit correspondingly hard, energetic, irascible, and woefully pugnacious. He is wonderfully tenacious of his own breed, as well as that of his cattle; and will uphold the fame of his own particular district—even “to the death,” no matter what may be the special virtue appertaining to such district, whether it be wrestling, foot-ball, bandy (now more generally known as *hockey*,) single-stick, or cock-fighting, this latter being a pastime much indulged in by the Welsh in that age of blessed barbarism.

At the principal pot-house in the village, there is a particular room on fair-days, appropriated to those who feel inclined to indulge in a little innocent flirtation, mingled with a decent portion of mirth and carousal. This is called the *Room-clôs*, or close-room, from the *lucus a non lucendo* mode of naming things—for, instead of being a room-close, it is, in fact, a room-common. Into this room crowd the lads with their lasses, and, it usually happens, that a fiddler or harper finds his way in, too; so that the amusement of dancing is superadded to the others, and carried on with the true mountain-gusto, notwithstanding the lumber of two or three press-beds, a meal-chest, an old churn, a spinning-wheel, and other furniture usually to be found in a *Room-close*.

Rob, whose real name was Robert Owen, had sought the *Room-clôs* at Llanvihangel on the day in question, with a mountain-lass,

to whose resistless charms he had long acknowledged himself a willing captive. Now, Rob was proverbially ugly. A head of huge and ungainly dimensions, covered, moreover, with black bushy hair, surmounted a body square, strong and broad, while sturdy and dwarfish legs, slightly bending forward, seemed but an unsafe support for his stout frame; but the long, wide, and apparently flat feet to which they were affixed, compensated for the security which the form of his legs rendered dubious. His arms were thick and short—even proportionably short for his diminutive body, but his hands were, like his feet, long, large, and bony. It may be readily conceived that no beauteous features appertained to so deformed a being: nor did they. His face corresponded in breadth and coarseness, with his enormous head; and his features, again, corresponded with his face—they were large, spreading, and massive, like those of the granite bust of the young Memnon. Yet was his eye of surpassing brilliancy, and had it not been almost hidden under a far-projecting orbit, and dark, bushy, beetling brows, this feature might have been termed really handsome, and would, in some degree, have redeemed his countenance from a general charge of ugliness.

From this description, it will be seen, that Rob was not such a youth as lords might envy, and ladies love to look upon. But there was even yet another cause of scorn and contumely, over which, as over his personal deformity, he had no controul. Rob was the fruit of an unhallowed union. No priest's benison, so it was generally believed, had sanctioned the love, if love it was, of his erring parents; and, as is frequently the case in Wales, his mother was a member of the lowest class of society, while his father was rich, of good rank, and high family. His parents had both been dead some years: and while a son, legitimately born, inherited the property, and title of Sir Reginald Owen, Rob was shunned by his family, and left to follow the occupation of a drover, or rather a grazier, on a farm which his father had bequeathed to him.

A certain consciousness of superiority, which arose as much from Rob's comparative wealth, (for he was a grazier of some substance) as from his undoubted physical strength, had imbued him, ugly and distorted as he was, with a degree of pride, that made him at all times, and especially upon such an occasion as that to which I have referred, an object of very particular dislike and ridicule to those with whom he associated. This strange being piqued himself, also, on the rank and antiquity of his father's family, so that, that which was a subject of scorn and jest to others, was, to him, a source of boasting and complacency. On the present occasion, no sooner did he enter the room, than, in accordance with his want of popularity, he was loudly assailed with "Here comes Robin Penmaior,* he is too late for the dance," and a loud laugh testified

* Big-headed.

the mischievous exultation of the merry mountaineers. "Dance!" exclaimed another, "he dance!" my mother's old spavined cow would dance better. Look at his legs! they'd hook in one another presently, and throw him down." And another laugh followed this ungenerous allusion to Rob's personal deformity.

Few of us can bear to be bantered on our personal blemishes; and although it is true, that the most deformed can generally bear it best, yet Rob was in no mood to endure much gibing. True to speak, he had for a long time remonstrated with his fair partner on the impropriety of joining an assemblage by that time well-manned with *Cwrn** and whiskey; but, as might have been anticipated, in vain: for where there is fun and dancing going on, few things on earth can stop a real Welsh mountain-lass from taking a part in the revels. Rob had one reason for his disinclination, which he did not chuse to impart to the light-hearted Shenny. Altogether, Rob's heart was not quite confident in the love and fidelity of the said Shenny. He had cause for some misgiving, and her obstinate persistence in going to the *Room-clôs*, not only contrary to his wishes, but in direct opposition to his persuasion, served only to strengthen those suspicions, which had already taken too firm a hold of Rob's jealous disposition. However, to the *Room-clôs* they went, as we have narrated; and Rob, dragging Shenny after him, sat down on a bench in the darkest corner of the room, sulking, silent, and scowling.

This behaviour did not well accord with Shenny's humour; and so, leaving her doleful lover to brood over his miseries, she speedily obtained a partner, and was as speedily involved in all the mazy movements of the dance.

Let the lover, whose whole soul is absorbed in the charms and virtues of his mistress—let him, whose only hope of happiness on earth rests upon one, whom he loves to distraction, and whom pride and other nameless feelings induce him to desire to show that *she* loves *him*. Let such a man picture to himself the feelings of Robert Owen, while his dark and gleaming eye followed the faithless Shenny, as she moved in the dance with decidedly the best looking mountaineer in the room: a man, too, who lived close by her father's cottage, who was related to her, and whom Robert had long suspected, was not quite indifferent to the maiden. His, truly, was no spirit tamely to bear such marked effrontery, and, gliding silently from his seat, he mingled with the crowd of lookers-on, who stood on each side of the dancers.

All had entered too much into the heartiness of the pastime to observe any thing unconnected with it, and even Shenny and her partner forgot what they ought well to have remembered, that the dark eye of Robert Owen was never for a moment withdrawn from them. Many a sweet smile did Shenny lavish upon her glad and

handsome partner that evening. Each smile, as Robert was afterwards heard to say, drawing from his heart a drop of its hottest and thickest blood. At length, they stood at the bottom of the dance, immediately in front of Rob, who heard, unseen by them, such soft language, as an affianced rival most assuredly should not have heard. To complete his vexation and his rage, the young man kissed the not *very* unwilling Shenny, and, in an instant, he fell prostrate on the floor from a blow, which would well-nigh have felled one of Rob's own oxen. All now was bustle, uproar, and confusion—the men shouted—the women screamed—while some ran to take up the fallen man, and others prepared to make a ring, that, according to the good old Welsh custom, they might fairly fight it out. All this time Rob stood scowling and foaming at the mouth, like a bull-dog, who has made his first gripe, and stands prepared for another. A ring was formed, the fallen man was raised, and both the combatants stood ready for the battle. Shenny rushed forward, and threw herself upon Rob, exclaiming—"Ye shan't commit murder, Rob! ye shan't kill my cousin, Dio*!" "Get off with thee, woman!" shouted Rob, who was in no mood to be pacified by such interference, "get off, I say!" He accompanied his words by flinging poor Shenny from him, and she fell with great force against the wall of the room. 'That fall was fatal to her, for she never uttered sob or sigh again! Her head had struck against the hard stone wall of the house, and that so forcibly, that she was instantly deprived of life. We need not describe the scene that ensued, nor Rob's agony and remorse. He insisted upon being taken into custody, and tried for the murder: tried, too, he was, at the next assizes, and convicted of manslaughter to his manifest disappointment. For this he was imprisoned three or four months, and was then thrust out into the world, the veriest wretch that ever breathed its pure air, or crawled upon its surface. His usual abode was in a cave by the sea-side, not far from the hamlet of Harlech; but he was as often on the hill-side, and on the mountain-summit, where he flitted about, like a dark spectre among the gray-rocks, holding converse (so it was said) with the unhallowed inhabitants of another world, for he assuredly shunned the denizens of this.

Y.

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LINES.

(*Elegiac lines suggested by the melancholy fate of the late very amiable Mrs. Parker, her daughter, and grand-daughter.*)

"Death's shaft flew thrice!" ah, sainted young, too true:
It hath so flown, to anguish more than you!
Regardless of bereath'd affliction's tear,
It's barb hath slain three generations here:—
The babe, by Heav'n's command, destroy'd it's mother;
And grief, her own—*Love's victims to each other!*

T

* David—who is also called Die for shortness.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

Sing joy—sing joy! as in canvas flight
 We skim the mountain seas,
 Blithe o'er the clouds as the birds of light
 When they chant their morning glees.

The waves spring away with the breeze's lash,
 Like shades of the summer sky,
 And wantonly frolic, and gaily plash
 In their sportive ecstasy.

On the snow-white steeds of the deep we ride,
 That so lightly, lightly prance;
 That tread along with a conscious pride,
 And in glittering ranks advance.

To the sound of music speed we on,
 To the Ocean's mighty band;
 To the breeze's time keep unison,
 As though to a master's hand.

Huzza!—for the seaman's life—huzza!
 How bold, how brave, how free;
 The path of danger, but—hurra!
 The path of liberty.

The storm may the web of his hopes disperse,
 But he dwells not on griefs to come,
 Nor heeds though his vessel may prove a hearse
 To bear to the Ocean-tomb.

X.

DIARY OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

No. III.

I have just returned from a scene, which has filled me with horror, dismay, and contemplation. The case was one of suicide, but under circumstances which have made a painful and most powerful impression on my mind. The unhappy victim was young, rich—the tenderly-indulged son of high-born and high-bred parents,—gifted with extraordinary accomplishments,—with a high and sensitive spirit, and without one single cause—so the world thought,—of discontent and sorrow. But read, oh! moralist! and ponder well upon the stern and fearful spirit! “Read, mark, learn,” and then, “inwardly digest.”

Viscount E—— was the eldest son of one of the most ancient, as well as most wealthy of England's patrician families; and, as became such a son, no expense was spared upon his education—no means were left untried to render him worthy of his lineage, his

name, and his fortune. His father, the Earl of S——, a statesman of great weight and corresponding talent,—contemplated the opening virtues and brilliant acquirements of his gifted son with undisguised delight; and as soon as he had attained his majority, he was introduced into the House of Commons, as the Member for one of his father's boroughs.

At Eton and at the University, Lord E——, like the late lamented Mr. Canning, had pre-eminently distinguished himself; and few men could have entered Parliament under more flattering auspices: the Minister, whom his father supported, looked forward to his assistance with conscious exultation; and the first address to the King, after he had taken his seat, was moved by the young and talented politician.

It was soon after this period, when all parties were loud in their praise of the young nobleman, that I became acquainted with him: He had been recommended to me by a mutual friend, for the purpose of consulting me regarding a nervous affection, which had annoyed him for some time. He called at my residence, bringing with him a note from the gentleman alluded to, so that I was saved the awkward inconvenience of inquiring my patient's name. From the very first moment of his introduction, I felt an interest in this young man, which I could only attribute to a winning affability of manner, perfectly indescribable. From the conversation which ensued, I had no difficulty in perceiving the highly cultivated character of his mind, and the lofty and honourable bearing of his noble spirit. I found, also, that an intensity of mental application, carried to an excess almost of martyrdom, had produced the malady, of which he sought to be relieved; and when I pointed this out, exhorting him, at the same time, to moderate his studious habits, he replied, with a melancholy smile, "I will endeavour to do so—but of the seed which I have sown, I must reap—I am perfectly convinced of the necessity of restraint, but I will not promise you, that I shall have the power or the resolution to impose it." And thus he this time left me, having excited in me an admiration, which I could not conceal.

I attended him several times after this, and observed with regret the ravages, which the incessant labour of his mind was insidiously but too surely making in his health. I never in my life ever knew any person, whose energies were so enthusiastically occupied in acquiring the high and multifarious accomplishments, so requisite to the formation of the true statesman. He was actuated by an ambition perfectly insatiable; and the goal of his brightest hopes and highest glory seemed ever unapproachable. The progress he made was almost miraculous: even his dearest and most sanguine friends confessed, that he had far outstripped their fondest anticipations. His gratifications were, I know, most enviable; but every gratification served only as an additional impulse to his passion, and as an increased vehemence to his energies; until at length, they out-

of a boy's school, he would make a circuit of a mile and a half home in order to give Lucy Mayne a lesson in French or Italian. For a certainty, George Owen must have had a strong natural turn for playing the pedagogue, or he never would have gone so far out of his way just to read Fenelon and Alfieri with Lucy Mayne.

So for two happy years matters continued. At the expiration of that time, just as the old schoolmaster, who declared that nothing but George's attention had kept him alive so long, was evidently on his death-bed, farmer Mayne suddenly turned Mrs. Owen, her son, and her sick daughter out of the house, which by his permission they had hitherto occupied: and declared publicly, that whilst he had an acre of land in the parish, George Owen should never be elected master of the grammar-school—a threat which there was no doubt of his being able to carry into effect. The young man, however, stood his ground; and sending his mother and sister to an uncle in Wales, who had lately written kindly to them, hired a room at a cottage in the village, determined to try the event of an election, which the languishing state of the incumbent rendered inevitable.

The cause of farmer Mayne's inveterate dislike to one whom he had so warmly protected, and whose conduct, manners, and temper had procured him friends wherever he was known, nobody could assign with any certainty. Perhaps he had unwittingly trodden on Mayfly's toe, or on a prejudice of her master's—but his general carefulness not to hurt any thing, or offend anybody, rendered either of these conjectures equally impossible;—perhaps he had been found only too amiable by the farmer's other pet—these lessons in languages were dangerous things!—and when Lucy was seen at church with a pale face and red eyes, and when his landlord, Squire Hawkins's blood hunter was seen every day at farmer Mayne's door, it became currently reported and confidently believed that the cause of the quarrel was a love affair between the cousins, which the farmer was determined to break off, in order to bestow his daughter on the young lord of the manor.

Affairs had been in this posture for about a fortnight, and the old schoolmaster was just dead, when a fire broke out in the rick-yard of Farley Court, and George Owen was apprehended and committed as the incendiary! The astonishment of the neighbourhood was excessive; the rector and half the farmers of the place offered to become bail; but the offence was not bailable; and the only consolation left for the friends of the unhappy young man, was the knowledge that the trial would speedily come on, and their internal conviction that an acquittal was certain.

As time wore on, however, their confidence diminished. The evidence against him was terribly strong. He had been observed lurking about the rick-yard with a lanthorn, in which a light was burning, by a lad in the employ of farmer Mayne, who had gone thither for hay to fodder his cattle about an hour before the fire broke out. At eleven o'clock the hay-stack was on fire, and at ten

Robert Doyle had mentioned to James White, another boy in Mr. Mayne's service, that he had seen Mr. George Owen behind the great rick. Farmer Mayne himself had met him at half past ten (as he was returning from B. market) in the lane leading from the rick-yard towards the village, and had observed him throw something he held in his hand into the ditch. Hepton Harris, a constable employed to seek for evidence, had found the next morning a lanthorn, answering to that described by Robert Doyle, in the part of the ditch indicated by farmer Mayne, which Thomas Brown, the village shopkeeper, in whose house Owen slept, identified as having lent to his lodger in the early part of the evening. A silver pencil, given to Owen by the mother of one of his pupils, and bearing his full name on the seal at the end, was found close to where the fire was discovered; and to crown all, the curate of the village, with whom the young man's talents and character had rendered him a deserved favorite, had unwillingly deposed that he had said 'it might be in his power to take a great revenge on farmer Mayne,' or words to that effect; whilst a letter was produced from the accused to the farmer himself, intimating that one day he would be sorry for the oppression which he had exercised towards him and his. These two last facts were much relied upon as evincing malice, and implying a purpose of revenge from the accused towards the prosecutor; yet there were many who thought that the previous circumstances might well account for them without reference to the present occurrence, and that the conflagration of the ricks and farm-buildings might, under the spirit of the time (for fires were raging every night in the surrounding villages), be merely a remarkable coincidence. The young man himself simply denied the fact of setting fire to any part of the property or premises; enquired earnestly whether any lives had been lost, and still more earnestly after the health of Miss Lucy; and on finding that she had been confined to her bed by fever and delirium, occasioned, as was supposed, by the fright, ever since that unhappy occurrence, relapsed into a gloomy silence, and seemed to feel no concern or interest in the issue of the trial.

His friends, nevertheless, took kind and zealous measures for his defence—engaged counsel, sifted testimony, and used every possible means, in the assurance of his innocence, to trace out the true incendiary. Nothing, however, could be discovered to weaken the strong chain of circumstantial evidence, or to impeach the credit of the witnesses, who, with the exception of the farmer himself, seemed all friendly to the accused, and most distressed at being obliged to bear testimony against him. On the eve of the trial the most zealous of his friends could find no ground of hope except in the chances of the day; Lucy, for whom alone the prisoner asked, being still confined by severe illness.

The judges arrived, the whole terrible array of the special commission; the introductory ceremonies were gone through; the cause was called on, and the case proceeded with little or no devi-

ation from the evidence already cited. When called upon for his defence, the prisoner again asked if Lucy Mayne were in court? and hearing that she was ill in her father's house, declined entering into any defence whatsoever. Witnesses as to character, however, pressed forward—his old master, the attorney, the rector and curate of the parish, half the farmers of the village, everybody, in short, who ever had an opportunity of knowing him, even his reputed rival, Mr. Hawkins, who, speaking, he said, on the authority of one who knew him well, professed himself confident that he could not be guilty of a bad action—a piece of testimony that seemed to strike and affect the prisoner more than any thing that had passed;—evidence to character crowded into court;—but all was of no avail against the strong chain of concurrent facts; and the judge was preparing to sum up, and the jury looking as if they had condemned, when suddenly a piercing shriek was heard in the court, and pale, tottering, dishevelled, Lucy Mayne rushed into her father's arms, and cried out with a shrill despairing voice, that 'she was the only guilty; that she had set fire to the rick; and that if they killed George Owen for her crime, they would be guilty of murder.'

The general consternation may be imagined, especially that of the farmer, who had left his daughter almost insensible with illness, and still thought her light-headed. Medical assistance, however, was immediately summoned, and it then appeared that what she said was most true; that the lovers, for such they were, had been accustomed to deposit letters in one corner of that unhappy hay-rick; that having seen from her chamber-window George Owen leaving the yard, she had flown with a taper in her hand to secure the expected letter, and, alarmed at her father's voice, had run away so hastily, that she had, as she now remembered, left the lighted taper in the hay; that then the fire came, and all was a blank to her, until recovering that morning from the stupor succeeding to delirium, she had heard that George Owen was to be tried for his life for the effect of her carelessness, and had flown to save him she knew not how!

The sequel may be guessed: George was, of course, acquitted: every body, even the very judge, pleaded for the lovers; the young landlord and generous rival added his good word; and the school-master of Farley and his pretty wife are at this moment one of the best and happiest couples in his Majesty's dominions.

LOQUACITY.

Among the innumerable follies into which absolute ignorance, when combined with superficial accomplishments, may be said to invariably lead mankind, a fondness for much talking, will, I

think, in general, be found paramount. He who knows *something*, is modest enough to disclaim the assumption of knowledge; whereas, on the contrary, he who knows *nothing* is egotistically all credulous to imagine he knows *every thing*. Enter any mixed assembly and mark the conversation that occurs! Who speaks most frequently, and who at greatest length? Is it the scholar, the man of experience, and the genius? No—it is the untaught—the inexperienced and the *stultus*. *Learning* is the mother of silence, because it teaches us that humanity cannot soar beyond imperfection: a lesson which, however humiliating, *experience* is compelled to acknowledge, and *genius* is unable to impugn. But ignorance is a mental balloon inflated by the gas of presumption—it is hermetically sealed against the atmosphere of mendacious conviction—it rebounds from doubt, or caution, or reproof as a buck shot would recoil from the Leviathan—and, in a word, upon all occasions, it will be found *vox et preterea nihil*; a voice and nothing more—for as Dean Swift once judiciously remarked, it is easy to obtain egress from a church which contains but a scanty congregation; and it is more usual for men, who have but little judgment, to verbally rattle in society, than for individuals possessed of fine parts and extensive acquisitions to evince those parts and acquisitions with conversational volubility.

T

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh! revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-grey,
Too early Death, led on by care,
May snatch, save one dear lock, away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heav'n may long the stroke defer,
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her,
Pray for her at eve and morn!

H.

Merry Christmas to you.

STANZAS TO A YOUNG LADY.

The nightingale's song, from bower or brake,
 The flower on the forest tree;
 The midnight moon on the lonely lake,
 The foam on the sun-lit sea;
 Yea, every sound and every sight,
 That lures the ear or eye,
 May kindle the soul to a sense of delight,
 And prompt the impassioned sigh.

But nought hath such power from grief to wile,
 Or woo the heart to rejoice,
 As gentle woman's enlivening smile,
 And sweetly melodious voice;
 When candour and kindness, and sense and grace—
 And feeling and taste combine,
 To stamp such traits, on the youthful face,
 As those we beheld in thine.

A. W.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU;"

OR

WISHES NOT HORSES.

SIR,—Nobody wishes to be less troublesome than I do; but if anybody can give a satisfactory reason for what everybody does, perhaps, somebody will be so good as to tell me why the epithet "merry" is exclusively applied to this season of the year, when eighteen hundred and thirty two proofs of its inapplicability have stared the world in the face. Is it merry, when you put your feet out of bed in the morning, to feel as if you put them into a pail of cold water? Is it merry to have your back-bone iced? Is it merry to have raw steaks on your plate, and raw *chaps* on your hand? Is it merry to have rent and taxes to pay? Is it merry, when you put your nose out of doors, to encounter a north-east wind which you could swear was made at Sheffield? Is it merry to slip, to break a button off your trowsers, and then to be told that it's fine *bracing* weather? Is it merry to meet with cold friends? Is half-melted snow merry? Is a fog merry? Is sleet merry? Assuredly, to my thinking none of these things are in themselves merry—however meritorious in us it may be to bear them patiently. But I anticipate; you will hear my adventure upon Christmas Monday, and then judge whether or not my complaints are seasonable.

All sorts of people wish me "a merry Christmas," though most of them do something to me at the same time which prevents the

possibility of its being so. I took possession of a new house on Sunday last. The rain found its way through the ceiling in the night, and I awoke on Monday morning with an excruciating rheumatism. "A merry Christmas to you, Sir," said the servant as she opened the shutters and enlightened me as to the cause of my sufferings. "Thank you," said I, as well as a fresh twinge would let me. I got up with plenty of rheum in my head and plenty of smoke in my room, with one pain more than I wanted in my body, and one pane less than I wanted in my window. The water in my wash-hand stand was frozen, and the water sent me to shave with scarcely warm. My tooth-brushes were lumps of ice, and I cut my chin with my razor just as my daughter tapped at my room-door and called out "Merry Christmas, Papa." At length, my dressing completed, I resolved to give the servant one for sending me the luke-warm water, so I ran down stairs and over the cook with the boiling kettle in her hand; "You'll find this hotter, Sir," said she, as she spilled some over me, and wished me a "merry Christmas." Half an hour after my time, I sat down to a hasty breakfast—"A merry Christmas to you, my dear," said my wife; "and let me have some money, will you, before you go out?" "Thank you," said I. "What colour will you have the parlour curtains?" said she. "Any colour," "dun, if you like."—"Dun!" said she, and bang came a single knock at the street door—"You're wanted, Sir," and out I went. A bird of prey with a long bill stood on the mat. "My master wishes you a merry Christmas, Sir, and says he won't wait any longer for his money." Tell him he's one of those over-polite people who mistake pressing for kindness," said I, and, snatching my hat, I rushed past him, and out of the house. This brought me into contact with the baker's man, who half covered me with flour and wished me a "merry Christmas," just as I had put my foot on a slide and tumbled on my back. I made him no answer, for I only caught his words as I fell.

Cut, bruised, scalded, and too late, I took a cabriolet. "I hope," said the waterman, "your honour will give me a trifle, to drink your health this Christmas." I was about to do so—"Ah, thank your honour," said he; "and a merry Christmas to you." As if at the very sound of the words, the horse made a plunge, tripped, fell on his side, threw me out, and scattered my silver in all directions. As I lay sprawling, a malicious friend, who was driving past in his gig, called out, "a merry Christmas to you, Tom." The situation was comical in spite of all; so I burst out laughing, and my lip burst out bleeding. As the cabriolet had dropped me, I dropped it—and walked. Several friends whom I met, wished me "a merry Christmas," but I had bitten the dust and swallowed the fog, and I couldn't answer them for coughing. While at my office, nobody called on me *with* money: but twenty people called on me *for* some, in the shape of Christmas boxes,—the only change I got, in each case, being, "A merry Christmas to

"you, Sir." Never mind, thought I; I am engaged to a capital dinner, and shall meet a jolly party.

The time approached, and I left the office. At the door, I was met by an urchin, who wished me "a merry Christmas," showed me his Christmas piece, and asked me for a Christmas-box. Out of all patience, I told him I had no peace at Christmas myself, and gave him a Christmas-box on the ear—promising, if he came again, that I would give him another, another year. Leaving him, I encountered a creaking old neighbour, who drawled out, in a most dismal tone of voice, "merry Christmas to you, friend; the cholera's spreading fast, I perceive." Arrived almost within a street's length of the promised feast, I heard a strange voice behind me say, "merry Christmas to you, Sir;" at the same time, I felt a familiar tap on the shoulder, and, turning round, beheld John Doe and Richard Roe. I was marched off to a lock-up house; "a merry Christmas to you," said the keeper, as he turned the key upon me, and left me in a room without food or fire. I summoned, in succession, three supposed friends, who, one after another, refused to bail me,—but each wished me "a merry Christmas" as he went away. Disappointed and wretched, I sent for an attorney of the Insolvent Court, who told me that, as soon as I could let him have ten pounds to begin with, I might send for him again. As he was going, I called after him, to inquire how soon he thought I could get liberated. "About the end of March," he answered; and wishing me "a merry Christmas" shut the door.

For the last fifteen years—that is to say, ever since I have been married and *unsettled*—such, or some such, has been *my* comic annual. What wonder, then, if I hate the sound of that which is to me *but* a sound?—if I begin to doubt whether there is, in reality, any such thing as a merry Christmas—and if the one solitary pleasure I felt on Monday last, was not in giving sixpence to a melancholy mendicant, in return for his reminding me that "it only came once a year."

NOTES OF A READER.

NO. I.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF ROME.

The following curious origin of the name of Rome is given by Mr. Dryden, in his translation of Plutarch's *Lives*. A certain number of Trojan warriors escaped from the siege of Troy, and succeeded in anchoring their vessels in the Tiber, near the spot occupied by Rome. The wives of these worthies, at the instigation

of a lady named *Roma*, set fire to their ships, and consequently cut off their means of leaving the place by water. They settled, therefore, at Rome, built the city, and named it after the noble dame, who caused their detention. "From this," continues our translator, "came the custom at Rome for women to salute their husbands and kinsmen with kisses, because those women, after they had burnt the ships, did make use of such like allurements to pacify their husbands, and allay the displeasure they had conceived.—DRYDEN'S PLUTARCH, VOL. I. p. 91, 2.

EXTRACTS FROM FULLER.

Philosophers place *memory* in the rear of the head, and it seems the mine of memory lies here, because these men naturally dig for it—scratching it when they are at a loss.

Fancy is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul: for while the understanding and the will are kept, as it were in *libera custodia* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, the fancy is free from all engagements: it digs without space, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without blood-shed: in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world: by a kind of omnipotency creating and annihilating things in an instant. And things divorced in nature are married in fancy as in a lawless place.

Infant Smiles.—Some, admiring what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved—how truly, I know not—that then they converse with angels, as indeed, such cannot among mortals find any fitter companions.

Such is the sociableness of *Music*, it conforms itself to all companies both in mirth and mourning, complying to improve that passion, with which it finds the auditors most affected. In a word, it is an invention, which might have beseeemed a son of Seth to have been the father thereof: though bitter it was that Cain's great-grand child should have the credit first to find it, than the world the unhappiness longer to have wanted it.

Beautiful Thought.—*St. Monica*, drawing near to death, sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness, through the chinks of her sickness-broken-body.

Waller has versified this in the well-known lines:—

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks which time hath made."

An *Elder Brother* is one, who makes haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well-rewarded for his trouble.

A *Good Master*, in correcting his servants, becomes not a slave to his own passion. Not cruelly making new indentures of the flesh of his apprentice. He is tender of his servant in sickness and age. If crippled in his service, his house is his hospital. Yet how

many throw away those dry bones, out of the which themselves have sucked the marrow!

Horses are man's wings, wherewith they make such speed. A generous creature, a horse is, sensible in some sort of honour: and made most handsome by that which deforms men most—pride.

Camden.—It is most worthy observation how he (Camden) enquired after ancient places, making hue and cry after many a city which was run away, and by certain marks and tokens pursuing to find it; as by the situation on the Roman highways, by just distance from other ancient cities, by some affinity of name, by tradition of the inhabitants, by Roman coins digged up, and by some appearance of ruins. A broken urn is a whole evidence, or an old gate, still surviving, out of which the city is run out. Beside, commonly some spruce town, not far off, is grown out of the ashes thereof, which hath so much natural affection, as dutifully to own those reverend nuns for her master.

PIETY OF THE GOTHs.

A Roman General, in the latter ages of the empire, and the first of christianity, having sworn to the Goths to observe certain conditions, he was asked, whether he swore by his God, or by the head of the Emperor (Honorius). "For," said they, "if you swear by the Almighty, and committed perjury, you might be absolved from your vow; but if you swear by the life (*caput*) of the Emperor, you must observe your oath under the penalty of treason, perjury, and impiety. *Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!*"

ROMAN INTEREST.

It is observed, that in calculating their Interest, the Romans divided the principal into one hundred parts, one of which they allowed to be taken *monthly*, and this, which was the highest rate of interest permitted, they called *usurae centissimæ* amounting yearly to 12 per cent. Now, as the *as*, a Roman pound, was commonly used to express any integral sum and was dividible into 12 parts or *unciae*, these 12 monthly payments or *unciae* were therefore held annually to amount to one pound or *ausuarius*; and so the *usurae asses* were synonymous with the *usurae centissimæ*. All the lower rates of Interest were denominated according to the relation they bore to this centissimal usury: for the several multiples of the *unciae*, or duodecimal parts of the *as*, were known by different names according to their different combinations: sextans, quadrans, triens, quincunx, semis, septunx, bes, dodrans, dextrans, deunx, containing respectively 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 *unciae* or duodecimal parts of an *as*.

TABLE OF ROMAN INTEREST.

<i>Usurae.</i>	<i>Assis partes.</i>	<i>Per Annum.</i>
Asses sive Centissimæ	- - - integer	- - - 12 per centum.
Deunces	- - - 11-12	- - - 11
Dextrantes, vel Deunces	- - - 5-6	- - - 10

Dodrantes	- - - - -	$\frac{1}{2}$	- - - - -	9 per centum
Besses	- - - - -	$\frac{2}{3}$	- - - - -	8
Septunces	- - - - -	7-12	- - - - -	7
Semisses	- - - - -	$\frac{1}{2}$	- - - - -	6
Quincunces	- - - - -	5-12	- - - - -	5
Trientes	- - - - -	$\frac{1}{3}$	- - - - -	4
Duadrantes	- - - - -	$\frac{1}{4}$	- - - - -	3
Sextantes	- - - - -	1-6	- - - - -	2
Unciæ	- - - - -	1-12	- - - - -	1

COLERIDGE'S "FRIEND."

The most extraordinary book ever written in the English language is, without exception, "The Friend: a Series of Essays, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Whether we regard the matter it contains, or the manner in which that matter is arranged, or the headlong or rambling eloquence of the style—let us regard it how we will, it is, in truth, a marvellous work. The author's description of Sir Thomas Brown, as a writer, will apply, in a great measure, to himself. Rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions; contemplative, imaginative; often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction. But, it is, after all, a book which few have read; and, what is more, which few *can* read. Young J.—, the barrister, says it always gives him the head-ache to read more than three pages; and I have heard older men make the same remark. Yet, it is really a splendid example of mental magnificence. What can be more forcibly eloquent than the following passage?—"The example of France is indeed a 'warning to Britain.'" A nation wading to their rights through blood, and marking the track of Freedom by devastation. Yet let us not embark our feelings against our reason. Let us not indulge our malignant passions under the mask of humanity. Instead of railing with infuriable declaration against these excesses, we shall be more profitably employed in developing the sources of them. French Freedom is the beacon, which, if it guides to equality, should shew us likewise the dangers that throng the road.

"The annals of the French Revolution have recorded in letters of blood, that the knowledge of the few cannot counteract the ignorance of the many; that the light of philosophy, when it is confined to a small minority, points on the possessors as the victims, rather than the illuminators, of the multitude. The patriots of France either hastened into the dangerous and gigantic error of making certain evil the means of contingent good, or were sacrificed by the mob, with whose prejudices and ferocity their unbending virtue forbade them to assimilate. *Like Sampson, the people were strong—like Sampson, the people were blind. Those two massy pillars of the temple of Oppression—their Monarchy and Aristocracy,*

*"With horrible convulsion to and fro
They tugg'd, they shook; till down they came and drew*

*The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath—
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors and Priests,
Their choice nobility!*"—FRIEND, VOL. II. p. 242, 3.

From the same Essay, I transcribe the following eloquent appeal. It has been, in part, obeyed by the foundation of the blessed institutions—" *Infant Schools*."

"Go, preach the Gospel to the poor." By its simplicity, it will meet their comprehension, by its benevolence soften their affections, by its precepts, it will direct their conduct, by the vastness of its motives ensure their obedience. The situation of the poor is perilous: they are, indeed, both

"From within and from without
Unarmed to all temptations."

Prudential reasonings will, in general, be powerless with them. For the incitements of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched:—

The world is not *my* friend, nor the world's law,
The world has got no law to make *me* rich.

They, too, who live *from hand to mouth*, will most frequently become improvident. Possessing no stock of happiness, they eagerly seize the gratifications of the moment, and *snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them*. Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend on association. We love an object, if, as often as we see and recollect it, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But alas! how should *he* glow with the charity of father and husband, who gaining scarcely more than his own necessities demand, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children—not as the soothers of finished labor, but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced, the tyranny of the *Present* can be overpowered only by the ten-fold mightiness of the *Future*. Religion will cheer his gloom with her promises, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great Revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden reception of a less degree of amelioration in this world.—FRIEND, VOL. II., p. 257, 8.

To relieve the mind from the intense labour of following up the reasoning of the author, lighter essays, are interspersed, which have been principally called "*landing-places, or essays interposed for amusement, retrospect, and preparation*." One of these—it is in the sacred volume—is a pathetic tale, so beautifully told, albeit a tale of humble life—that he must have, indeed, a hard heart, who can peruse it unmoved. "The account," we are informed by Mr. Coleridge, "was published in the city (Nuremberg) and in the same year I read it, when I was in Germany, and the impression made on my memory was so deep, that though I

relate it in my own language and with my own feelings, and in reliance on the fidelity of my recollection, I dare vouch for the accuracy of the narration in all important particulars." The story, in itself is simple enough. MARIA ELEONORA SCHÖNING was the daughter of a Nuremberg wire-drawer. She received her unhappy existence at the price of her mother's life, and at the age of seventeen she followed as the sole mourner, the bier of her remaining parent. From her thirteenth year she had passed her life at her father's sick bed, and beheld the diet of heaven only when she went to fetch food or medicines. "She grew up in tears, a stranger to the amusements of youth, and its more delightful schemes and imaginations. She was not, however, unhappy. She attributed, indeed, no merit to her virtues, but for that reason were they the more her reward. *The peace, which passeth all understanding*, disclosed itself in all her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance, like a steady, unshadowed moon-light; and her voice, which was naturally at once sweet and subtle, came from her, like the fine flute-tones of a masterly performer, which still floating at some uncertain distance, seem to be created by the player, rather than to proceed from the instrument. If you had listened to it in one of those brief sabbaths of the soul, when the activity and discursiveness of the thoughts are suspended, and the mind quietly eddies round, instead of flowing onward—(as at late evening in the spring I have seen a bat wheel in silent circles round and round a fruit-tree in full blossom, in the midst of which, as within a close tent of the purest white, an unseen nightingale was piping its sweetest notes)*—in such a mood you might have half-fancied, half-felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own,—that it was a living something, whose mode of existence was for the ear only: so deep was her resignation, so entirely had it become the unconscious habit of all she did or said—so perfectly were both her movements and her utterance without effort and without the appearance of effort!" But this affectionate and gentle being was turned out of her home—"like an unfledged dove fallen from its mother's nest"—by the officers of the commission court, the whole of the property which her father had left, having been confiscated to the City Treasury, because the deceased had not regularly paid the losung, or ransom tax. "The night came, and Maria knew not where to find a shelter. She tottered to the church-yard of St. James' church in Nuremberg, where the body of her father rested. Upon the yet grassless grave she threw herself down; and could anguish have prevailed over youth, *that night she had been in heaven*. The day came; and like a guilty

* This is a good specimen of Mr. Coleridge's management of a parenthesis, but the one here quoted is brief in comparison with many. This conversation—which is equally elegant and poetical as his writings, is the most remarkable I ever heard, and abounds with these "discussive" sallies.

thing, this guiltless, this good being stole away from the crowd that began to pass through the church-yard, and hastening through the streets to the city-gate, she hid herself behind a garden hedge, and there wept away the second day of her desolation. The evening closed in: the pang of hunger made itself felt amid the dull aching of self-wearied anguish, and drove the sufferer back again into the city. Yet what could she gain there? She had not the courage to beg, and the very thought of stealing never occurred to her innocent mind. Scarce conscious whither she was going, or why she went, she found herself once more by her father's grave, as the last relict of evening faded away in the horizon. I have sate for some minutes with my pen resting. I can scarce summon the courage to tell, what I scarce know, whether I ought to tell. Were I composing a tale of fiction, the reader might justly suspect the purity of my own heart, and most certainly would have abundant right to resent such an incident as an outrage wantonly offered to his imagination. As I think of the circumstance, it seems more like a distempered dream. Alas! what is guilt so detestable other than a dream of madness—that worst of madness—the madness of the heart? I cannot but believe, that the dark and restless passions must first have drawn in the mind upon themselves, and as with the confusion of imperfect sleep, had in some strange manner taken away the sense of reality, in order to render it possible for a human being to perpetrate what it is too certain that human beings have perpetrated. The church-yards in most of the German cities, and too often, I fear, in those of our own country, are not more injurious to health than to morality. Their former venerable character is no more. The religion of the place has followed its superstitions; and their darkness and loneliness tempt worse spirits to roam in them, than those whose nightly wanderings appalled the believing hearts of our brave forefathers! It was close by the new-made grave of her father, that the meek and spotless daughter became the victim to brutal violence, which weeping and watching and cold and hunger had rendered her utterly unable to resist. The monster left her in a trance of stupefaction, and into her right hand, which she had clenched convulsively, he had forced a half-dollar."

Poor Maria—now, indeed, almost maddened into misery, rushes frantically into the street, and is taken to the watch-house. After being discharged the next morning by the magistrate she forms the resolution of drowning herself in the river Pegnitz. In her way thither, however, she meets a soldier's wife, whom her father had occasionally employed as a chare-woman. The poor woman, alarmed at Maria's disordered apparel, and still more disordered looks, questions her as to the cause—and—to use the beautiful simile of an author—as a frightened child throws itself into the arms of its mother, and hiding its head on her breast, half tells amid sobs what has happened to it, so did she throw herself on the neck of the woman who had uttered the first words of kindness to her

since her father's death; and with loud weeping she related what she had endured, and what she was about to have done—told her all *her affliction and her misery, the wormwood and the gall!*

She goes home with the poor woman, and lives with her a whole year, when the efforts of the widow have failed, and herself, Maria, and two children are about to starve. Maria resolves to succour them—and in an extraordinary manner. By the regulations of the city, if the parents of a child were executed for any crime, the children were admitted into the orphan house, and there well provided for. Maria delivers herself up to the civil power as an infanticide, having, according to her own confession, been delivered of an infant by the soldier's wife—who, with herself, had deprived it of life. This wild fantasy procures for both the death so much desire. Harlin, the soldier's wife is beheaded—but the executioner was not wanted for Maria. She had already gone; and her body was found as cold as if she had been dead for many hours. The flower had been snapt in the storm, before the scythe of violence could come near it!

Such is a brief outline of one of the most tragic events which ever occurred—but it is impossible, even from the extracts I have given, to form an adequate conception of the powerful diction in which it is narrated. It is one deep and moving poem from one end to the other.

R

INTRODUCTORY VERSES FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

The old have visions of their own, reflections of the past,
More lovely than reality, from memory's mirror cast;
For to the pensive eye of age, how beautiful appears,
Each object that recalls to mind, the days of youthful years,
All things of ocean, earth, or sky, the tender or sublime,
That soothed or stirred the heart and soul, in life's voluptuous prime:
The stately forest mantling o'er the mighty mountain's side,
Or gay parterre, profusely clad in all its floral pride.
Each flower that bloomed beside our path, is dearer to our view,
The very weed we trampled on, is robed in beauty's hue.
We love each well-remembered sound, recalling pleasures gone,
Young Zephyr's sympathetic sigh, old ocean's sterner tone;
The lov'rock's lively orison, the throstle's vesper song,
The cooing of the cushat dove, the greenwood glades among;
The relics too, of those we loved, are hoarded up with care,
However trifling in themselves, a ring or lock of hair,
To each successive glance, they seem, more lovely than before,
And still the older they become, we value them the more.
Then, friends of mine, your off'rings bring, secure that they will here
Be cherish'd thus, and valued more, thro' each succeeding year;
Neglected, they will bloom again, like seeds at random cast,
When they become, as soon they must, memorials of the past.

A. W.

STANZAS.

(Written under a picture of Scottish flowers.)

Early feelings are gone, early friends are no more,
 And the mind but remembers their loss to deplore;
 But with thought of the flowers of our far father land,
 We feel our brows brighten, our bosoms expand;
 Uncultur'd they flourish, they die without pain,
 And the spring-tide revives them in beauty again.

All that liv'd, all that lov'd, are departed or chang'd,
 Forgetting, forgotten, or dead or estranged:
 But we know that the bright blooming copse and the wild wood
 Still shade and adorn the lov'd land of our childhood;
 That the primrose and gowan still border her fountains,
 That the furze and the heather still mantle her mountains

A. W.

ELLEN SEYMOUR.

In my earlier days, it was frequently my custom to pass the summer afternoons in the pretty village church-yard of S——, and amuse myself by reading the epitaphs of the numerous "gentle and simple," whose last resting places surrounded me. There finding food for the imagination, in ideas of the state and family of those who slumbered beneath the more elegant monuments, and of the domestic happiness and comfort of those, whose records were more humble, has many an hour rolled away more pleasantly, than when engaged in the jovial games of my light-hearted companions.

I recollect, at this distant period, that there was one tomb which particularly attracted my attention. In the midst of mementos of a noble family, who had formerly been the lords of that part of the country, a small white tablet, engraved with the name of Ellen Seymour, peeped from beneath clusters of violets and the monthly rose, contrasting with its young and fresh appearance, the ivy-grown mausoleums of the now forgotten nobility. Often and often had I endeavoured to discover over whom this simple tablet had been reared; I knew not the name in the village, and all my enquiries on the subject had been vain, until one day the following anecdote was related to me by an old man, whom I afterwards learned was the son of a domestic of the family, of which Ellen Seymour was a member.

In the summer of 1791, the family of Mr. Seymour, which consisted only of himself and daughter, visited France: and, amidst the pleasures of its gay metropolis, contracted an intimacy with the young Phillippe de la Cour, and this acquaintance was again renewed by the murder of Louis the Sixteenth, in January 1793, which brought many of the lovers of the *ancien regime* to England.

At Seymour house, Phillippe de la Cour found a return of that hospitality he had displayed in his native land, and the pang and misery of exile were softened and subdued by the kindness of his English friends. Beautiful in person, of an accomplished mind, and amiable disposition, she was the idol of her father's tenants, and it seemed as though envy itself was lost in the contemplation of her charms, for she moved the centre of a circle within whose magic circumference, a principle of holy love alone existed.

Being an only child, the affections of her father, who had long been a widower, were lavished upon her, and nothing, which by any possibility could contribute to her happiness had been a moment denied her, yet with all this indulgence she knew not one selfish feeling, but would, at any time, sacrifice her own personal comfort, rather than that others should suffer the slightest inconvenience. Equals and inferiors (superiors she had none) ever bore testimony to her goodness of heart, and endeavoured to compete with each other in manifestations of their regard to her.

It was not to be wondered at, that Phillippe de la Cour, whose fine spirit and noble feeling were objects of delight with every one, should have found favor in the eyes of the lovely Ellen, nor was it possible that his heart could have remained long unimpressed by the force of so many charms. Still, the thought of more than friendship never entered into either mind, and although, perhaps, an expression of deep enthusiasm, and even passion, might now and then escape his lips, it was never construed as a confession of an affection beyond that of simple regard. Thus, in the society of each other, several months passed away, until Phillippe received a communication from his agent at Paris, requesting his immediate appearance, in order to settle certain affairs, which could not be done away from the spot. Arrangements for his entry into and departure from Paris were made so secretly, that to all appearance he would be able to elude the pursuit of the blood-thirsty emissaries of the Republic, who were always vigilantly on the search for suspected persons. At this moment, and not till now, did he perceive to what extent he loved, and fears of a thousand kind, both for himself and his beloved, racked and tortured his mind. At length, only one day would elapse before his departure, and he formed the resolution of baring his whole soul, and unfolding his dearest wishes before her. They took their accustomed walk, but a deep melancholy pervaded each bosom, and in place of the sprightly conversation, which usually sweetened the walk, a silence was kept by both parties; at length, Ellen said, "Then you go to-morrow, Phillippe, but ere we part, I have one request to make, which is, that in whatever circumstances you may be placed, you will, throughout your journey, gaze, as we both do now, on the sunset, that there may be a consolation to us to think we are daily engaged in the same delightful occupation, and this employment will make the sunset hour sacred to the memory, and the more deeply engrave each others names on our hearts."

"Ah! Ellen," replied he, "there is no wish of yours, but finds an echo in my bosom, would that mine also were thus responded by your own."

"And why not," asked she, "is there aught I can perform I would refuse you?"

"Love me," he exclaimed, "love me and make life what it was intended for—a blessing."

"I do love you, my father loves you, every one loves you, Phillippe."

You mistake me, Ellen: the love, I ask, is that absorbing sentiment which engrosses the whole feelings of the soul, not a thought is engendered in my mind of which you are no sharer—not a hope have I in which you bear no part—not a prayer do I utter in which your name is forgotten—absent or present, sleeping or waking, still you are present to me—such is the passion I bear for you, such I ask from you." We need not pursue this conversation farther, let it suffice, that mutual vows were pledged, and two days afterwards Phillippe de la Cour was on his passage back to his native land.

The plan of his agent had been so well designed, that he reached Paris, and having wound up his affairs, as well as under present circumstances, it was possible for him to do, the breaking out of the "Reign of Terror" determined him to remain for a while concealed in the retreat, he and his friends had chosen, for indeed to have been recognized as an adherent of the Bourbons, would have been immediate death to him. An opportunity, however, happened of escape to him on the day of the procession and deification of the Goddess of Reason, and in the confusion, and amid the shouts of the impious multitude, he was fortunate enough to pass the gates of Paris. After undergoing a series of adventures, he arrived in safety at Toulon, yet was still in imminent danger, the city being besieged by the Revolutionary party. Here he witnessed such a succession of horrors, that it is a question if any of Bonaparte's after battles ever exceeded it in the carnage and destruction. The historians of that period have minutely described the miseries to which that devoted city was subjected, from the assault without and the commotions within, that to attempt an account now would be altogether useless, suffice it to say, that some of the adherents of monarchy escaped to the English ships, which, under the command of Lord Hood, were endeavouring from the harbour to protect the town.

With a party of about twenty, Phillippe entered a small fishing boat, and the wind, at that moment, proving favorable, he soon reached the Admiral's ship, which was then standing out to sea, but while in the act of ascending the vessel's side, a shot struck him in the back, and entering his heart, killed him on the spot.

A short while previous to this circumstance, Mr. Seymour had fallen a victim to a violent fever, and from the commencement of the attack, the cares of the anxious and affectionate daughter had been incessant. Already worn out by fatigue, and overcome by the

contemplation of her lonely situation, this new trial, the death of him, on whom she had built hopes of such unbounded happiness, plunged her into a depth of melancholy, which soon terminated her existence. The estates devolved upon a distant branch of the family, who reared this tablet to her memory, and frequently did the old tenants of her father visit her tomb, and shed the tear of sorrowful remembrance over the grave of Ellen Seymour.

•K•

A CHAPTER ON GHOSTS.

I believe in Ghosts. Mr. Coleridge may say that he has seen too many to credit their existence;—for all that I believe in Ghosts. No sensible man can do otherwise. Dr. Johnson was convinced that such things are; Sir Walter Scott has no doubt upon the subject; our ancestors were equally well assured of their credibility; and I am of the same opinion. The amiable and talented Shelley owns also that such are his sentiments:—

“While yet a boy I sought for Ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.”

This age is incredulous; a powerful scepticism prevails, and people will not be convinced of the existence of any thing spiritual except in a liquid state. But even many such are ‘above proof,’ and ‘spirits of wine’ are as difficult to swallow ‘a spirit of hell or goblin damned.’ ‘Seeing is believing,’ as the good woman exclaimed when she caught her demure husband kissing the maid; but because Ghosts are not so frequently visible as they used to be, are they to be abolished altogether from society? A most unheard-of atrocity!—a banishment less excusable than the ostracism of the Athenians. Sending a whole generation to Coventry, merely because they do not choose to appear before infidels, in a land of liberty like this, is a barbarity unequalled in the Celestial Empire, from the days of the Emperor of the Three Blue Umbrellas, which is eleven thousand years before the creation, to the present time.

Few are so fortunate in these degenerate times as to be visited by these substantial individuals. The age of Ghosts, like that of chivalry is gone. The world is too wicked to receive them; but I have strong hopes that after the Reform Bill has been passed, they will return to us again ‘in all their original brightness.’ No one now, by any chance in the world, enjoys an opportunity of beholding one, except at some minor theatre, where I once saw three in one night, radiant in white muslin and spangled shoes, and hold-

ing something red; but whether it was a carving knife, rubbed over with rosepink, or some 'identical bloody dagger,' I cannot possibly say. Those which have been seen of late years are poor things to such as appeared in my younger days.

In my infancy I was well grounded in Ghost lore; my nurse possessed an inexhaustible stock of stories of the kind, and all well authenticated. I profitted by her knowledge, and grew up with the strongest belief in their reality, which the doubts or the sneers of others have not since weakened in the least degree. I saw them even then. So soon as it became the 'witching hour of night,' terror generally kept me awake; I beheld unnatural faces peeping through the darkness, and then not daring to cry out or scarcely to move, I huddled myself under the bedclothes, trembling from head to foot, till I fell asleep. When I could read I devoured legends of terror, and ghost-stories of all descriptions, without entertaining so much as a doubt of their truth: but I was particularly careful of not being left alone in the dark. As I grew older, I read Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, Maturin and the German Romances, Horace Walpole and Clara Reeve—in fact, all authors who dealt in the supernatural; and they were to me as food, and drink, and raiment. I read them all day, and frequently all night; stealing bits of candle from the kitchen, to enable me to continue my occupation after the rest of the family had retired to bed. I recollect one melancholy evening, about midnight, I was deeply engaged in perusing a most delightfully horrible romance, when just as I got to a passage where, in some subterranean chamber noises are heard, denoting the approach of an unearthly visitant, the candle wanted snuffing; I thought it burned blue; I was deeply excited by the scene I had been reading, and was just approaching a most serious *denouement*. I snuffed the candle, when, O, horrible catastrophe! I was left in the dark. Here was a situation for a reader of romances—here a predicament for a believer in ghosts! I looked fearfully round, and was going to move, when I heard a noise—I am ignorant of what further occurred, except that the next morning I found myself in bed with my clothes on.

About that time ghosts frequently appeared to me. I remember once, when on a visit at a very ancient mansion in a dreary part of the country, I had discovered in the library a number of old romances, which I read with my accustomed avidity. Going, one very gloomy night, to change one volume for the succeeding one, I had to pass through a long gallery; I proceeded with rather a suspicious sort of confidence, as my mind was full of the horrible story I had been perusing. I heard strange noises as I proceeded, mingled with howling and shrieking, not at all pleasing. I began to feel a little frightened, but endeavoured to keep up my courage by whistling. I put my mouth in the usual position, but not a sound could I produce. The candle which I carried threw an uncertain light on all around, making the most horrible figures out of what became, on a close acquaintance, a piece of rusty armour on

an old picture. I heard foot-steps following, and when my head was on the door of the library, I took a hasty glance over my left shoulder, and beheld a black figure of most extraordinary length within a short distance. I dropt the candle and the book, and took to my heels with the most marvellous rapidity. I told the servants what I had beheld; they crowded round me with wondering eyes; ever afterwards devoutly believed that the eastern gallery was haunted, and nothing could prevail upon them to enter it alone after dark. The old butler, a complete heretic on such matters, denounced my tale as a fiction, and actually had the impudence to affirm that I had allowed myself to be frightened by the moaning of the wind, the echo of my own footsteps, and my shadow on the wainscoat. Most preposterous! I never liked that fellow after; but he was soon obliged to change his opinion, for one day he was missed after dinner, and was discovered during the evening, perfectly insensible in the wine cellar.

My ghost-seeing propensities got known, and I got quizzed; but I still continued in communication with the inhabitants of another world. One afternoon, shortly after dusk, I had been reading in the summer-house during the day, and as it was nearly dark I thought of going into the house. I was walking slowly along the garden, when I was horror-struck by observing a tall figure in white approaching me with long and rapid strides. I stood rooted to the ground—my hair stood up as perpendicular as Carolus Wilson, and my knees became on the most familiar footing with each other. The figure passed me—I looked round, and it had disappeared. I hurried in as fast as my fears would let me, and in a wild and unconnected manner communicated the extraordinary occurrence to my wandering auditors. Just as I had concluded, who should come in laughing in a most outrageous manner, but my oldest brother Dick, and he, interrupting his discourse by many bursts of merriment, told them how capitally he had frightened me, by walking on a pair of stilts in his mother's dressing-gown. They all joined most vociferously in the laugh at my expense, but I did not believe him; and nothing shall make me suppose that it was not a real ghost.

I have a very satisfactory conscience. I can credit any thing affirmed by supernatural historians. I would as soon think of doubting their testimony, as the whole ship's company who swore they saw the old biscuit-baker carried on the devil's back up Mount Stromboli. Sailors are famous for swearing, and their oaths are always impressive; therefore, if report speaks true, Belzebub had a very good right to his *booty*. Besides, ghosts are the most ancient family under the sun. One, the Witch of Endor called up before Saul, and others of the same amiable race were introduced to Macbeth. Then there is a whole generation of them brought forward in Richard the Third, and another very respectable personage in Hamlet. Some ignorant persons have assured me that the

latter are merely the ideal creations of the poet, but that is nonsense. What I see with my own eyes I'll believe.

I grew up less fearful, but more superstitious. I was strongly assured of their existence, but their repeated appearance had made them familiar to me. I now felt extremely anxious to question them, and to know from themselves the object of their visits. The village church had the reputation of being haunted;—I bribed the sexton, summoned up all my courage, and with a phosphorus box and candle, determined to watch for the ghost, and to catechise it when it came. I walked along the aisles with a firm step, ascended the pulpit, as the place best fitted for receiving *ghostly* counsel; lighted my candle, and fixed it in one of the branches which served to light the clergyman. I took out a book and began to read. All at once my candle went out. I thought it might arise from a sudden gust of wind, so I lit it without feeling alarmed; though there was not a breath stirring, in an instant after it was again extinguished. Things began to take a serious turn; but my courage was good, and I relighted it. I had no sooner done so than out it went. I experienced a slight agitation—it was mysterious and unaccountable, and it did not lessen my fear when I heard shrieks issuing from different parts of the building. I began to repent my folly, and felt my courage, like that of Acres, oozing out of my fingers' ends; but I took a good draught from a bottle of brandy I had brought with me, and it returned. I again lighted my candle, with a determination of finding the cause of its 'total eclipse.' I kept my eyes fixed upon the flame for several minutes; it seemed to burn steadily and clearly, but I fancied it had a considerable tinge of blue. All at once I felt something cold, like a clammy hand fresh from the tomb, touch my cheek, and again I was in darkness. I involuntarily put out my arms, but grasped nothing but the thin air. Horrible situation! to be alone at midnight in a haunted church; my heart beat audibly; a sort of shivering came over me, and had I not laid hold of the pulpit cushion, I should most probably have fainted. The shrieks were continued, and my fear increased. I wished myself at home among my friends, and cursed my ridiculous folly for placing myself in such an awkward and disagreeable situation. I again had recourse to *spiritual* influence, and not without a good effect; it roused my fainting spirits, and I rallied myself to a fresh exertion. For the last time I applied a lighted match to my extraordinary candle. I looked into the distant darkness, but I could not penetrate its gloom. The faint light thrown on the grim and antique monuments of the church, gave them by no means a prepossessing appearance. I fancied once or twice that I saw them move, but I think I must have been deceived. I thought I observed something dark moving in the distance; I strained my eyes to discover the object, but it disappeared. Presently it was again visible, swimming about the air in a most supernatural manner. It came nearer—approached me!—and gracious Heaven! I saw—O horrible mockery!—a bat!!

It was long afterwards before I again saw anything uncorporeal, except the *Anatomie Vivante*, and the skeleton of the gigantic whale. I grew up almost forgetful of their being. I fell in love—with an angel, of course—a spirit of a very different form and nature to any other acquaintances. I got married, and eleven small children are the pledges of our connubial bliss. One night, as my wife was giving me the most comfortable assurance of her being locked in the arms of Morpheus or Orpheus—(which is it?)—I heard a noise!—a fearful, unaccountable, and mysterious noise: bump—bump—bump. I listened—it repeated. It struck me that it might be caused by thieves. I instantly drew on my inexpressibles, armed myself with the poker, and left the room without disturbing my wife. I went down stairs into all the rooms, saw that the doors were safe; beheld nothing but a rat running across the pantry, and heard nothing but the chirping of the crickets in the kitchen. I went back, grumbling inwardly at myself for being so easily deceived, and just as I was in the act of divesting myself of my peculiars, I heard bump—bump—bump. I re-arranged them in the twinkling of a bed-post, and sallied out for a more careful search. I examined all the cupboards and cellars, but they were as still as the church-yard; and saw nothing but an assemblage of black beetles, whose *soirées* I had unintentionally disturbed. I again ascended the stairs in a worse humour than before, cursing my credulity for leading me into such a wild-goose-chase, on a raw night in November. I was getting into bed. Hush!—yes!—'tis that infernal sound again!—Bump—bump—bump! I began to think it no joke. All the stories I had read of awful voices heard at midnight came fresh on my mind. I felt assured of its being a supernatural visitation. I hesitated about proceeding—I did not possess so much relish for an interview as I formerly had. I thought that my spiritual communications were not likely to benefit my large family of small children; and as I had no particular desire to lose my 'sleeping partner,' I was charitable enough to imagine she had the same dislike to give up my society. While I was considering, I heard the same diabolical sound, as audible as the voice of the Member for Preston, when the House is visited with a catarrh, during one of his intellectual speeches. I arrayed myself in that garment which a well-bred author would never think of mentioning—that is, if he possesses one—but with little of the alacrity I had previously used. I must own I felt some repugnance to such an adventure; but I stole a look at my somnolent spouse, and thought that her night-cap never looked half so interesting. I became valiant.—Bump—bump—bump!—I felt a slight tremulousness, but it was a momentary weakness. I grasped the poker, and started up like a giant refreshed with wine.

Down stairs I proceeded. Not a mouse stirred. All was as tranquil as a calm at sea. Ha! what's that?—Two flaming eyes stared at me through the darkness. They shone like balls of fire.

The perspiration dropt down my face, and my limbs refused to perform their office. I held by the banisters, without scarcely daring to breathe. Still those horrible eyes glared at me with a strange fascination that transfixed me to the spot where I stood; neither could I take off my gaze. I was spell bound. I could see nothing but those demon-like optics, and I felt as if my senses were about to leave me. I tried to speak, but my tongue clove to my mouth. I thought of my unfortunate little ones, and my disconsolate better half. I thought of my sins, matrimonial and celibaceous. I thought how often I had kissed my mother's domestics during my state of single blessedness, and my heart smote me for the heinousness of such offences. I became somewhat refreshed after my remorse, and felt a returning presence of mind. I determined to speak to it, and know my fate at once. With a faltering voice and trembling limbs, I at last spoke out, "Ghost, Devil, or Spirit, or whatever else may be thy name or nature, vanish to thy unnatural abode; or if thou comest on any errand, speak thy object and depart in peace." I waited with the most intense anxiety to see the effect produced by my eloquence. I saw the flaming orbs advance nearer to me with a pit-pat-pit sort of a sound, and heard a long-drawn *mew*. 'Damn the cat?' I exclaimed in a rage, and hurried up stairs into my bed.

I discovered the next morning, that puss had stolen the best part of a leg of mutton, which had been left in the supper-room, and her efforts to drag it from stair to stair, had created those *bumps*, which would have puzzled a better phrenologist than myself to have defined. The last of my ghostly visitations happened a short time since. To my inconsolable grief, my amiable rib eloped with a corpulent Ensign in the Surrey Militia, leaving all my little ones 'at one fell swoop.' I regretted her loss. She had a style of giving lectures, which might have qualified her for a professorship, and her cherry-bounce was magnificent. My first design was to follow the spoiler of my domestic felicity, and blow out his brains. I loaded my pistols, and buttoned up my gaiters. As I was placing the last button in its appropriate situation, with all the tranquil dignity of an insulted husband, I recollected the unsuccessful result of my enquiries as to the place of their flight. For all I knew to the contrary, they might be in the Antipodes eating the production of the breadfruit tree, with the hospitable descendants of John Adams. I gave up my purpose, and resigned myself to my fate. I rocked my little ones to sleep, and sang 'Sweet Home' to them seven several times, in as many different keys. I was overpowered with my melancholy feelings, and wiped away the sympathetic tears with the corners of my night-cap, while I got into my cold and comfortless bed. I had a dream of a very disagreeable nature:—

* Methought I saw my late espoused saint,*

sitting in the gardens of White Conduit House, drinking tea with

the fat ensign of the Surrey Infantry. My blood boiled; an intense feeling of hate seemed to possess me, and I loathed the obesity of his person as I abominate salt-cod and parsnips. I thirsted for his life. Aye! the milk of human kindness was turned sour within me, and my heart yearned for a deep and terrible revenge. I took a pen-knife from my pocket, and, desperately inclined, I pounced upon them like a kawk upon a pair of amorous sparrows. My wife screamed in her usual manner, and turned as white as her own apron. As for him, the vile seducer, I caught him by the tail of his military coat as he was trying to slink away, and held over him the bloodthirsty weapon in a manner truly dramatic. I was just preparing to plunge it into his diabolical breast, when he turned round and discharged a pistol at me. The ball went directly under my fifth rib, and lodged in my heart; and I fell with such force, that it awoke me. I jumped up—rubbed my eyes, and scratched my elbows, and looked around me. I could see nothing, but I heard a strange rumbling noise, followed by a rattling like the shaking of human bones. I listened, and it continued. A stream of light came from a crack in the shutters, and I fancied that I saw a figure pass across. A thought of midnight assassins made me jump out of bed in a fit of desperate valour. I armed myself with my father's heavy broadsword, who had been a member of the City Light Horse, and trod softly towards the window. With one hand I cautiously opened the shutters, as I held my outstretched weapon in the other; the light streamed into the room, but I could discover nothing. I then proceeded to poke my sword into all the corners of the room, and under the bed, but it produced no effect. I began to consider myself the victim of some strange delusion, when, as I approached the fire-place, I beheld by the uncertain light from the window, the most awful and terrible figure human sight had ever witnessed—

“ ——— Black it stood, as night;
Fierce as furies, terrible as hell!”

The sword dropt from my grasp—my limbs shook with more than mortal agony—I dropt upon my knees, and began saying my prayers, louder, and with more sincerity than I had ever used in my life! when, to my unspeakable horror, I heard an unearthly voice exclaim—‘Crikey Cill! if I arn’t come down the wrong chimney.’

SONNET.

In beauty's brightest guise, I've seen thee shine,
When pleasure flushing o'er thy forehead rare,
Glow'd thro' the ringlets of thy light-brown hair,
I've deem'd that more than mortal charms were thine;
When to thy voice of thrilling melody,
Affection lent a softer, heav'nlier tone,
And with the light of love, thy mild eye shone,
Gladd'ning the heart of him who gaz'd on thee.

Yet art thou not less lovely when, as now,
 Kind sympathy and chast'ned sadness fling
 A milder radiance o'er thy pensive brow,
 In blended shades, serene, yet varying,
 Like the soft light which marks the close of day,
 When ev'ning's red is melting into grey.

A. W.

EXTRACTS FROM THE
JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

Who travelled through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Flanders
 and Italy, at the commencement of the last century.

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. II., PAGE 108.)

I must mention here, also, another particular about Worms that I met with by chance, a few days ago, in the Commentary of Mr. Huldricus's supposed history of the pretended "Rabbi Juchanan Ben Saccai," concerning Jesus Christ: (a book which, by the bye, is truly detestable in itself; and in my opinion, would have been much better not to have been published in Latin). This fool of a Jew, (I mean Juchanan,) who was born at Worms, as we have very strong reasons to conjecture: this Rabbin, I say, pretends that there were Jews at Worms a long time before the coming of our Messias; and that Herod sent expresses to them, to consult what should be done with him; and that their synagogues at Worms voted all for the saving of his life, whence he concludes that the Jews of Worms ought to be distinguished from the others, and favoured by the Christians. And, indeed, Mr. Wagenseilius, who is cited by the commentator, says, that "there are some Jews at Worms that have better notions of Jesus Christ than the rest of the Jews have." Mr. Huldricus says, also, (in quoting Rabbi Gedalia) that the Jews of Worms believe that the "Tetragrammaton" is written (invisibly) in the roof of their synagogue; which is the reason why they never touch it with a broom, to wipe off the spiders and cobwebs.

NUREMBERG.—We also saw the library; it is in a cloister which formerly belonged to the Dominicans, and contains, as they say, twenty thousand volumes. This was collected out of the ruins of several convents, in the time of the reformation. The most antient manuscript, that they could not find, is, they say, nine hundred years old; it is a copy of the Gospels, with prayers and hymns then used in the Greek Church. I observed a book which was printed at Spire,* in the year 1446; but there might be an error in the figures, for they shewed us another of the impression of

* It is a treatise on Predestination.—Ed.

Faustus, at Mentz, in 1459, at the end of which, there is an advertisement which tells us 'that this book was not written by the hand, but was printed by an admirable secret newly invented.' It is probable that this was the first impression which was made at Mentz; and if it be so, there is no ground to suppose that another book was printed at Spire, thirteen years before; nor had Faustus any reason to boast so much of his new secret. I have heard, that there is another impression of Durandus' *Officiale* at Basil, printed by Faustus in the same year, 1459.

They keep in this library many rarities and curious antiquities, but they are not comparable to those that are in the cabinet of Mr. Viati. We saw at this gentleman's house, a pretty large chamber quite filled with divers arms of all countries, all uses, and all fashions. It is scarce to be conceived how one man, and he a private person, who hath not the estate of a prince, or a very great lord, could make such a vast collection; for the number is very great, and I believe brought from the four corners of the world. He shewed us the experiment of a wind-gun, which is a very pretty but a most destructive invention, because with this engine great mischiefs were done afar off, and without any noise. From this chamber you may go into another, where there are rare pictures, medals, curious works, antient and modern, idols, shells, plants, minerals, and other natural productions.

The town house is very large, and has a very beautiful and well proportioned front, but it wants a court before it. When we went from thence, our friends brought us to the city cellar, which is two hundred and fifty paces long, and contains, as they told us, twenty thousand tons of wine. We must allow it to be a very fair cellar: but the truth is, such people as we, know not how to relish all the pleasures of it.

You know the Germans* are strange drinkers; there are no people in the world more obliging, civil, and officious; but they have terrible customs as to the point of drinking, which seems to be both their labour and recreation. There is not time given to speak three words in a visit, but presently comes the collation, or at least some large jars of wine, with a plate full of crusts of bread hashed with pepper and salt, a fatal preparative for such poor drinkers as we are. But before we proceed, I must give you an account of those sacred and inviolable laws that are afterwards to be observed. Every draught must be a health, and as soon as you have emptied your glass, you must present it full to him whose health you drunk. You must never refuse the glass which is presented, but drink it off to the last drop. Do but reflect a little on these customs, and see how it is possible to leave off drinking: and indeed, they never make an end,† but carouse in a perpetual round:

* *Germanorum vivere bibere est.*—Ed.

† The Duke of Rohan says, in his *Voyage*, that the Germans have succeeded better than all the mathematicians of the world in finding out the perpetual motion, by continual agitation of their cups.—Ed.

to drink in Germany is to drink eternally. Pardon my digression, and judge of our troublesome entertainments in the cellar. You must do penance there for some time, and at last hide yourself behind the casks, steal away, and make your escape.

You must further know, that the glasses are as much respected in this country, as the wine is beloved. They place them all *en parade*. The greatest part of the chambers are wainscoted to two-thirds of the walls, and the glasses are ranged all about upon the cornices of the wainscot, like pipes of organs; they begin with the little and end with the great ones; and these great ones are always used, and must be emptied at a draught, when there is any health of importance. At going out of the cellar, we went to a concert, where we hoped we should find nothing but music; but the bread, pepper, salt and wine followed us in such abundance, that an air was no sooner finished, but the whole company rose up to drink.

We saw yesterday, in the evening, some part of the celebration of a wedding. The future husband, accompanied with a long train of his relations, came first to the church. He walked from a house, which was not two hundred paces distant, whither he came in a coach. His bride, who was in the same place, followed a while after, being also attended by a great number of her friends. When both were come to the church, the bridegroom sat down with his company on one side, and the bride on the other, directly opposite to him; over each of their heads there was a figure of death upon the wall, whether designedly done I know not. They both approach the minister, who expected them in the midst of the choir: and after he had performed his office, four or five trumpets, which were on the top of the steeple, sounded a great many levets, and the new married couple returned in the manner as they came.

The husband was in a black suit, with a cloak overlaid with lace, a great ruff, and a little crown of gold plate lace above his peruke. But the bride's dress will be a little more difficult to describe. The best account I can give you of it, is to tell you, that in framing to yourself an idea of her head tire, you must fancy a mixture of gilt wire, like a bob peruke, half a foot high upon the forehead, and very much curled and swelled out on the sides. This was ordered after such a manner that in all the thickness of this bushy dress, there was no more space or distance between the wires, than was sufficient to fasten to them an infinite number of little plates of gold, round, polished, and shining, which hung both within and without, and waved with the least motion. Her habit was black with long skirts, resembling the *Hongrelines*, which were, not very long since, used in France. The body of this little cassock, which was cut very short, had a gold lace over all the seams. The skirts were full of little close knots of black satin ribbon, and the straight cuffs fell just on the fist. Over this she had a neck band of fine antique lace, cut before like a man's band, and ending in a point behind, which reached down to the middle of the back. She had besides a great gold chain on her shoulders,

just like a collar of some order, and such another chain for her girdle. Her petticoat was short enough, and adorned below with gold fringe, and black bone lace. We had the pleasure to see this fair one dance with a senator in a great ruff: and, I believe, at *Japan*, there could not be found customs more different from ours, than those which we observed at this feast. I should never make an end, if I should undertake to describe all the other habit. But, as fantastical as all the dresses might seem at first view, one might be easily accustomed to them; and every habit appears handsome and becoming, when the persons that wear them are of themselves beautiful and agreeable.

There are not more industrious people in the world, than the artificers of *Nuremberg*: some think they were the inventors of fire arms and gunpowder; others affirm, that powder was invented at *Chioggia*, in the state of *Venice*, and there are some who pretend that it came from *Denmark*. The diversity of opinions concerning the first invention of artillery, is no less remarkable and surprising than the controversy about the invention of printing. **John Mendoza Gonzalez*, whom I had occasion to mention in one of my former letters, who wrote a history of *China*, whither he was † sent by Philip II., says, that if we may give credit to the common tradition and annals of that country, fire arms, and consequently gunpowder, were invented by their first King, *Vitey*, from whom to the Emperor *Bouog*, who possessed the throne in the time of *Gonzalez*, about the end of the last age, they reckoned 243 princes who succeeded one another in a direct line from father to son. This author was too judicious to depend upon their imaginary chronology; but without entering upon so intricate a controversy, he seems to be convinced, that these people were very early acquainted with the use of artillery. *Tavernier* writes that fire arms were invented in the kingdom of *Asem*. It is thought, says he, that gunpowder and cannon were found out in the kingdom of *Asem*, from whence the invention was communicated to *Pegu*, and from thence to *China*, which is the reason why the invention is usually ascribed to the Chinese. Leonard Ramooll,‡ a physician of *Augsburg*, who travelled in the eastern countries, and seems to incline to *Gonzalez's* opinion, endeavours to prove, that gunpowder was known and used in the time of *Pliny*, grounding his conjecture, but I think, without any probability, on a passage in that ancient author concerning *Saltpetre*. And Girolamo della Corte,§ another chimerical conjecturer in this point, thinks he has reason to believe that *Scipio* found great guns and carabins in *Carthage*, when he ¶ made himself master of that city. Count Galeazo Gualdo Priorato,¶

* Bishop of Lipari.—Ed.

† Anno 1580.—Ed.

‡ In his *Itinorariæ Orientæ*.—Ed.

§ In his *History of Verona*.—Ed.

¶ About the year of Rome, 608.

¶ In his account of the imperial and Hane Town.—Ed.

says, that these machines were invented, anno 1012, *Naucher* in 1213. *Anthony Comazani*,* in 1330. *Cornelius Kemp*,† in 1354. *James Gautier* or *Gaulterus*,‡ in 1365, 1380, and 1425, according to the several authors whom he cites. The most common opinion, which is followed by Polydor, Virgil, Sabellicus, Forcatel, Collemiccio, Camerarius, and some of the abovementioned authors, is that one Berthold Schwartz, a Franciscan friar, who was a lover of chemistry, was the author of this invention at *Nuremberg*, anno 1378. Others are of the same opinion, as to the time and place, but ascribe the invention to one *Constantia Aukelitzen*, a professed chemist; and *Anthony Camozani*, believes the place was *Cologn*. *Cornelius Kemp*, upon the authority of Sibast, Murster, and some others, pretends that *Cimossus*, King of *Friezland*, was the inventor of these machines. Some call the author of them, *Bertrand*, the black, and say that he invented gunpowder at *Chioggia*, in the state of *Venice*. But this seems to be only a mistake, occasioned only by the resemblance of the names *Berthold* and *Bertrand*, and the signification of the surname *Schwartz*, which in the *German* tongue, signifies black. I leave you to judge, whether it is possible to reconcile so many opposite opinions; but if the controversy was to be decided betwixt the eastern and western parts of the world, the pretensions of both might perhaps be easily justified; and though it should be allowed, that the oriental nations got the start of us in the invention of printing and gunpowder, we might still claim the honour of the same invention in Europe. For I see no reason why it may be supposed, that the same thought may enter into the mind of several persons, who had never the least communication with one another.

Great guns were first put into ships by the *Venetian* Admiral *Barbadigo*, and the famous *Bartholomew Coghone* was the first who brought artillery into the field. For, before his time, the only use they made of these machines was to batter the walls of the towns. *M. de Fabert*, who lately published the history of the *Dukes of Burgundy*, assures us, that the first essay that was made of them was against the fortress of *Preux*.

All Europe is full of the little curiosities of *Nuremberg*. There are some of wood, of ivory, of alabaster, and even of paper and starch. Their houses are large and neat, and I believe there is not a ceiling in all the city, which is not accompanied with a very fine platfond of joiner's work. I cannot express the particular kindness they have for horns, for all their houses are full of them. They are every where hung up amongst pictures and other curious things. You often see in the finest chamber, a stag's or bull's head, with a magnificent pair of horns hanging from the ceiling, intended merely for ornament.

* In the life of Bartholomew Coghone.—Ed.

† In the History of Friezland.—Ed.

‡ In his Chronology.—Ed.

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

Mr. Peck's Concert, on the 30th instant, was the best ever got up in Van Diemen's Land—every thing went off remarkable well, and very general satisfaction was given to a highly respectable and numerous assemblage of auditors. The overtures of "Der Frieschutz" and "Preciosa," performed with the assistance of the band of the 63rd regiment, were splendid; and we cannot help regretting, that the public are about suffering a loss, which, we are fearful, cannot be replaced—we mean that of the departure of the band of the 63rd regiment; the loss will be more severely felt, on account of the public having become, as it were from the frequent appearance of the band at the Concerts, acquainted with them individually—we trust, however, we shall have, at least, one other Concert before these accomplished and obliging musicians leave us. Blewitt's glee of "Welcome merry month of May," was well supported, in all its parts, by Mrs. Henson, Miss Deane, Messrs. Hulks, Marshall and Peck, and pleased remarkably. We have so frequently heard Miss Deane on the piano-forte, that, unless there was indeed peculiar and rare talent evinced in her performance, we should have become tired of always seeing her brought forward—as it is, on every occasion, she makes us listen to her with attention, and compels us to be first and foremost among those who wish an *encore*. The style (called Hertz's new style) of fingering, has an extraordinary effect, which, of course, would not be understood but by a musician. Mrs. Taylor appeared, for the first time, before a Van Diemen's Land public. She sang two songs—Lee's "Come where the Aspens quiver," and "O merry row the bonnie bark." The former, a very difficult performance—the latter, somewhat more of a ballad. With respect to this lady's singing, it will, of course, be expected that we should offer a few remarks. Mrs. Taylor, if we mistake not, is the daughter of Mr. Hill, who some twenty-five years or more since, was the only rival

dreaded by the English Apollo—as he has been termed by some of the admirers—Braham, and, as might naturally be expected, a daughter of such a musician Mrs. Taylor is perfect in all the mysteries of harmonic science. Her voice, however, is much more adapted for the showy difficult performances, than it is for plaintive melody—Rossini should be her favorite composer. Jackson, Arne, nay Bishop, and such like gentry are not worthy of her consideration: her tonation is distinct, and in the rapid movements of a cadenza, every note strikes on the ear as distinctly as though it had been produced by a keyed instrument: she has great range, and her upper notes partake not of that shrill harshness which is so common with most female vocalists. We have not heard Mrs. Taylor in a private room, but judging from her performance on Wednesday, we should consider her voice much more adapted for a concert than for amateur singing—but we may be judging wrongly. She was, of course, encored in both songs; but the first was much more adapted to her voice, than was "O merry row." Mrs. Henson, whose plaintive voice we have so often admired, sung much better than we ever before heard her. She appeared to feel more confident than hitherto—perhaps, she had been taking a lesson from Mrs. Davis. "Away to the mountain's brow" was deservedly encored—in our opinion. "Tell me my Heart" was her best performance. The "Scotch Air in Harmonics" was most unquestionably the attraction of the evening: it was announced to be performed by an amateur. This talented musical gentleman was Mr. Adam Smith. On his coming forward, we really looked to the ceiling, thinking the applause would be sure to awaken from their sleep the beams which supported the roof. We have never before had occasion to speak of this gentleman's performance, but, from what we ourselves heard on Wednesday, we must acknowledge it to be superior. Mr. Smith, as is usually the case with amateurs, was a little confused on his first

appearance; but he soon recovered himself, and commenced the performance in a most masterly style. We do not know which most to admire—his bowing, his fingering, or his execution—they were each superlative, and we must not omit mentioning, that an amateur who can stand up and perform an air in Harmonics, must be extraordinarily gifted. The piece was, as a matter of course, encored. Mr. Peck attempted a solo on the violin; but, although we considered that gentleman's performance quite equal to any we ever heard by Spagnoletti, still, after Mr. Smith's brilliant harmonics, it would not go down—he was rapturously applauded, but not encored. Mr. Reichenberg's variations on "Oh! no, we never mention her" were excellent, as was, also, the melange of "Lindsay," performed by Messrs. Deane and Marshall. The glees, too, of "The Red Cross Knight," "O by Rivers, by whose Falls," and "To welcome Mirth and harmless Glee," were deservedly appreciated by the audience, who appeared, on the termination of the Concert, highly delighted with the entertainment.

Before leaving music and the profession, we might observe, that our *corps de musique* is now strong—that we have real talent, and that if the profession will abstain from private quarrelling among themselves, the better will it be for the public, and very much better for the parties concerned. It was asked, why was not Mrs. Davis one of the performers—we believe that lady was the only one public singer who was absent. We beg to ask the same question, because, we know, she was invited to take her place in the orchestra. The public will not be trifled with. Mrs. Davis must either cordially assist at the public Concerts, or else consider herself as a retired performer. The addition of such a real splendid singer as Mrs. Taylor to our musical corps will render the retirement of Mrs. Davis less felt; but we cannot help remarking, that more unison is required among the musical professors of Hobart Town, than is usually the case.

The aborigines, captured by Mr. Robinson, and at present lodged at his residence, on the New Town Road, paid a visit to Government-house on Monday. They appeared extremely pleased with

their visit, and with the several presents which were given to them: they are to proceed forthwith to join their fellow-countrymen at Flinder's Island.

Orders were received on Tuesday, for the embarkation for India, of the Headquarters, and 5 companies of the 63rd regiment. We believe our little community, will experience a loss in the departure of the gentlemen, attached as officers to this regiment, as their conduct has been universally divested of all frivolity, foppery and pride.

The *Gazette* has renewed the notice of a reward of 200 sovereigns and a free pardon, for the apprehension of the bushranger Britton. This fellow, with his two confederates, Brown and Jeffkins, attacked the house of Mr. Vaughan, River Mersey, and plundered it of much valuable property. Britton wanted to make a "clear sweep," but his companions would agree to take such things only as they could conveniently carry. They appeared much exhausted on their first arrival, and might, we should have thought, have been easily captured. There is something to us very strange in the hitherto successful career of these ruffians: either the settlers and their servants must be very indifferent, or the bushrangers very powerful.

The slovenly and inaccurate manner in which the names of prisoners are inserted in the informations, presented to the Criminal Court of this Colony, is extremely reprehensible. In arraigning the prisoners on Tuesday, a man named "Friend" was called "Field," and another named "Burnell," "Burnett." We know not with whom the blame of this carelessness rests, but, we presume, with the clerks of the Committing Magistrates: let it rest, however, with whom it may, it is a fault that ought to be immediately remedied and reformed. We have, also, to reprehend the inaudible manner in which some of the Jury repeat their oath, after the crier of the Court. We will take upon ourselves to affirm, that no person ten yards from Major Fairweather could hear distinctly any two words he uttered: it is curious, also, for the foreman to deliver the verdict standing. We would advise the clerk, Mr. Stephen, to read the informations more correctly and emphatically—it would be as well, perhaps, if he previously looked them over.

The approaching sittings after Term, will be distinguished by one or two interesting trials. Mr. Desborough's action against Mr. Roper, the Magistrate of Brighton, will be one; his action against Mr. Mason (we may here observe) has been deferred, as His Honor, the Chief Justice, would not allow the plaintiff a Jury in this case—*say*, we will not stop to enquire. Another case of breach of promise of marriage will also be brought on—the fair plaintiff is a Princess Royal, and a highly respectable young woman—and who the defendant is, will appear in due course.

On Wednesday morning we were exposed to one of those uncomfortable visitations, which occasionally occur in this country—namely, a hot wind. It commenced about half past nine in the morning, and blew from the land with great violence, and stopped almost all navigation in the harbour. Mr. Justice Montagu did not come into Court, till nearly 11 o'clock, when he apologized to the Jury and the officers of the Court and counsel, for the lateness of his arrival, which was owing entirely to the violence of the gale, which prevented his crossing sooner from Kangaroo Point.

The Justice of the Peace Editor of Mr. Meredith's Journal, the *Colonist*, has the following statement:—

"We are given to understand that the *Tasmanian* is about to revert to the charge of its former conductor, Mr. R. L. Murray. This, however, is a deep and close secret: so much so, that we do not think the present Editor has the least idea of the matter. We are in possession of certain facts, which will show the Public in how *honourable a manner a certain portion of the Press of this Colony is conducted*. At the due and proper season, we shall publish these facts; and if we do not overwhelm the several parties with shame, 'there is little shame in man,' but, we shall see!"

Now a part of what the worthy Justice of the Peace is here given to understand may be true—to wit, it is more than improbable that Mr. Murray may again become the Editor of this Journal—*say*, it is not impossible that the Editor of the *Legion* may become writer for the *Tasmanian*: but, whatever may be the arrangements the proprietor of the *Tasmanian* chooses to make, they no

more concern Mr. Meredith, or his Justice of the Peace Editor, than they would a devil in the *Colonist* Office. Whatever arrangements are made by the proprietor of the *Tasmanian* are matters of private concern, and not of public importance—but, at all events, that portion of the public Press, the *Tasmanian*, has always been conducted on an *honourable* principle, and never Editor had cause to complain of being wronged. Let it be, however, perfectly understood by all Justices of the Peace, that a change will very probably take place, and that shortly, in this Journal—not in its politics, nor in fact in any manager concerning the public but merely in its manner, who is likely to retire, the term of his agreement shortly expiring. Should any individual, however, wish to know more on the subject, he may be enlightened by applying at the office, where no secrets are kept—all being plain and aboveboard. Let us, however, caution the Journal of the Peoples' Editor, for assuredly, if he troubles himself about private matters, which do not concern him, this Journal shall in self-defence do the same.

We perceive the *Colonist* newspaper is returning to its old system of personal abuse. In a late number, the most malicious observations we ever recollect seeing in print, are made of an individual who has unfortunately been too frequently dragged before the public. Well does the writer know it is not in the power of the party attacked to defend himself; but we abstain from further comment, recommending every prisoner in the island to refer to the paper, and determine in his own mind, whether the *Colonist* is either a friend of the prisoner population, or a Journal of the People!

The Legislative Council has been busily occupied of late, and the discussions, we are informed, have been more than usually interesting. We have only room this week to advert to this subject, which all-important as it is, must be deferred for the present. A conversation occurred on Thursday, October 3rd, respecting the non-attendance of Mr. Gordon; it was introduced by Mr. Kerr, who informed the Council, that Mr. Gordon had told him that he would neither attend nor resign. On Friday—on the motion of Mr. Willis, seconded by Mr. Proctor—it was resolved that His Excellency should

appoint a Member of the Council, in the place of Mr. Gordon.

On Tuesday evening, at the Mechanics' Institution, Mr. Duttau delivered a very interesting lecture on the Fine Arts—comprehending, chiefly, a description of the several orders of architecture, with a cursory account of the state of painting and engraving in England. Mr. Duttau is an enthusiastic admirer and disciple of the "old school," and if some of our modern flimsy virtuoso had heard his very sensible remarks on the "decline and fall" of the arts—(and especially of engraving) in England, they would have experienced no small portion of discomfort. Although, generally speaking, the lecturer's opinions may be correct, we cannot go to the full length of his exclusion. He says, there are no good engravers on a large scale, now in existence. Surely, Heath has done some fine things—witness, the *Death of Nelson*—one of West's paintings, if we mistake not;—a fine bold, and splendid engraving. Some of Wilkie's pictures have been well engraved too,—as have several of Turner's gorgeous landscapes—rivalling almost in splendour and effect, some of Claude's finest productions. We must not, however, enter too minutely into this matter, for if we did, we should fill a page, instead of a mere paragraph. We cannot help observing, that we consider Mr. Duttau deserving of the highest praise in thus coming forward to advocate a taste and an attention to the fine arts. We think, if he would diligently and carefully study a good popular lecture,—illustrating the same by drawings or casts, and delivering it at the Court House he would perform an essential benefit to the Colony.

Dr. Ross and Mr. R. L. Murray have obtained leave to be heard in pursuance of their petitions against the proposed Newspaper Tax. It is rather singular, we conceive, that, in a case of such importance to the Press generally, so little apathy has been evinced on this occasion. A public meeting should have been called at the very beginning, and a remonstrance respectfully presented to the Council, signed by every person who could hold a pen.

We hear very serious complaints respecting the mode, in which business is now managed at the Treasury. *Delay*, appears to be the paramount order of the

day, and the inconvenience and loss to the public, are enormous. We are sure the head of the Government knows nothing of this, or His Excellency would interpose his authority, and command the official gentlemen connected with the treasury to do their duty!

Mr. Bisdee's resignation is *Gazetted*, accompanied by a very complimentary testimony from His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.

Mr. Capon's appointment as gaoler, has been *Gazetted*, and Mr. Morgan succeeds him as chief constable.

At the sale of Crown Land the other day, some of the allotments at Oatlands reached as high as *one hundred and ten pounds per acre*. If land in a township so far in the interior be so valuable, what must be the worth of land at New Norfolk and Hobart Town?

On Monday evening, we were visited with a sharp north-wester, which blew with uninterrupted violence for three or four hours. It swept down Elizabeth street with a degree of fury almost terrific—and, had not our harbour been one of the most secured in the world, much damage must have occurred to the shipping; we have not heard, however, of a single accident.

On the night of Thursday, Oct. 3, four men entered the stock hut of Mr. Gough, and took therefrom a double-barrelled fowling-piece and some ammunition. They then retired, forcing the overseer to accompany them, for the purpose (as they threatened), of murdering him in the Bush. We trust, human nature is not so depraved, and that murder, deliberately done, cannot be perpetrated, even by bushrangers. We are informed, that these men are not of Britton's party, but are individuals that were selected from Nottman's road-party, some time ago, to go after Britton, with promises of rewards if they captured them. After being absent for some time in the bush, they returned unsuccessful; and although no blame whatever was attributed to them, they were sent back to Nottman's again. The fear, most likely, of suffering taunts from their comrades, urged them to escape, and take upon themselves the profession of the lawless scoundrels for whom they had unsuccessfully searched. Such men are likely to be desperate, and not very easily captured.—*Launceston Independent*.

Another daring and extensive robbery has been committed at New Town, in Captain Read's residence, when a quantity of plate and other property was carried away. The police are on the alert, and have already apprehended several persons on suspicion of being concerned in this transaction.

We understand that Mr. Gellard has sent in to Government a Petition, praying a remission of a portion of his sentence. We sincerely hope, that this prayer will be granted; for we have always thought that the case has pressed

very severely upon this gentleman; and as we have already remarked, the shortest period of incarceration in such a place as the gaol of Hobart Town, is an infliction of no ordinary description.

Wheat has risen to 6s., with a prospect of a still farther advance; other articles remain without any material alteration in their prices.

A fatal accident happened on the river a week or two ago, in the upsetting of a boat, by which two men, named Murray and Ryan, met a watery grave.

Gardening, &c.

NOVEMBER.

AGRICULTURE.—Several important operations now claim the farmer's attention. In the first place, let him not delay in getting in his potatoe and Swede turnip crops, as every day now lost, materially adds to his risk of returns. He will have little time to spare, before his green forage crops require the scythe; next in rapid succession comes his hay harvest; and towards the latter end of the month, if he be a flock-master, his sheep will require well looking through and examining, preparatory to washing for shearing. The potatoe most commonly grown in Van Diemen's Land, and which yields the best, is called the New Zealand, much resembling the ox-noble in England, but it requires to be in the ground early. The red apple and the pink eyed potatoe are both preferable sorts for the table, and may be planted a month or six weeks later than the New Zealand, but are not so prolific at the root, although they always command a higher price than the others. The potatoes that were planted in September and October should now be well-hoed and kept free from weeds.

HORTICULTURE.—The produce of the garden is now coming to market in rapid succession, and should be regularly followed by new sowings and plantings. Spring cabbages, early potatoes, peas, beans, &c., come after each other in turn, as fast as may be. In this month

the onion beds may be thinned, and the surplus transplanted out in other beds. The best method of doing this is as follows:—Draw a small drill, and let the onion be placed in it horizontally, with its root just at the edge of this drill; then lightly cover over the fibres of the roots, but not the roots themselves, with some very rich mould. In a few days the onions will begin to rear up their heads, and shortly afterwards will be firmly rooted in the ground, eventually attaining much greater size and perfection than if the common method had been used. In this manner they are managed in Portugal, the onions of which are famous.

In the way of fruits, strawberries are now ripe, and are immediately succeeded by currants, raspberries, and gooseberries. Thin all sorts of stone fruit, where the trees are too heavily laden. One good sized peach or nectarine is worth a dozen of the poor little dwindles, which are fit for nothing but to be sold by the bushel, and oftentimes lay the foundation of something very like cholera morbus. Examine once more the new grafted trees of this season, and where the graft and stock are well united, you may safely remove the clay, but the bandages should remain a few weeks longer, otherwise the parts are apt to swell.

The watering-pot and the hoe should now in turn be almost constantly in the gardener's hand.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

Oct. 2.—Arrived the brig Lady Leith, Capt. Wyatt, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

Oct. 3.—Arrived the brig Mary and Elizabeth, from the whaling ground.

Oct. 3.—Arrived the barque Mary Catherine, Capt. Jones, from Liverpool, with passengers and mechanics.

Oct. 7.—Arrived the barque *Manianne*, from the fishery.

Oct. 9.—Arrived the barque *Edward Coulston*, from Liverpool, with merchandize and passengers.

Oct. 13.—Arrived the brig *Isabella*, from Port Arthur.

Oct. 13.—Arrived the barque *Drummore*, Capt. M'Callum, from Leith, with a general cargo and merchandize.

Oct. 14.—Arrived the barque *Auriga*, Capt. Chalmers, from London, with a general cargo and passengers.

Oct. 18.—Arrived the brig *Tamar*, from Macquarie Harbour.

Oct. 21.—Arrived the ship *Vibilia*, from London, with merchandize and emigrants.

Oct. 21.—Arrived the schooner *Harlequin*, from Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Oct. 21.—Arrived the schooner *Jess*, from Brazil, with tobacco, machinery, &c.

Oct. 22.—Arrived the schooner *Currency Lass*, from Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Oct. 22.—Arrived the barque *Lonach*, from London, with passengers.

Oct. 23.—Arrived the ship *Medway*, from Sydney, with troops.

Oct. 23.—Arrived the barque *Lady East*, 648 tons, with a cargo of salt and passengers.

Oct. 23.—Arrived the barque *William Bryan*, Captain J. Roman, from London, with 123 female prisoners, 9 free women, and 17 children. Surgeon Superintendent, Dr. Robertson, R.N.

Oct. 24.—Arrived the schooner *Aelaide*, from the fishery.

Oct. 25.—Arrived the brig *Isabella*, from Port Arthur.

Oct. 26.—Arrived the schooner

Friendship, from Launceston, with Colonial produce.

Oct. 26.—Arrived the brig *Amity*, from the fishery.

Oct. 30.—Arrived the ship *Elizabeth*, from the fishery.

DEPARTURES.

Oct. 1.—Sailed the brig *Isabella*, for Port Arthur.

Oct. 3.—Sailed the barque *Eliza*, for England, with Colonial produce.

Oct. 6.—Sailed the brig *Lunar*, for Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Oct. 7.—Sailed the ship *Indiana*, for Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Oct. 9.—Sailed the barque *Mary Catherine*, for Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Oct. 12.—Sailed the brig *Mary*, for Sydney, with a cargo of sundries.

Oct. 12.—Sailed the barque *Lochiel*, for Sydney, with passengers, and part of her original cargo.

Oct. 13.—Sailed the brig *Brazil Packet*, for New Zealand.

Oct. 15.—Sailed the barque *Funchal*, for Sydney.

Oct. 17.—Sailed the brig *Mary Leith*, for the Mauritius.

Oct. 22.—Sailed the brig *Isabella*, for Port Arthur.

Oct. 28.—Sailed the brig *Tamar*, for Macquarie Harbour.

Oct. 28.—Sailed the barque *Ann*, for Sydney.

Oct. 28.—Sailed the schooner *Harlequin*, for Sydney.

Oct. 30.—Sailed the barque *Drummore*, for Sydney.

Oct. 31.—Sailed the barque *Auriga*, for Sydney.

Marriages, Births, &c.

MARRIAGE.

On Monday, the 14th inst. by Special License, at Lovely Banks, by the Rev. Dr. Drought, Solomon, eldest son of G. Eagle, Esq. of Fingal Lodge, Macquarie River, to Eliza Frances, only daughter of Surgeon Edward Pilkington, 21st or R.N.B. Fusileers.

BIRTHS.

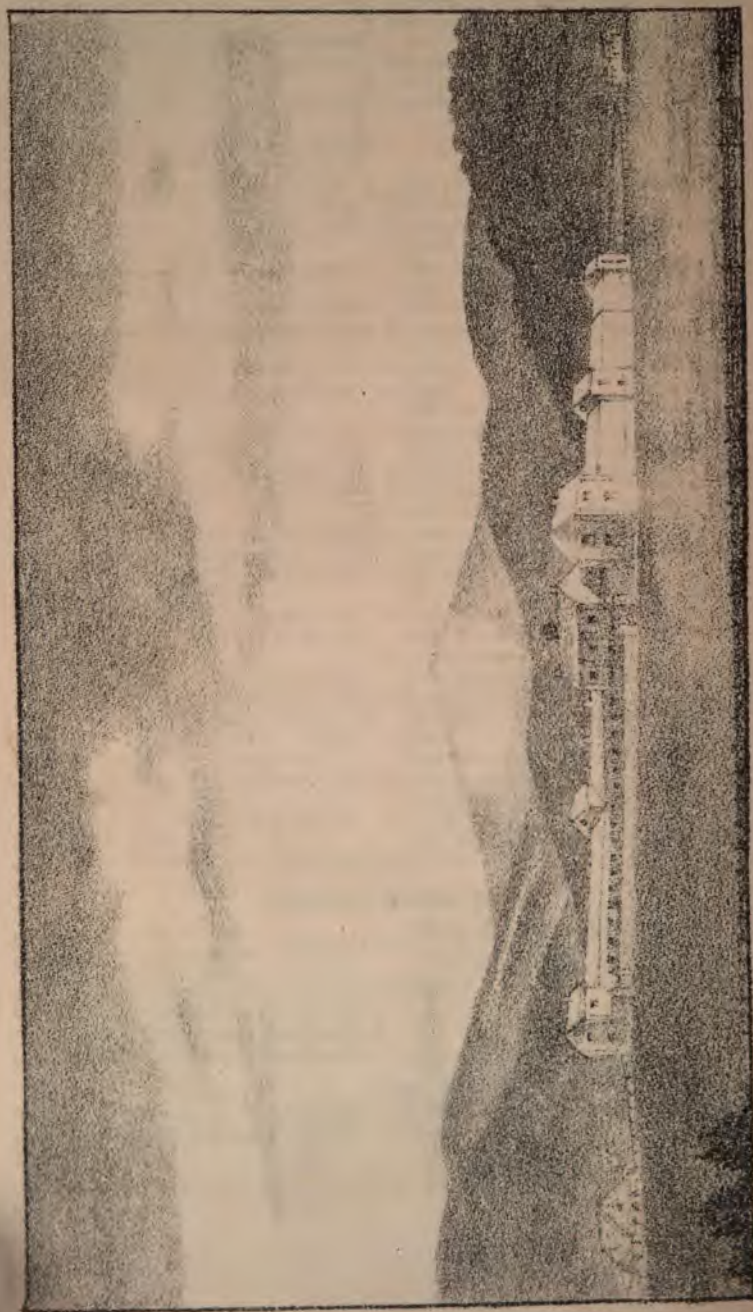
On the 8th inst., at Tullochgorum, Mrs. Archibald M'Intyre, of a Daughter.

On the 16th inst., Macquarie-street, Mrs. J. G. Jennings, of a Son.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Lempriere, of a Daughter.

DIED.

On the 9th inst. at Hobart Town, Mrs. Thomson, formerly of Glasgow. She was one of the survivors of the *Hibernia*.



Invalid Hospital, New Norfolk.

THE
HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.]

DECEMBER, 1833.

[No. 10.

EATING AND DRINKING.

Eating and drinking! These two little words comprise the whole practical philosophy of a very important subject of contemplation—*life*; and I shall endeavour, in a brief and concise manner, to offer a few remarks on the best—that is, the most prudent—management of these important and interesting operations.

If I were to enumerate the number of volumes, which have been published on this very subject, I should speedily exhaust the space, which the Editor has allowed me, and, what is, perhaps, of more consequence—the patience of the good-natured reader; I will omit this matter, then, and come, at once, to my subject.

To eat is one thing—to eat properly is another; and as every movement of the animal machine depends upon this proper mode of eating, I will briefly explain what I mean by it. Gluttony is, of course, abominable, and entails more evils upon its silly victims, than they can be well aware of. I verily believe from the experience I have had in such matters, that an indulgence in eating, is quite as pernicious as an indulgence in drinking, and, perhaps, more so: *why*, I will forthwith endeavour to explain.

The human stomach is an organ, gifted with several very extraordinary peculiarities and powers. It is a membranous bag, shaped very like the pouch of a bag-pipe, and capable of containing a considerable quantity of food. Its inner lining is a very beautiful and most vascular coating—extremely sensitive, and particularly liable to the various impressions, which the food is capable of producing upon it. It is this inner “coat” or lining, which produces the peculiar digestive fluid, called the gastric juice, or rennet, and as this is produced by the stimulus or irritation of the swallowed food, it is very clear, that the quality, as well as the quantity of such food, is a matter of no trifling importance. Important, however, as all this is, a great deal more fuss has been made about it, than is

either necessary or agreeable. Mr. Accum, the chemist, was one of the first writers that commenced this absurdity, and when he published his book, on the adulteration of food, garnished with that fearful motto "There is death in the pot," all the world was frightened at the communication, and regarded the most ordinary compound substances with extreme suspicion, not to say horror. They may, now, look—according to the *dietum* of the learned,—with an eye, equally distrustful and tremulous, upon the different kinds of meat and vegetables; for the cunning hand of chemistry will detect in them some properties—not, indeed, of sophistication, for dame Nature scorns such knavery—but, nevertheless, prejudicial—that is chemically prejudicial—to the human stomach. But, in all this close and rigid analization, one trifling fact has been entirely overlooked and abandoned; namely, that the human stomach is neither a crucible nor a copper;—neither a retort nor a furnace;—neither, to speak learnedly, a *vas leviter clausum*, nor a *balneum aquosum*, nor a *balneum arence*, but simply and emphatically, as Dr. Hunter used to say—"a stomach gentlemen—a stomach!"

There is another circumstance which the sagacious dieteticians have neglected to consider; they have placed nothing to the account of the habits and feelings—nor, even to the constitution of their readers. But this is wrong, and decidedly unjust. If the hypochondriac—Heaven help him!—cannot take food, without referring to some *pseudo*-popular work on diet, his situation is very similar to that of a helpless and pining child in leading strings, and his fears will be constantly excited by the peril of transgression. Truly, there hath been much nonsense thrust upon mankind, by these minatory denunciations against feeding; and our habits, feelings, and even, our most innocent inclinations have been exposed to the crucible, and denounced as perilous.

As eating has been so savagely anathematized, so, also, has drinking, and with the same bigotry, virulence, and indiscrimination. Of course, if taken to excess, fermented liquors, like any thing else, become prejudicial and pernicious: but it shews a sad lack of wisdom or candour to condemn the *use* of meat and drink, because their *abuse* is attended with ill effects. Why should we act and feel as if this "bountiful world, brilliant in beauty, and overflowing in blessings, was a collection of steel-traps and spring guns, set to catch the body and shoot the soul?" Is it not much better and wiser to avail ourselves of the many blessings which Providence has placed within our reach, than to set ourselves to work, to detect poison in our meat, and Heaven knows what in our drink? It savours of learning, doubtless, to do all this, and of the "musty" air of the schools; but, *cui bono*?

"Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones, that mould in idle cell—
The heart is wiser than the schools,—
The senses always reason well."

Of course they do, and our grandfathers and their lusty progenitors were well convinced, that a good cup of "Sherris sack" or muscadine, comforted the heart, and aided digestion; and why the same opinion should not influence *us*, we must leave to the chemists to decide.

It has been too much the fashion to impute to an indulgence in eating, all sorts and manner of dangerous disorders. Gout, and bile, and apoplexy, and palsy, and Heaven knows what abominations besides, are often placed to the account of over-feeding. When Gay, the poet, discovered that gluttony was the ultra-mortal of all the mortal sins, he was eating "baked meats" at the Duke of Queensbury's table, it is to be presumed;—" *pleno laudat jejunia ventre*." Or did he abuse the man, who was dining on the turtle and venison, which he could only scent along the afternoon air, as he wended his way to a cow-heel and a pint of porter in a St. Giles's cellar? Whatever was the poet's situation, what let us ask, are the diseases, which are termed "the scourges of the human race," and which are produced by want of temperance and simplicity?

There is a Doctor Pedro Snatchaway at every corner, where a blue bottle blazes to the evening street, as well as in Warwick Lane—that was. If we are to throw down the gauntlet, we must therefore challenge the three colleges of physic, surgery, and pharmacy, as well as the hermaphrodite, heteroclite race which brings us into this gluttonous world, to produce one disease which is caused by the neglect of "temperance and simplicity in diet." We will not give them even the gout or the apoplexy; unless they will show that all gluttons have gout or apoplexy, or both; and that gout and apoplexy never attack the temperate or the poor. The facts are all against them. There are more palsies among the poor than the rich, fifty fold. There are more diseases of all kinds; and we will appeal to their hospitals and their experience. The 'scourging' epidemic and contagious diseases scourge the poor to spare the rich; and the average of life is far in favor of those, who live best—who eat most, if the College pleases. We may ask the College, what connection there is between intemperance and the most wide spread, the most devastatory, the most accursed of human plagues, the blackest of Pandora's store, marsh miasma? Whence comes the cholera of India? Roast beef can be measured and weighed, but the yellow fever, the remittent, the intermittent, the dysentery, are the produce of that which is invisible, imponderable, inapprehensible, which strikes in a moment,—wafted along the perfume of the tropical grove, as through the fogs of a Hollander's canal. And the Hollander knows, too, that if he does not eat and drink well, he will die. So does the West Indian.

We must ask, also, whether inflammation—inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy as the College calls it—arises from eating? If it does, why is it most common among soldiers, whose diet is most rigidly temperate; or why is it most prevalent among the poor,

generally? And when it does attack and is to be cured, physicians, know very well, that it is most difficult of cure among the temperate and the water drinkers, and that these are the very patients who require most bleeding. We may say the same of all the inflammations. The noted ophthalmia is not a disease of intemperance.* The class of contagious diseases is among the most deadly and wide acting, and no one needs be told that the whole of these are counteracted by good living, and not attracted by excess of good living.

May we ask whether the plague is one, or the typhus fever, or the yellow fever, or the scurvy, or the dysentery, or the endless diseases which thin the ranks of the poor in childhood, and by which their numbers are reduced to less than the half of what they might be, had they the means of "gluttony and intemperance?" The population of England is increasing in a ratio which economists (political economists is the phrase) call fearful, because the people eat and drink more and better than they did, even fifty years ago. It has gradually increased with their increase of food—with improved food; it was kept down by want of food—by bad food. The disorders, which we have glanced at, are the great "scourges of the human race;" and those, to which our own country was once as subject as others, have diminished or disappeared—by increase of food; among some other matters. The people have *eaten* them out of date. The British navy and the British seamen have *eaten* out the scurvy. The starving highlanders have *eaten* themselves into a double population within less than a century. The "land of famine" has *eaten* itself out of that disorder, which the British Solomon thought too great a luxury for a subject; or, at least, that which was in the skin has settled itself in the mind. The first medical school in the world has even covered the angles of its cheek bones, *eaten* itself into novel writing, and spawned joint stock companies!

We may ask, also, what connection there is between consumption—that heavy scourge of the youth of Britain—and intemperance? On the contrary, it is notorious, that tubercular consumption is often brought on by poverty and deficiency of food, as it is by the fashionable practice of bleeding. It is equally notorious, that scrofula, in all its horrible forms, is also thus excited, where its seeds might have otherwise remained dormant; that it is thus produced among the poor, in constitutions which would not have betrayed it among the rich; and that, in this disease, an improved diet is often the only cure. If the scrofula ever appears in the

* The "noted Ophthalmia" it is true, is not "a disease of intemperance," but, with all due deference to our correspondent, we humbly opine, and, indeed, well know, that a disease, very much resembling Ophthalmia, is not unfrequently produced by hard drinking. The most careless observer must know, that the eye is an organ, invariably more or less affected, by drunkenness,—and no one knows this better, (or worse) than the drunkard himself.—EDITOR.

dark complexion, among the upper classes, it is where the mother keeps an apothecary or a medicine chest, and the child is dieted on calomel and salts; when it afterwards learns to diet itself, when it becomes a miss or a master, in the same manner, and ends in being a nervous, hysterical, pale-green, hypochondriacal repository of drugs, blue devils, and bad temper. Rheumatism is not the produce of gluttony; nor sciatica, nor cancer, nor epilepsy, nor hysterics, nor insanity; and these take an ample share in the operation of "scourging the human race." If stone and gravel are thus produced, we must ask, why they appear in children—even in infants; why every fiftieth inhabitant of Norfolk, or of the banks of the German Rhine, is the subject, and among the especial ones, too, of these fearful disorders?

But there is no end to this, unless we were to go through the whole nosology, which seems to have been contrived to shew us how many crooked roads there are to lead us out of the world. And if we did go through it, we should shew, with equal ease, that no one disease could be fairly and safely traced to ordinary intemperance in eating, not even in the cases of acknowledged gluttons. A man may occasionally have called down an impending fit of apoplexy by extreme or coarse excess; he may even have habitually nursed such a tendency; a fact which we do not mean to dispute. Yet this very disease does occur equally in the temperate and the water-drinker; and it is familiar that, in women—who, compared to men of equal ranks, are notably temperate, both in eating and drinking—there are ten cases of palsy for one in a man.

That gluttony, in the real and vulgar sense, is not a common vice, we surely need not say; yet, however disgusting, its immediate evils are seldom more than the temporary and well known derangements, which, for the sake of our general readers, we do not choose to state in technical language. If the glutton suffers further, he deserves it; but he is a monster whom no one will pity, and for whose sake it is not necessary to alarm and starve the whole world, and to fulminate diseases and terrors against the human appetite.

But there are two species of anathema wielded by the Snatch-aways. The one is against quantity, and the other against quality. He, who is not suffocated by beef and pudding, is to be poisoned by pepper and pickles; by a drachm of Harvey's sauce, or a spoonful of anchovy garum. And the Hunters and the Kitcheners write nonsense, because it makes their books sell. These "death in the pot" gentlemen, and their medical abettors, are even less honest than Mr. Frederick Accum, who threatens only with lead and copperas, while *their* minatory denunciations are levelled against *vol au vents*, *sautés*, and *salmies*.

Now, our neighbours, the French are, of a very different opinion, and so are we. It is the very essence of the French *cuisine*, that, by means of cookery and variety, it is a medicinal *cuisine*. No man ever dined at Beauvillier's, or at the Café of the Chaussée

D'Antin, without being sensible how much more he could eat than of English beef and mutton, how much lighter was his digestion, brisker his faculties, and easier his slumbers. Need we quote the *Almanach des Gourmands* in support ;—need we quote every *Homme de Bouche* that has written in aid of this divine science ?

But if we are really to defend the necessity of eating in this world, we ought to proceed logically and categorically. In the first place, it is an eating world, and seems to have been made on purpose for eating and being eaten. As yet, indeed, we have not learnt to eat stones ; but, with the aid of modern chemistry, perhaps, we may in time arrive at that also ; and population and political economy will be subjected to new calculations. Every thing else is eaten, or eats ; and really the greater portion of the animal creation seems to have nothing else to do, and to be sent down for no other purpose. Man, indeed, writes books ; but even the end of these is that he may eat, or, rather, that his publisher and bookseller may. This is the ultimate object and purpose ; even where he tries to frighten his neighbours with starvation or gout.

It is, moreover, true, that every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat ; and not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinners over again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught ; a nursling canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down, to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live, they nestle and build in their roast beef and cheese ; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and a whale is not subject to the sciatica.

Nor does Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with tooth-ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat. But if eating is to produce diseases, which of all the nosology would be absent from the carcass of Captain Cochrane's Siberian friends, who eat forty pounds of meat, with twenty of rice porridge, and heaven knows what more, at a sitting ?

It is the universal law of nature, that every animal eats as long as it can, and as much ; and when it has eaten, it sleeps, to begin again if it can. Man, who writes books to prove that Nature is wrong, makes laws of his own, and we believe and tremble. However mysterious may be that provision in our physiological system, by which Nature has contrived, that whatever superfluous food be taken, should be without effect, the fact is unquestionable. The man who eats five pounds of beef is not one jot better nourished than he who eats one ; nor, except in particular cases, does he gain additional weight or strength. He does not always even become fat ; although this is a substance, into which the system sometimes

converts a part of that food, which is not required for the ordinary repair of waste. But, not to enter into medical and physiological details too deeply, it is notorious that, in brute animals, as well as in man, superfluous food may be used without producing superfluous effects, and without inconvenience. The singing bird in a cage will eat, and during the whole term of its natural life, ten times as much as it could procure in the wild state. The voracity of the cormorant is proverbial; and the same is true of all the fishing-birds. It is the same in man in the wild state; as some savage nations are eternally filled with food, while others are in a perpetual state of starvation. Nothing can be more unlike to each other in this respect than a Greenlander and an Arab of the desert, a New Hollander and an Otaheitean; and yet the average of life and disease does not in general differ between these different nations of savage people.

If, indeed, it does differ, that difference is always in favor of excess. And thus, also, it is in the civilized state. Nature has no means of remedying the want of food, while it has a steady remedy for excess, or for superfluity, and finds other occasional remedies, to which we will not allude, for occasional grosser exceedings. There can be no question, that if we assume the medium of merely sufficient food as a standard (and this standard cannot be better chosen, than at that by which modern boxers *are*, and the ancient *athletæ* *were* trained), there is far more injury and disease produced by feeding below than by feeding above it.

The effects are obvious in the diseases and the premature old age of the poorer and ill fed classes, when compared to the richer. In general, the working people, even of our own country, are underfed when compared to their labour; and the consequences are obvious even in their appearance. It is extremely striking in those parts of the country where the food is chiefly or entirely vegetable, and therefore least nutritious; as in Ireland, Wales, Cumberland, Scotland, and so on. If a soldier is an old man at forty, it cannot be from labour; as, even in war, his labour is not severe or constant, and, in peace, it is nothing. If we compare the apparent age of the working classes at forty with that of the idle and luxurious at the same term of life, the difference is enormously in favor of the latter. In the female sex, it turns the scale between ugliness and beauty; and beauty, need we say, like youth, is health. That other causes conspire in favor of the rich against the poor, we, of course, admit; but the leading cause is better and more food, or, we have no hesitation in stating it, excess of food, or more food than is rigidly necessary. That such excess is not, on the average, injurious, is a consequence even more clear; and, on this point, we are therefore at issue with Gay and the Snatchaways.

But there is another crime in the eyes of these minatory and phagophobus philosophers. There are two crimes, two terrors; cookery and variety. Man is a cooking animal, for the same reasons he is a tayloring one; and if he has been sent naked into

this bitter world, that he might make himself a coat, so he has been furnished with flint and steel, that he might learn to boil his potatoes. If a monkey had wit enough, he would be glad to roast his chesnuts at the fire where he warms his black fingers; and if he had talent enough to construct even a Highland kilt, we should soon find him drinking cocoa nut wine, distilling arrack, and dressing his pignuts *a la daube*.

By cooking, it is supposed, that our animal food is rendered more digestible, as well as more acceptable; and as to our vegetable food, with the exception of garlic, cucumbers, and a few more, it is certain that we must cook it, or leave it to swine. We do not exactly see how a mutton chop is rendered poisonous, because it is wrapped up in paper, *d la Maintenon*, or fried with crumbs of bread and parsley into a *cotelette*, or kabobed, or curried, or chopped small and moulded into a *boudin a la Richieu*. The half of our most refined cookery is cookery but to the eye; the other half is produced by the most trifling additions, to communicate flavour, of substances which are either neutral, or innocent, or salutary. An atom of vinegar, of sweet herbs, as Mrs. Glase calls them, of pepper, or cinnamon, or sugar, or what not, turns the scale between cookery and plain food; for the meat itself, and the vegetables like the meat, can be but roasted or fried, boiled or stewed. Whether the beef is to be swallowed first and the carrots afterwards, or whether the beef and the carrots are to be eaten together *d la mode*, or in any mode whatever, does really seem a case of *bonnet blanc* and *blanc bonnet*; yet the one is virtuous plain living, and the other is pernicious cookery.

The whole is a question of chemistry, and not of cant and words. There are meat, vegetables, condiment, butter, egg, flour, and gravy, not to state the elements more chemically and minutely; and, though these are cooked little, or cooked much, there can be nothing but combinations of these elements, on any table, or in any *cuisine*. The stomach receives all and manages all; and, whether it receives them ready mixed, or mixes them after reception, seems truly a matter of indifference. He is a terrific glutton, indeed, who eats soup, fish, beef, mutton, fowl, tart, pudding, and cheese; who eats round the table "*ab ovo usque ad mala*," ending with strawberries and pine apples. But, after all, he has only eaten words; for, eat as he may, he can eat but animal matter, vegetable matter, and condiment, cooked by the heat of water, or by the heat of fire—roasted, fried, boiled, stewed, and broiled: figure or disfigure, serve, arrange, flavour, or adorn it, as the cook may, be he my Lord Stair's cook or the Marquis of Hertford's—Crockford's, or my Lord Sefton's.

With respect to extreme cookery, we will however admit one fact, and it is that the gravy or *gluten* of meat, taken in large quantities, and in too condensed a state, does often disagree with the stomach, as if that organ required to do this portion of the work itself. Hence the inconvenience which sometimes occurs,

and particularly among those who are not habituated to such diet, from ragouts, as they are called, or from all that class of cookery, where the animal substances have been too far resolved into their constituent gluten and fibrine by long continued and gradual heat. The cause of this is far from apparent; but, although we admit the fact as occasional, we do not admit, that it is common or necessary, nor do we suppose that it is productive of more than temporary inconvenience. Yet that effect is counteracted by the use of dry and bulky matter; and hence the large quantity of bread consumed at a French table. Nor is it a necessary consequence; as those who are familiar with turtle soup, know that it is by no means generally difficult of digestion, but is esteemed quite the reverse.

There are many popular mistakes, even among medical men, respecting the immediate effects of many kinds of diet; and our principal object in this slender essay is to defend the common practice and opinions of mankind, and of animals too, against the nonsensical cant of the ascetico-medical faction.

We hear every day, and particularly when we are sick, or when our friends are, of light diet and delicate stomachs, and of being allowed a bit of fish, or a boiled chicken, or a jelly, or what not; to every one of which the unlucky patient would object if he could, while the apothecary goes on in the old routine, which he has heard from the apothecary before him. Generally, it requires a powerful and a healthy stomach to dispose of such trash, as boiled chicken and veal broth. As to jelly, it is a mere deception; it is as if a man expected to be fed better by ice than by water, because it is solid, and can be eaten instead of drunk. Jelly is broth, and nothing more. If the broth is good, the jelly is good; yet the latter is replete with virtue—new virtues, derived from the glass and the tea-spoon. Such it is, not to think, not to analyse. And thus also, while a quart of good broth would be but a moderate allowance, the nurse and the apothecary both would faint with horror at the convalescent, who should devour the same dose in the shape of a dozen jellies. The whole College would be reprov'd at the renegade, who should prescribe turtle soup to the man recovering from pleurisy; and yet the same soup is but the jelly in the cut glass, wine, lemon, and all; the only difference being salt in lieu of sugar. Such are the discoveries of chemistry and common sense.

The convalescent and delicate stomach requires stimulant, not mawkish, food. A red herring is more appropriate than a fresh whiting; and generally, indeed, it requires an able stomach to treat at all with boiled fish. Let the convalescent be fed with mutton chops, with beef steaks, with game. *The proper restriction lies in the quantity.* Nothing but extreme ignorance, with the facile habit of following dull and old routines, would have thought of still further debilitating the stomach already weakened. It often wants stimulus, and seldom more so than after diseases;

and if it be to digest to any purpose, the food must be calculated accordingly.

The great purpose of cookery, of refined cookery, is to please the palate; pleasing the eye at the same time, and rendering that elegant and conformable to the general refinements of furniture, dress, manners, and so on, which would otherwise be a merely necessary or coarse expedient for satisfying the animal appetites. Without refinement in the table, the society which depends so much on its meetings, could not long exist. It removes from our sight, and diverts from our attention, the gross pursuit or occupation which, after all, forms its essence. But it is, also, necessary that the palate should be pleased and the mind gratified—it is necessary for digestion and health. The association between the taste, or the mind, and the stomach, is a most powerful one; and that which the palate likes, the stomach digests. No one digests disgusting food; and a mere idea, a disgusting association, a suspicion alone, is sufficient to derange the whole process. If we even tell a man who is tranquilly enjoying the concoction of woodcock and venison, that he has eaten magpie or jackass, the process immediately stops, and the whole system is deranged.

It would be easy enough to say much more to this effect; but, even with the authority of Horace before us, we must not say all that Ofellus might say. But, as we are threatened, too, with “rich sauces” and spices, it is as well to see what virtue is in these *words*; what poison, rather. The richest of sauces is gravy; the gelatine or glue of meat, infusion by heat, or solution in water. If it be cooled to jelly, and mixed with wine and sugar, why then, forsooth, it is a light and delicate substance fit for sick people, and delicate stomachs, invigorating, and otherwise virtuous! So that it is poison as sauce, and full of virtue as jelly—destructive, when liquid—sanatory, when solid. As to the other sauces, they are nothing but what we eat in some other shape every day; butter, fried with flour, butter boiled with flour, an atom of lemon juice vinegar, of salt or pepper, the grating of a lemon peel, or of an anchovy, or the water of a mushroom. Such are the rich sauces, which lay their “poison in ambush in every dish” “Men have died, and worms have eaten them,” but not of rich sauces!

As to condiments, salt and spices, they are a want of the human stomach: they are stimuli to its action, and it does not require the experience of all the world at all times and places, and of the inhabitants of hot climates, and of vegetable eaters in particular, to prove that they are not only salutary, but necessary. A man may, indeed, pepper his stomach into inactivity, just as he may ride his horse to death; but he may, also, eat forty pounds of pork, like Captain Cochrane’s friends, (if he can) or drink a bottle of whisky before breakfast: in either case we have nothing to do with him, for *abuse* is not *use*.

Should the objector be thus beaten out of all his entrenchments, he retorts, that cookery and variety are bad things, because they

tempt a man to eat too much. We doubt the fact. Most people know, that they eat more of a plain dish, or of a single dish, which suits their taste, than when they dabble in variety. Every one knows that he can eat more, and does eat more, of cold meat than hot. Cold beef is, therefore, the true poison.

But we have answered the question, as far as relates to unnecessary or superfluous eating, already. We do not think that this is a source of much evil at any time, and still less when it is occasional or casual. Unquestionably, the stomach may be deranged by excess of variety, as by excess of any kind; and we do not deny the power of temptation, arising from the excellence of the food or the cooking, in causing a man to eat more than is necessary. Nor will we deny, that in a gouty disposition, and particularly when gout is actually impending, excess may produce the fit. But, in this case, it acts but as any other debilitating cause would do, like fatigue, or anxiety, or Cheltenham. If a glass of champagne or claret produce an attack of this disorder, it is from the existence of the *idiosyncrasy*, or predisposition, and because the fit is only waiting to be excited. The excess is the match; but the train was laid, and would have been fired by some cause.

But we will dismiss a part of the subject, which we can scarcely be persuaded to treat very seriously; believing that it is in vain to argue rationally with those who are governed by words and habits. We might easily have written much more, and much more gravely, but we are at present as little inclined to weary our readers as ourselves, and shall consequently conclude for the present, reserving our remarks on Drinking to a future number.

R.

TO SORROW.

Spirit of the lonely vale,
 With the long-lash'd dewy eye
 Bending o'er the lilies pale
 'Neath the melancholy sky;
 Sorrow! when in primrose fields,
 Where the rills laugh, sing the bowers,
 Fondest sigh life's pilgrim yields
 To thy vale of sunless flowers.

Who beside the streamlet dwells,
 With the merry sylvan song
 Mingling music through the dells,
 Little heeds, or heeds not long:
 Bless the guide's mysterious hand,
 Sun that smiles, and cloud that lowers;
 Doubly fair joy's summer-land
 For the vale of sunless flowers!

R.

The Fountain of Youth.

OH, MAID OF THE TWEED.

An Emigrant's Song.

Oh ! Maid of the Tweed ! wilt thou travel with me
 To the deep wilds of Tasmania, far o'er the sea,
 Where the blue mountains tow'r in the beautiful clime,
 Hung round with huge forests all hoary with time ?
 I'll build thee a cabin beside the clear fount,
 Where it leaps into light from the heart of the mount,
 Ere yet its young footsteps have found the fair meads,
 Where 'mong the tall grasses the kangaroo feeds.

Our cottage shall stand by the evergreen wood,
 Where the lory and turtle-dove rear their young brood,
 And the rosy-plumed paroquet waves his bright wings
 On the bough where the opossum gambels and swings :
 Where the high rocks behind us, the valley before,
 The hills on each side with our flocks speckled o'er,
 And the far-sweeping river oft glancing between,
 With the heifers reclined on its margins of green.

There, rich in the wealth which a beautiful soil
 Pours forth to repay the blythe husbandman's toil ;
 Content with the present, at peace with the past ;
 No cloud on the future our joys to o'ercast ;
 Like our patriarch sires in the good olden day,
 The heart we'll keep young, though the temples wax gray ;
 While love's olive plants round our table shall rise,
 Engrafted with hopes that bear fruit in the skies.

P.

 THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

The discoveries of Columbus formed a new era in the history of Spain ; and, just reposing from the wars of Grenada, the chivalrous nature of the Spanish Hidalgos burned with ardour again to enter upon the field of warfare ; and the enthusiasm which had enlisted so many for the downfall of the Alhambra, led them to the new found colonies of the Western Indies. And various were the cavaliers of high birth, who procured permission of Phillip the First, to seek those distant countries, on the usual condition of paying a portion of the profits of their discoveries to the united Crowns of Castile and Leon.

Among the most celebrated of the delusions which drew so many enterprising spirits away from their native land, was the report carried home by many of the adventurers, from the traditions and legends of the Indians, of a miraculous fountain, whose waters had the singular properties of conferring a new youth on those who

drank of its streams. Nor were ignorant men alone possessed with this idea, Peter Martyr himself, in his second Decade, addressed to Leo the Tenth, thus writes. "Among the islands on the north side of Hispaniola, there is one about three hundred and twenty-five leagues distant, as they say which have searched the same, in the which is a continual spring of running water, of such marvellous virtue, that the water thereof being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh old men young again. And here I must make protestation to your Holiness, not to think this to be said lightly or rashly, for they have so spread this rumour for a truth throughout all the court, that not only all the people, but also many of them whom wisdom or fortune hath divided from the common sort, think it to be true, but if you will ask my opinion herein, I will answer, that I will not attribute so great power to nature, but that God hath no less reserved this prerogative to himself, than to search the hearts of men." The virtue of this wonderful fountain prompted many to seek for it; many who perished in the search, or returned disappointed, and in the discovery of gold compensated themselves for the treasure they had been unsuccessful in finding. Among the most eager in the pursuit of these rejuvenating waters, was a young Spaniard of a bold and daring disposition, sanguine of the success of his expedition, and firmly resolved never to return, until he had discovered this precious object. It was not that he required a renewal of his youth, the full fine vigour of manhood was yet upon his frame, and to great strength was added inextinguishable perseverance; but the idea of surpassing even Columbus himself in the discovery, and the glory which must thereby attach to his name, were powerful incentives to the mind of Juan Fernandez Pinzon, (a nephew of one of the merchants of Palos, who assisted Columbus in his first expedition), to undertake whatever might be considered as hazardous.

In a brigantine, of about eighty tons burthen, with a few other adventurers, had Juan Fernandez Pinzon set sail from the coast of Spain; and, according to their computation, scarcely a day would now elapse before they reached Hispaniola, which was at that time under the government of Don Diego Columbus. Wearied with the voyage, Juan Fernandez leant over the side of the vessel, gazing with an enraptured eye on the magnificence around him: a bright, pure gold color, which adorned the west, told of the departure of the God of day; while a star, like a silver gem, visible even amid the surpassing splendor, heralded the approach of night; light fleecy clouds were careering here and there over the azure concave of heaven, and towards the horizon were gathering into the most fantastic shapes, assuming a great variety of tints, and altogether forming a most picturesque and delightful appearance. To those of my readers who have never witnessed a tropical sunset, this description can give but a faint idea of its loveliness; but to those who have beheld it, it will bring a sweet reminiscence of a scene pleasurable in the extreme. Shortly rose the moon, as if to

claim that superiority which the sun had relinquished; and riding supreme through the skies, brought a beautiful and cooling breeze to the scorched mariners. If there is an hour more inducing to devotion than another, it is such as I describe, nor was its influence thrown away on the voyagers of the brigantine. Every evening had the Ave Maria, or hymn to the Virgin Mary, been chaunted by the whole crew; who had in view a sacred object, the diffusion of christianity and the conversion of the tribes of the Indians, as well as the hope of procuring wealth: and, taking his guitar, of which he was a perfect master, did Juan breathe to its tones the following words:—

Ave Maria! on the sea
We turn our swelling hearts to thee,
And now, beneath thy favorite star,
Which glimmers faintly from afar,
We wake once more the hallowed strain
We poured to thee in sunny Spain.
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! through thy care,
The land of gold and gems we near;
To bring thy truth, a chosen band,
To many a dark and heathen land,
And teach them in the twilight dim,
To chaunt with us thy vesper hymn.
Ave Maria!

Scarcely had Juan finished his lay, when the cry of, the land! the land! burst upon his ear, and by daybreak the next morning, with feelings of joy, the whole of them landed at San Domingo, the newly-formed European settlement in the island of Hispaniola.

After a few days rest, Juan began to make enquiries as to the locality of the fountain of youth, but so varied and so contradictory were the reports, that he almost repented of the vow he had made to seek it; at length, after wandering for some time in a small caravel about the islands immediately surrounding Hispaniola, he learned from an old Indian, who offered to accompany him, that to the north was the island, in which these mysterious waters, bubbling from a rock in the centre took a meandering course to the sea. Taking in a fresh supply of provisions, Juan, with renewed hope, recommenced his search: in spite of the cross currents which there exist, the sea was in a calm, broken only by a slight ripple; but the Indian, to whom the appearance of the sea and sky was as a book which his practised eye could read, advised that they should put into Baracoa, until a storm, which he foresaw, had passed by. There was no sign of tempest, the sky was clear and cloudless, the sea beautifully calm, and the advice of the Indian was treated with contempt. But four and twenty hours had not elapsed, when the heavens became unusually dark, red lurid lightning flashed incessantly across them, followed immediately by thunder, with such tremendous noise, that the mariners were filled

with dismay. The ripple of the sea suddenly ceased, as if in the awful expectance of some horrible convulsion of nature, the wind rose with fearful force, destroying the smoothness of the waters, and threatening with its violence to overturn the caravel; one gigantic wave broke over it, and swept from it the Indian, together with the whole of Juan's companions. All was now lost, and commending himself to the Virgin, he laid himself down perfectly resigned to his fate; one moment carried to an immense height by the billows, the next borne down, as it were, to the very bottom of the sea. The calls of hunger and thirst then brought him to a sense of his situation, and to his horror he discovered that not only his companions, but the whole of his provisions, had been swept away by the ruthless tempest. Despair now assailed him, and no succour, nothing but an interminable waste of tumbling waters could be discerned around—a kind of stupor oppressed him, and he lay in a state of insensibility.

How long he remained in this condition he knew not; but when he awoke, an odoriferous fragrance scented the air; and the song of birds breathed the most delicious music: his first impression was that he was no longer on the shores of earth, but had been borne silently away to the land of Paradise. A beautiful Carib girl was bending her full dark eyes over him, and when he first gazed on her, an expression of rapturous joy lighted them up with celestial lustre. A store of cassova bread and roots, she placed before him, by signs inducing him to eat, and when he seemed to have recovered a little strength, she led the way to a small bell-shaped hut, where, by her cares, he was soon restored to his accustomed vigour. Juan Fernandez Pinzon had a heart fraught with the finest feelings of humanity, and the tenderness of the Carib girl sank deeply into his soul: remaining with her some time, he learned a portion of the language, and his first enquiries were for the Fountain of Youth, the object of his leaving Spain; the next respecting the other inhabitants of the island, for he could not suppose the beautiful being who attended him could reside alone. To the first question she could only reply by pointing northward; a party of Indians had gone in search of it, and never returning, were supposed to have remained there: to the second, her answer was, that she belonged to a Carib tribe, and having been engaged in hunting on the sea side, had discovered Juan lying on the shore insensible; but she conjured him to leave the island as soon as possible, as, in consequence of the outrages committed on the Indians by the various adventurers, who had from time to time landed on the coast, it was the custom to offer up as sacrifices to their gods, all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. This latter information considerably alarmed him, and as the caravel had gone to pieces, the difficulty of escape was exceedingly great.

However with much labour and perseverance he managed to collect a portion of the timbers, and with the aid of such tools as the

affectionate girl procured him, and with her own personal assistance, he formed a good sized boat, but just as he had completed his preparations for sailing, a party of the tribe surprised him with loud shouts, and bore him away into the interior of the island.

The absence of the girl, who was the daughter of the Cacique, had created some anxiety in the mind of her father, and one of her brothers, who had been on the search for her, discovering her retreat, her companion, and their occupation, with the aid of his party carried them both away, the one to be punished as her father should dictate, the other to be the victim of an accursed rite. For some miles they travelled, and at length they reached a large plain entirely surrounded by mountains: the whole tribe were here collected; and on the approach of the party, great rejoicing was evinced by the most discordant yells. Juan was here stripped, the barbarians quarrelling and disputing for his clothes, and tied to a stake, a large fire was kindled before him, and at a given signal, a man advanced with a large club, in order to kill him for the sacrifice. What was at this moment revolving in the mind of Juan would be difficult to describe; in his extremity he commended himself to the Virgin, and called upon her to witness that he died in her cause, and that of her Son, and for the ardour he had displayed, praying for an entrance into the realms of bliss.

The hand of the man was raised, the club was descending, this moment would be his last—when a ball from an arquebus brought the Carib to the ground, and another shot succeeding, the whole tribe alarmed fled with precipitation, from two men who, fighting with thunder and lightning, must in their ideas have come from the skies. The Carib girl had fallen with fear, but seeing the friendly intention of the men towards Juan, advanced bowing to the earth, and implored them if they were not heavenly beings, to hasten from this inhospitable island, a proposal they were not slow in agreeing with, and accordingly, trusting themselves to her guidance, they sought the place where the boat had been left, and to their great felicity found every thing in the same order as when Juan had been seized by the Caribs.

It happened that these two men had been seamen in the brigantine which brought Juan from Spain, and the same storm which cast him on this island, also had compelled them to put to shore, whence, not having sufficient rope to make it fast, their boat had drifted with the receding waters, and having brought their arquebuses with them, they had been wandering about in pursuit of game, fortunately arriving just in time to snatch Juan from the horrible death to which he appeared destined.

Having taken Cassova bread and such food as the Carib girl pointed out to them, into the boat; bearing her also along with them, for neither Juan nor herself could consent to separate, they proceeded northward to Guanahani, or, as it is now called, San Salvador; where, meeting with no interruption from the natives, they leisurely refitted, and started again, sailing in a north-west-

erly direction until they arrived at Bimini. This was the land of promise, yet in vain were the waters of several streams drunk by one of the seamen, who being an old man, the experiment was considered to be fairly tried; and, as no effect was visible, the search for this fountain was kept up with unabated zeal. After many disappointments, Juan and his Carib love discovered one of the most wonderful productions of nature they had ever beheld; on the summit of a lofty hill, stood a splendid tree, full of leaf, and beautifully verdant, waters were gushing from its trunk, and pouring a pellucid stream from its branches; this was deemed with apparent certainty to be the Fountain of Youth, but on seeking his two companions, Juan found they had departed, taking with them the boat. Yet did Juan return thanks for the discovery, and as the hope of returning to Spain was now denied him, he commenced to teach his Isabella, as he named the Carib girl, the principles of Christianity, which when the instructor was one, whom she tenderly loved, she soon learned, and never since in the island of Bimini, have prayers been uttered with more sincerity than by Juan Fernandez Pinzon and his Carib love.

It was for this island that, in the year 1512 Juan Ponce de Leon, with two other ships set sail from Porto Rico, but being baffled by contrary winds in his voyage, he relinquished the search himself, and sent on one of his captains, Juan Pereo de Ortubia;—this captain found Juan Fernandez and his Carib with one child, their offspring, and although it was now proved that not even the waters of this miraculous tree could restore an old person to his former youth, such was the influence of the tradition, that a long while after many firmly believed the Fountain of Youth did really exist.

Juan Fernandez Pinzon arrived eventually in Spain, and among the records (now destroyed) of the family of Palos, was an account of the baptism of his Isabella, the solemnization of his marriage by La Casas; and for many years the tombs which contain the bodies of himself and bride, were planted with roses, by his careful descendants.

* K *

LINES

On seeing a Contention between two Worms.

Come hither, haughty man! this is thy school;
 What art thou here? ambition's giddy fool!
 Turn not with scorn; ah, whither wilt thou roam?
 To seek the world as thine! yet where's thy home?
 Vain man, 'tis here on this corrupting earth,
 Where weeds and worms have bitterness and birth,
 Where these poor reptiles, strugglers of an hour,
 Thy mimic types in prejudice and power,
 Unarm'd contend, ingloriously engage,
 With bloodless fury and defenceless rage,
 To claim the monarchy of this rude spot,
 Then end the contest, and begin to rot.

Scholar of vanity, the moon of pride;
 The stars of folly indistinctly hide
 Their random rays, behold, they will not shine
 With lasting lustre on those gems of thine;
 Or, if in frolic on thy brows they fall,
 Thine hour of littleness they but recall,
 Shaming thy hopes, disclosing what thou art,
 Unfix'd in principle, corrupt in heart,
 Thy deeds belieing what thy tongue professed,
 Thy tongue betraying what thy soul caressed,
 A selfish thought by pride or fashion nurs'd
 By hope allured, by pride or fashion curs'd.
 Bind closer still, drink counsel with thine ear
 From these poor reptiles, thou disdain'st to hear.
 Thy weakness nam'd, or meet thy kindred clay,
 Worm of the grave plot, vaunter of to-day.
 The struggle ceases; hark! dost thou not hear
 A low, shrill accent floating on thine ear,
 As the proud victor looks, and views beneath,
 The vanquish'd stretching in the grasp of death;
 As then he cries, in wild ambitious pride,
 "Thus like the faint and fearful hart thou died.
 This realm is now my own, but man is here,
 The dupe of interest and the slave of fear.
 Go, go, weak mortal, to thy brother bend,
 His pow'r confess, his faults and crimes commend.
 Support his aim, and tremble at his nod,
 And bow to him more lowly than to God;
 For all thy servile deeds what are thy gains?
 Untimely death, or ignominious chains."
 The victor starts, and pauses to survey
 The dying torture of his helpless prey,
 That now in mournful destitution lies,
 Exerts his tongue, and thus too faintly cries:
 "Go victor with thy frowns, establish law,
 And burn to hold a trembling world in awe;
 Count all glories, spoils, and trophies, o'er;
 Survey the realms you've conquered and explore;
 How many graves their spacious fields supply,
 You ask but one, for which you toil and die.

H:

EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

CONTINUED FROM P. 130, VOL. II.

—Hitherto I have spoken of the agreeable side of a sea life; to-day and yesterday, from being unwell, I have done little, but say with Mariana in 'The Moated Grange,' "I am weary, weary." There is both comfort and discomfort in knowing that one shall be weary and unweary, well and unwell, sick and unsick of every thing and person on board, full twice a week before the voyage ends. An active mind may countervail much of this; but much

will yet remain, the consequence of varying wind and wave. The ear becomes fretted with the ceaseless sound of "many waters;" the eye aches with traversing their monotonous expanse; and the mind is perfectly fevered for want of one retired spot, one moment's stillness. Now is the time to be tormented with longings after English green-lanes—English hay-fields—anything, but the universal brininess that makes all one eats, drinks, touches, breathes, thinks, and feels—*salt*. Now is the time to adventure a new reading of Shakspeare, and vow that Hamlet had an eye to a sea voyage, when he exclaimed—"Oh flesh, how art thou finished?" Now, one gets uncharitable, and reverses the good-day impression of one's fellow passengers. Now, one votes that the band (their instruments at least) be thrown overboard; that the piano in the next cabin do follow them; that the musical snuff-boxes, together with their owners, be sent either to the hold or to the main-top. Now, are the excellent breakfasts and dinners turned away from with distaste; and now, does the crazed appetite sympathize with the South American woman, when she longed "to pick the little bones of a little Tapoona boy's head." Now, are the steward and cook perplexed with the strange and divers fancies of the ailing passengers.

Since I have been unwell, Sea-Kitty has been induced to alter the tack of her consolations. The *shirts* and the dolphins being all too briny for my taste, she started off into a vein of very fair prose poetry, touching the fruits of Madeira, reminiscences of English wild flowers, and a certain Christmas day, spent among the caves of Ellora. Christmas Day in India! a hot Christmas Day!

— My first squall, and my second Sunday at sea. About midnight, I was awakened by what appeared the noise of a forest of wild beasts let loose overhead. The wind—it seemed as if I had never heard wind before—whilst the sea looked more than enough disposed

To come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow.

Add to this, rolling, lurching, pitching, heaving, and groaning on the part of the ship, and I fancied I had good right to be alarmed. Presently, suspecting what might happen, in walked Mrs. —, in what she called her storm-dressing gown, with a nonchalance that would have comforted any one. "It's nothing, just nothing at all, Mem."

"Then, what is something?"

"Why when all the things that are lashed down, break loose in a moment—when the sea comes over the hammock rails—when—" and she drew such a picture of a real storm and of what she termed "a hurricane," that my squall was certainly constrained to hide its diminished head. Presently the wind lowered; I grew calm, and she went below, "just to look round if any of the people were leaving port-holes open that ought to be shut; passengers don't know any better at first."

Divine service was not held till the next evening, and in the cuddy (large dining cabin)—I could not personally attend, but, by leaving the door ajar, I could hear, and never could the celebration of Divine Service, whether in rustic church, crowded chapel, or gorgeous cathedral, come home so much to my heart and understanding. Doubtless there were personal reasons why the voice of "the white-robed priest" should affect me peculiarly, but there was much to solemnize and affect of a more general nature. Floating over the waters, severed from all communion with our fellow beings on land, we were yet, by the words we uttered, the feelings we experienced, the blessings we prayed for, and many of the evils we asked deliverance from, one with every christian assembly and church in the world.

— I have been thinking much of various poetical descriptions of the sea, and in most I am struck with what, for want of a better term, I must be allowed to call *fresh-water-ism*. Now that I am really out at sea, I try in vain to realize those fancies which make it the abode of mermaids and men; of rocks strewed with pearls; caves abounding with

Jasper, and agate, and almondine,

fretted roofs, sparry pillars, golden thrones, and ten thousand other items illustrative of a palace, a jeweller's shop, a fancy ball, and a bazaar. The sea, even when calm and shining, strikes me as too grand, too stern, too real, to be connected with anything that is *pretty*. We know almost as little of the depths of the ocean as we do of the depths of eternity—of which it is a great and awful emblem. It is singular, because the Jews could have only a limited acquaintance with it, that some of the scriptural expressions concerning the sea, have a truth, force, and majesty alone worthy of the object. An expression in Jeremiah is wonderfully precise:—"Though the waves thereof *toss themselves*"—thus describing that separate and individual motion of each billow, which they have from the greatest to the least. The continuous rolling is the result of all this individual "tossing," and so independent are the movements, that one might fancy every particular wave to have a particular will. The *heaving* is of the mass beneath, and comes in voluminous rolls as of hills in motion; on the surface of these are the waves, that, far as the eye can reach, take a sharp, angular, spiral form, till the whole resembles an army of spear-heads in motion. The phrase used in the Prophet Jonah, "The sea wrought and was very tempestuous," may seem naked to those not on the element, but to any in the condition of Jonah's shipmaster, there will be a power surpassing hyperbole, in the graphic simplicity of the expression, "the sea *wrought*." In the forty-sixth, or, as it is often called, in Luther's Psalm, there is a beautiful touch concerning the ocean, which never struck me when on land. After declaring that "we will not be moved though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the

sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof"—the writer suddenly takes comfort from a thought couched in the form of simile, which has a beautiful connection with the preceding description—"There is a *river*, the streams thereof shall make glad the city of our God." He must have been tossed, stunned, wearied, if not endangered on the deep, before he could have imagined this exquisite transition to the peace, the refreshing, and the stability of an inland river, "wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

— With all my salt-water babble, I have said nothing of the *mode* in which a day slips from one—I dare not say the mode of employing a day, for, in truth, the instances are few, of persons achieving much on shipboard. If you worked the ship, there would be occupation and interest: as a mere passenger, the business of the vessel goes on before your eyes, like a cabalistic process; and if danger really arose, you would have to lie still, listening to every species of noise, command, and effort, with the comfortable conviction, that if you go to the bottom, you will hardly understand the *how* or the *why*. "But how *do* you pass your time?" inquires some one. Why, those who have canaries air and feed them; those who have legs, sea legs, I mean, use them by the hour; those who have cigars, smoke them by legions; those who have appointments in the service, compare them; those who have not been in India, ask questions, which those who have been there, answer; those who have books, borrow and lend, oftener than read them; those who have appetites, (and happy are they,) eat; those who have the power, (and they are yet happier,) sleep; those who have minds, (and they are happiest of all,) think, and are the better for it. Ladies have many advantages in this cooped up life. They have, even here, chests of drawers to arrange, disarrange, and re-arrange; they have muslin to hem, caps to quill, their outfits to discuss, and new tunes to play till they become old. They have been trained to sit still, or to walk in a style that resembles sitting still in motion. Moreover, they are not required to *shave*, and in a rolling sea.

— Off Madeira. Strange that a spot wherein none of us has a single acquaintance, should be looked to as a perfect land of Canaan. "When we get to Madeira," has either begun or ended every body's third sentence for the last two days, coupled of course with some appropriate scheme. "Lots of grapes"—"The Nunnery"—"A long ride on mules"—"Clothes washed"—"Wine"—"Parties"—&c. &c. Now, when I get to Madeira, I will be put in a garden so thickly planted, that everything shall be shut out, particularly Capt. Basil Hall's "element of which one never tires;" I will rejoice in being once more on the solid, solid earth; I will endeavour to get to some place so still, so retired, so perfectly free from *sights*, that I might say with truth—

A Convent, ev'n a hermit's cell
Would break the silence of this dell.

After that, the sea again, with fresh spirits, renewed energy, and revived health. Meanwhile, nearly a calm tries the patience and wastes time;—yet is the moonlit sea like a vast plain studded with glow-worms; and the noonday sea like lapis lazuli, flecked with silver.

SONGS OF IDLE HOURS.

X.

"The defeated Knight."

I cannot seek my lady's bower,
 I dare not meet her glance,
 For fortune, unpropitious, sheds
 No glory on my lance.
 Frowns from that one, I love so well,
 My hopes, my joys will blight;
 And frowns alone the meed can be,
 Of a defeated Knight.

The raven tress that graced my helm,
 The snowy scarf she wove—
 All stained with shame they now return,
 Those tokens of her love!
 Then bid me not to seek her bowers,
 I dare not meet her sight,
 For Beauty's eye can never smile
 On a defeated Knight.

XI.

"My loved Guitar."

My loved guitar, when sorrow flings
 Her darksome shadow on my heart,
 I turn to thee and touch thy strings,
 For thou alone canst joy impart.
 Oh! softly sweet thy numbers fall,
 Like dew upon the thirsty ground;
 And should a gloom my soul enthrall,
 They spread a cheering light around!

Tho' disappointment dims my youth,
 I heed it not if thou art by;
 For thou art aye the friend to soothe
 Each anguish with thy minstrelsy.
 Thy songs recal the joyous hours,
 Shared with the loved ones now afar;
 And e'en the brow of grief with flowers
 Is wreathed by thee, my loved guitar!

XII.

"Remember me no more."

Remember me no more !
 I would not be a shade,
 To haunt thy bowers of happiness,
 My well beloved maid.
 But as our hours of mutual joy,
 And all their dreams are o'er,
 'Twere better I were never named,—
 Remember me no more !

We loved in happier hours—
 Beneath misfortune's frown,
 The summer beauty of our lives
 In darkness hath gone down.
 And hope hath fled before the fears
 Of ills for us in store,
 While all that memory brings are tears,—
 Remember me no more !

Oh pray for Lethe's stream,
 To banish from thy heart
 The recollections of those days
 In which I bore a part.
 And seek, by mingling with the gay,
 If pleasure can restore
 The lost gem of thy bosom, peace—
 Remember me no more !

•X•

ROB THE RED-HAND.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Reginald Owen, Rob's legitimate brother, was a proud, choleric Welshman; and, as we have said, wealthy, and of some rank. In Wales—where a baronet's title is commonly the highest in the county, the prefix of "*Sir*" possesses all the influence which enjoyed by a much higher rank in other parts of the country: and thus it was, in this instance. Sir Reginald Owen was *the* "great man," and his residence, Maengwyn,* "*the great house of the district.*" The Baronet's family, at the time we are speaking of, consisted of himself, his daughter Elizabeth, his son Reginald, and his maiden sister Margaret—Lady Owen having been long since gathered to her fathers, and safely deposited in the family vault, in the parish church of the neighbouring town of ———. The readers will be better acquainted with these "ladies and gen-

* White-rock.

tlemen," if I introduce him (or her) at once into their company, than if I occupied half-a-dozen pages with "a full, true, and particular account" of their "birth, parentage, and education."

Let me transport the reader, therefore, into the interior of Maengwyn—into that old-fashioned oak parlour, where I have long since played many a game at marbles, hung round with "the portraits of mine ancestors," half of it, in winter, divided by a screen, embellished with some of Mistress Margery's handy-work in the way of embroidery,—the other half being appropriated to the gambols of Mistress Margery's cat, and some half-dozen fat spaniels,—one only, and that was Elizabeth's pet—being allowed the envied privilege of coming *within* the screen.

Let me premise, that Maengwyn was a large, and ancient mansion, composed of various buildings, each added according to the whim or fancied wants of its successive proprietors. Its situation was picturesque and convenient. It stood on the summit of a wooded mountain, at the foot of which brawled a rapid river, between banks of fertile pasturage. The approach to it was a continued ascent of nearly a mile in extent, the road leading through a winding avenue of oak and sycamore, which vied almost in antiquity with the rocks, that were interspersed amongst them. A noble lawn fronted the mansion—while a large artificial lake, well stocked with fish and water-fowl, wild and tame—filled up the rear. In summer it was cool and shaded—in winter snug and sheltered.

It was in November, and the night was cold, raw, and gusty. The screen had been drawn more than usually close, and an additional log of cord-wood* had been cast upon the fire—Mistress Margery was at her favourite occupation of spinning, and the steady, regular *thrum* of her wheel was not an unpleasant accompaniment to the crackling of the fire, and the swift rushing sound of its red flame. The Baronet was reading "*The London Mercury*," a newspaper, which found its way into this part of Wales *not quite* three weeks after its publication by Jonathan Herring in London; while Elizabeth was painting some velvet for a covering for Mistress Margery's holiday-footstool.

A small antique-looking timepiece fixed over the fire-place, struck eight, and interrupted the Baronet's lucubrations. "Why, how now?" said he, "Reginald has not come in yet; I wonder what keeps the lad so late."

"He is flirting, I dare say, with Janet Meredith," said Mistress Margery,—as she continued her spinning, apparently unmoved at Reginald's tarrying.

"He is doing no such thing, I hope," said Elizabeth, haughtily. "Janet Meredith is not at all a proper person for my brother to notice with his attentions;" and a frown darkened the handsome

* The smaller branches of trees, which, with turf, are the common fuel of the country.

features of the proud maiden, as she thus expressed her indignation of conduct so derogatory to the dignity of her family.

"Hoity toity, Bets au vach!"* exclaimed Mistress Margery—"What is the matter now?—And why should not Janet Meredith be a proper person for Reginald to notice? Her father is a man of substance, and his family is old and well connected."

"Hugh Meredith is, I doubt not," replied Elizabeth—"a worthy and well-descended man: but you forgot one thing, aunt—which is, that he got his riches by dealing in flannel, at Shrewsbury."

"I beg, sister," said the Baronet, proudly and with emphasis—"that you will say no more on the subject. You ought to know, that the Owens of Maengwyn have, by far, too great a regard for the honour of their ancestors, to mingle their blood with that of any plebian in the land, however wealthy he may be. Let me hear no more of this nonsense about these Merediths. I have heard too much of it of late."

"I tell you what, brother," said the spinster, not much intimidated at the Baronet's wrath, "you will drive this lad to do some mischief, if you do not turn over a new leaf with him. He is never happy at home, now, and if he goes out, he is found fault with and railed at." (Here Elizabeth left the room to avoid the storm, which she saw was rising.)

Sir Reginald not only respected his sister, but, to a certain extent, he feared her. She was so necessary to his comfort, as well as to the maintenance of the dignity of the family, that his proud spirit was compelled to submit to many things, as connected with her, which sadly galled it. On the present occasion, however, he was not so submissive.

"Permit me to inform you, Mistress Margery Owen," said he, as he drew himself up in his chair, and exhibited no bad personification of stiffly starched haughtiness—"that, as regards my son, I will be the master—the uncontrolled master of my own actions. His conduct of late—whether encouraged by you or not, I cannot say—has not been such as to create in my breast any very violent feelings of parental affection. On the contrary, it has been such as no parent could submit to, and such as I, most assuredly, will not put up with."

"You have certainly a right, Sir Reginald, to act as you please towards your son—provided you act justly and fairly: but, I think, you go too far in considering his youthful follies so seriously. He is somewhat thoughtless, but you must remember, brother, that he is not the only one of the family who has merited that distinction."

Mistress Margery, although as amiable an old lady as ever lived, was nevertheless somewhat imbued on slight occasions, with that

* *Vach*, literally "*little*," figuratively, and in common parlance "*dear*:" in the masculine it is "*back*."

blessed spirit of provocation, which too many of the fair sex, at a certain age, delight to indulge in; and, having always deprecated the Baronet's behaviour to his son, any discussion on that subject never failed to excite her anger, and rouse all her wrathful energies in behalf of her darling nephew. She made the allusion, therefore, to her own father, with which she concluded her extenuation of Reginald's conduct, more with a view to annoy her brother, than to serve her absent client. Of course it produced the desired effect.

"Wild or not, madam, by G——!" exclaimed the Baronet—"he shall never enter these doors again, if he does not altogether reform, and that speedily! I will not have the dignity of my family sullied, nor my own comfort and happiness trifled with—no, not even if it cost me a son to prevent it."

"Forshame, Sir Reginald—forshame!" said Mistress Margery. "It is neither christian-like, nor manly, to rave in this manner; and Reginald absent too! Indeed, if he is not better used, he shall go and live with me at Bôdalan." This was Mistress Margery's own property in Caernarvonshire; and this threat had hitherto never failed to quell the rage even of Sir Reginald Owen. On the present occasion, however, it only added fuel to the fire.

"You may go to the world's end, both of you," said the Baronet, "but let me tell you, once for all, Mistress Owen, *I will* be master in my own house; and, what is more, I will not any longer be interfered with in any thing I say or do in it. So—Sir!" to his son, who now entered the room—"you still persist in keeping these late hours?"

"My dear Sir," said Reginald, "it is barely eight o'clock; and I should have been here much sooner, had I not been ——"

"Now, I want no excuse," interrupted the pettish father,—"I dare say your time has passed away very pleasantly at Glanwern—"

"Indeed, Sir, I do not understand you," said Reginald mildly, now beginning to surmise that some disturbance had taken place in his absence.

"No—nor any body else, Reinalt," said Mistress Margery, now interposing between the father and son. "Your father, my dear, has been in one of his tantarums, about the Merediths of Glanwern, so, say nothing to him; but come with me into the parlour, and I will give you some supper."

"You will dare to do no such thing, Sir!" shouted the father. "Heaven and earth! am I to be bearded thus in my own house? Things have come to a pretty pass, truly, when my very will is set at defiance before my face! Tell me this instant," turning fiercely to his son, "Tell me, Sir, where you have been, and what you have been doing?"

"I would have explained matters to you, when I first came in, Sir, had you condescended to have heard me," said the young man, firmly, but respectfully, "but as you are now in a state of mind,

calculated to misconceive every thing that I might say, I must beg leave to decline any explanation until you become more reasonable."

"Hell and fury," shouted Sir Reginald, now transported beyond all bounds by his rage. "Leave the room, Sir,—leave it this instant! and never let me see your face again, until you can learn to pay me that respect and duty which are my right as a father."

"Indeed, I will do no such thing," said the young man, seating himself in the chair, which his sister had occupied, and now chafed into rage by his father's unmerited treatment. "I neither deserve this harsh treatment, nor will I endure it. What have I done to be always railed at thus? There is not a single being of my family or kindred, who cares for me, but aunt Margaret."

"Ungrateful boy!" returned the father, pale with anger, and rising in his chair. "Is it thus that you requite me for years of care and affection? Go, Sir! retire to your chamber, and dare not seek my presence again, until you can bring with you a contrite and humble spirit, do you hear me, Sir?" This he spoke louder, for Reginald had turned his back to him, and was leaning over his chair, with his head upon his arm.

Reginald heeded him not, for his thoughts were dark and bewildering, and he continued leaning over his chair.

"Do you *hear* me, Sir?" again shouted the father, in a still louder and more angry tone.

"Sir! I *do*!" exclaimed the youth, as rising suddenly from his seat, he stood before his parent, with a throbbing brow and a flashing eye. "And now, Sir, hear you *me*? Since I can remember, I have never received from you a tithe of the common love, that the meanest peasant bestows upon his child. What you were pleased to bestow upon me, before that time, you best know, and I thank you for it—perhaps for the first, certainly for the last time. I have endeavoured to love you, and have succeeded in obeying you, in more than was just and reasonable. For all this, I am used like a dog—why, you best can tell; and now that I am of an age to enable me to gain my own subsistence, I will no longer be beholden to you, even for the scanty pittance of a beggar—so farewell, Sir!" "Aunt!" turning to Mistress Margery, who stood almost petrified with amazement. "God bless you! think sometimes of poor Renialt!" He pressed a kiss upon the old lady's brow, snatched up his bonnet, which he had placed upon the table, and rushed out of the house.

This took place so swiftly and so suddenly, that Sir Reginald and his sister, had they both been inclined, could not well have prevented it: and they stood gazing upon each other, in unfeigned astonishment. The lady was the first to find her speech; and to use it. "This came of harsh usage, brother," said she, "Had you taken my advice, such a misfortune as this never could have happened."

"Misfortune! it is no misfortune, Madam. If this hot-brained boy chooses to add this open rebellion to his undutiful conduct,

the misfortune is his—not mine.” And so saying, Sir Reginald Owen marched proudly out of the apartment to his own chamber, there to seek that rest, which, under all the circumstances of the evening’s adventures, he was not, it would seem, very likely to find. In him, however, whose proud and cold spirit esteemed nothing so dear as the honor and dignity of the family, this event was not calculated to produce any very violent feelings of grief, much less of remorse. He had never loved—never even regarded his son with the feelings of common affection; on the contrary, from his very cradle Reginald was an object of even more than indifference to his proud and austere father. It was difficult to account for this estrangement of parental love and fondness from the boy—the only son, with which Sir Reginald’s union with Lady Owen had been crowned: but so it was, and while the care of Reginald was left to menials and domestics, for his mother died while he was yet an infant, the young Elizabeth was fostered with all the fondness which so proud a parent could bestow upon her.

Reginald grew up a strong and an athletic boy, well versed, as may be imagined, in all the hardy sports and pastimes of the hill-side. But, although so decidedly neglected by his father, he had enough of manly pride about him to keep himself entirely aloof from the horse-jockies, cock-fighters, and bullies of the district—notwithstanding sundry cogent temptations, which these worthies failed not, on every possible occasion, to throw in the way of the embryo Baronet. He evinced, even when a boy, considerable fastidiousness into the choice of his associates; and had it not been for two or three families in the vicinity of Maengwyn, he might have been at some loss for society.

Amongst the most favoured of these neighbours were the Merediths of Glanwern, the head of which, old Hugh Meredith, was, as Elizabeth truly asserted, a retired wool-factor, from Shrewsbury. But this aristocratic young lady ought to have remembered, that Hugh Meredith was as well descended as herself; and that, being the younger son of a younger branch of the family, he had industriously applied himself to the manufactures, and had realized, by his integrity, fair-dealing, and perseverance, a fortune which might perhaps, bear some comparison with that of her haughty father. She should have remembered, also, what all the world—that is all *that* world of which she constituted so conspicuous a member—well knew, that Hugh Meredith was a good landlord, an active and an upright magistrate, and the idol, almost, of the numerous peasantry with which that district was populated—qualities, to which, Sir Reginald Owen, with all his pomposity and pride, could lay but little claim. But then the wool—there was the rub! Hugh Meredith had been in business—had been engaged in the filthy and abominable occupation of buying and selling—and what made the matter worse, it was *he* who always bought Sir Reginald’s wool, a derogation, which could not be overlooked or compromised by that dignified gentleman.

Notwithstanding these tremendous draw-backs, the young Reginald became a constant visitor at Glanwern, to the great indignation of his father ; who, although he did not consider it incumbent upon him to contribute to his son's comfort and happiness, felt himself, nevertheless, exceedingly aggrieved if that son committed (even unwillingly, as in the present instance,) any assumed offence against the dignity of the family. But Reginald, even in his own defence, was glad to become the associate of such a family as that of Glanwern. Old Hugh was as kind as a father to him ; Mrs. Meredith loved him as much, almost, as she loved her own children. He and the two boys were seldom separated ; and the daughter, Janet, was the mistress of his young affections.

It was in the company of the sons, Hugh and David, that Reginald was a participator in those sports and pastimes, in which I have already intimated, he was an adept : and if an indulgence in these did occasionally lead him and his companions beyond the bounds of strict prudence and propriety, it never induced them to sin against virtue, or offend against morality. So that Sir Reginald's complaint of his son's wildness was intended merely to give colour and extenuation to his own tyrannical and unjust conduct.

It was not likely that Reginald's spirit, which was as fiery and untameable as a young Eagle's, should always crouch under the indignities, which were heaped upon him by his father and sister ; for the latter, being some years his senior, never failed to second Sir Reginald's sedulous endeavours to oppress the boy and make him miserable. Indeed, as he himself told his father, no one individual of the *clan*, if we may so call it, cared a single jot about him, except "Aunt Margaret," and she did love him, with all the sincerity of her kind and amiable heart. Long before the event, which we have just narrated, Reginald had resisted to embrace the first opportunity of leaving his father's house, and seeking some means of subsistence elsewhere. He could not bear the continued neglect and contumely which were heaped upon him by those, whose duty it was to love and cherish him ; indeed the only circumstance which induced him to endure all this so long was his affection for aunt Margaret, and her solicitude for him. The event, however, of this evening destroyed even this consideration, and Reginald Owen, at the age of twenty-two, found himself a wanderer on the mountains, and an exile from his father's house.

YOUNG FLOWERS.

There's a voice in ev'ry vernal leaf,
That trembles on the tree ;
It breathes about the flower-bud—
In its first infancy ;
There's fondness for it in the air,
Like unseen silk it flows,
And folds the little flowret round,
And rocks it to repose.

The Vision.

And when from out its balmy bed,
 Its rosy cheek it rears,
 How warm it feels the sunbeam's smile—
 How soft the dew's bright tears!
 While nature's joyous spirit hails
 The youngling as her own,
 And shouts unto the vernal world—
 "Another flower is born!"

But there's a flower more sweet than this
 Young offspring of the tree,
 A brighter, purer, prouder far,
 This flower—Humanity!
 But in this moral wilderness—
 This maze of mud and stone,
 The young bud withers to a weed,
 Or dies, unblest, unknown.
 A chilling blight is on the air,
 That breathes upon its birth,
 And tells the poor unwelcom'd one,
 It has no place on earth.
 And when it lifts its asking eye,
 For succour or for cheer,
 It met no soul-illumined smile—
 No pity prompted tear.
 But shiv'ring in the wintry waste,
 It hears the feeble horn—
 Of Vampyre want, with groans proclaim,
 "Another child is born!"

Oh! were the social world like thine
 Bright Nature, man might lift
 The new-born babe aloft, and cry—
 "Behold another gift!
 Another being born to make,
 More wealth than he can use—
 Another being form'd to feel,
 The bliss he can diffuse!"
 Then like the voicful leaves that break,
 Upon the bud-blest tree,
 The happy parent's heart might hail,
 Thy birth, bright Infamy!
 As "tidings of great joy" proclaim—
 Thy coming to the morn,
 And shout unto a thankful world,
 "Another child is born!"

MRS. MARY LEMAN GRIMSTONE.

THE VISION.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

It was one evening in the latter end of October, 1810, that I was left about an hour before midnight, almost alone, in one of the public rooms of the principal hotel in Mantua. The apartment

was spacious, and its size seemed augmented, by the scarcity of inmates. A man of apparently spare habits, dressed in somewhat rusty garments, and whose general appearance was much below that of the company accustomed to frequent the house, was my only companion. The fire was low, and the candles glimmered deeply in the extent of the room. I had looked in turns over the *Gazettes*, which were scattered on the tables, and began to think of retiring. I endeavoured to gaze out of the window, but the night was pitchy-dark, and no object was discernible, except where the lamps, attached to the public buildings in the street, made half visible the ill-defined masses of buildings. I sunk back to my seat by the dying coals, and perplexed myself with weighing the comparative advantages of departing to my lodgings, or remaining at the hotel for the night. The clock struck, and I found it was within a quarter of the witching hour. The stranger had not yet spoken, nor was I inclined to break the silence; at length my companion spoke.

"I think, Sir," said he, "that in the debate which took place this evening, you inclined to the opinion maintained by the Signor Ripari?" There was something in his manner and the tone of his voice much superior to what I should have expected from his appearance.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Your reasonings, then, do not induce you to believe in the possibility of the appearance on earth of a departed spirit, or at least in the power of such a being to make its presence perceptible to human creatures such as ourselves."

"I certainly am not guilty," I replied, "of presuming to assert that such a revisitation is beyond the limits of possibility; probability I own the opinion in question appears to be devoid of."

"True; argument is against the hypothesis."

"I know but one in favour of it—the general assent of all ages and nations to the re-appearance of the dead."

"I do not think," said he, "that much strength is to be acquired from that argument, considering the state of the earthly inhabitants of the world; their confined reasonings and mental investigation—their consequent wonder and astonishment at many of the operations of Nature, which, though now familiar, were to them inexplicable, may account for the use of a notion, which, when once conceived, would be eagerly embraced, and widely disseminated. Argument, therefore, I may repeat, is entirely against the credibility of the opinion."

"In that case," I replied, "the question must be considered as settled, for by what means, except argument, are such inquiries to be prosecuted?"

"You do not, of course, consider arguments, or the conviction arising from them, as the only sources of belief?"

"Certainly not; belief may originate from numerous causes—

for instance, from the retention of what has been shewn to us by experience."

"It is upon that very cause that I ground my belief in the re-appearance of the forms of the dead?"

"Then you are a believer? But do you think that the testimony of another's experience can overcome the improbability of the alleged instances—especially since the pretended beholders of apparitions are generally weak and ignorant persons, and likely to be the subjects of delusion?"

"Passing over," answered my opponent, "the incorrectness of your statement, and the sophism of the argument you would insinuate, your observation is founded on an assumption unauthorized by any expression of mine."

"But where—how?"

"When I spoke of experience, I said nothing to confine it to the experience of others, consequently testimony is not of the question."

"You do not, surely," I answered, "proceed upon your own experience?"

There was a half sort of smile on his features, as he replied to my question, "Why not?"

I started with surprise.

"You have been favoured, then, with a communication from the world of spirits?"

"I have."

"When—where—how?"

"The narration would be tedious," he replied; "if your inclination lead you, you shall yourself know as much as I do."

"That is to say, you possess the power of calling these mysterious existences to the sight of yourself and others?"

"Come and see," was his reply; and leaving his chair, he seemed about to depart. He lingered, as if waiting for me to accompany him.

I feigned a laugh, and said, "that my faith in his power was not so firm as to induce me to leave the house at so late an hour."

"True," answered the stranger; "it grows late—'tis past midnight—you are doubtless remaining here, and I will therefore bid you farewell;"—and bowing with great politeness, he was gone before I could speak to detain him.

A strange and fretting discontent seized me; I was vexed that I had let him depart, and lamented that I had lost such an opportunity of extending my knowledge beyond the limits of the visible world. It may appear singular—it did so to me afterwards. I know that I felt no doubt of the truth of what my companion had asserted; on the contrary, I did not even revolve it as a thing whose reality was established, but thought and acted upon as a settled truth. Yet I had only his bare word for so wonderful, and apparently incredible a tale. He was a stranger to me, and our

connection arose from one of the most common-place casualties of life—the meeting in a coffee-room. So it was, however—I believed implicitly in what I had heard.

I retired to bed—sleep I had none, unless a disturbed and feverish dozing can be so called; the image of my new acquaintance was constantly before my eyes, and phantom-like shapes seemed to float around me. I tossed about unrefreshed, and full of anxiety—I strained my eyes in looking for day-light, and when, after a lapse of, as it appeared, of many hours, I caught a glimmering of the sky, I sprung from my restless couch, dressed myself, and rousing the servants to let me out, rushed into the street.

Why I did so I cannot tell; and this reflection immediately struck me, that I had but a small chance of discovering a man whose name, situation, and place of residence, I was wholly ignorant of, by running through the streets before day-light, and when scarce a soul was abroad, save some whose encounter might prove neither desirable nor safe.

The sun rose, and cast a pale and sickly glare through the vapour which covered the city, and hung in dim masses around the buildings. The air was exceeding raw and cold, the pavement was wet, and covered with filth of every description. The houses, all shut up, looked dismal and repelling. Every thing seemed squalid, meagre, and ungainly, and I felt forcibly that execrable sensation arising from——But my readers know the feeling, doubtless, better than I can describe it.

I counted the lingering minutes, till my ears were at length relieved by the welcome of artisans and labourers preparing for their daily occupation; countrymen from the adjoining suburbs made their appearance with their asses laden with fruit and vegetables. A city-like din began to arise, and the depression of my spirits began to disappear, or at least to diminish, as the stir and bustle increased.

I paced round the city with eager steps, examining every countenance I met, and searching, though in vain, for the stranger of the preceding night. I blamed my own carelessness in not ascertaining his name, and hastened back to the hotel, to inquire from the waiters who he was. Of this, however, they knew as little as myself—they only remembered having occasionally seen him, but with his name, or any other particulars which could guide me in my search, they were unacquainted. I hastily dispatched my breakfast, and again commenced my wanderings.

At length, when the eagerness of my researches had wearied and irritated me, as I was crossing in great haste, one of the squares, I ran against some one, and upon turning round to apologize, found my labours at an end.

“You are not the first,” said the stranger, half-laughing, and seeming fully aware that he was the object of my pursuit, “who has looked diligently for a something that lay just before him at the time.”

I felt, I know not why, half-ashamed of acknowledging the cause for which I had sought him. I recounted to him the history of my rambles, and we talked on different subjects.

"And so," said he at length, upon a pause occurring in the conversation, "you have risen before day, and run about till noon, to find a man with whom, when found, you have no business but to tell him how diligently you have looked for him."

I blushed and hesitated; he smiled as he spoke, and this increased my confusion.

"Excuse me," I said; "I have other business."

"Indeed! pardon my freedom; but had we not better despatch it without delay? You will allow me to enquire the nature of it?"

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I have been thinking, since I saw you last, of the subject which then formed the ground of our discourse."

"Oh! I remember it was of the re-appearance of the dead—of ghosts,—‘of those subtle intelligences which accommodate themselves to shapes,—unite with sounds,—present themselves in odours,—infuse themselves in savours,—deceive the senses, and the very understanding.’ Was it not so? What do you think of St. Austin’s description? Is not the holy father a strong authority for our side of the question?"

"The fathers of the church were men, and not infallible. But our talk was of the existence you speak of."

"I made an offer to you at the time, which you rejected," said he.

"Is it too late to avail myself of it even now?—cannot the error be retrieved?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That when you have seen what I have to exhibit, you will ask no questions concerning my search. I demand this," he added, "more for your own sake, than to gratify any disposition of my own. I wish not to conceal knowledge, where the promulgation of it can benefit the world; that which I peculiarly possess is a curse rather than a blessing."

The manner in which this was said, disposed me to think favorably of the speaker. I felt convinced he was sincere. I made the promise required of me, and taking his arm, I walked with him to the house where he informed me he lodged.

He led me into a small room, plainly, though not inelegantly, furnished. A moderate-sized bookcase, with shelves, well filled with antique-looking volumes, formed the most prominent among its accommodations. There was nothing placed to be seen, no ostentation of science, nothing but what the apartment of any private man would have exhibited.

We so naturally associate the idea of darkness, and seasons of solitude and stillness, with that of the visions of the deceased, that I was astonished, when, after we had been seated a short time, my companion asked if I was prepared to name the person I most

wished to see? I communicated my thoughts to him. He answered,

"All times are alike to me, and a spiritual existent knows not the distinction of light or darkness. We will therefore postpone it; speak when you wish me to fulfil my promise; and, in the mean while, we will pass the time by looking over a few of my favourite authors;" and he unlocked, as he spoke, the glass-doors that sheltered his volumes. He spoke of the authors that we opened like a scholar and a man of feeling. I was delighted with his remarks, and had almost forget the object which had led me there, when the deepening tinge of the sunbeams shining through the casement warned me of the approach of evening. I was ashamed of having so delayed, fearful of the imputation of irresolution. I shut the book I held, and looked at my unknown acquaintance. A look was enough for him.

"Be it so," said he; "name the individual, and he shall appear."

We were arrived at a crisis—a fearful one I felt it. The firmness, which a moment before I flattered myself that I possessed, vanished at the near approach of the moment which should place me in contact with a being of another nature, one, too, whom, of all the creatures of the earth, I had known, and loved, and cherished. I felt a fearful oppression of the heart, my limbs were chill and trembling, and the power of speech well nigh deserted me.

My conductor observed my confusion, and begged to defer the experiment, or to abandon it, if I wished, altogether. I refused to postpone it, and summoning all my strength, I loosed the bonds that enchained my tongue, and spoke the name of the dead.

Oh God! I spoke *her* name, and she sat before me as when on earth—as beautiful, and those eyes so deeply dark, shining upon me with all the gentle fire, the fond affection that illumined them in her days of youth and early blessedness. I strove in vain to touch her hand, to feel if what I saw was indeed my —. I dare not write the word—or but a dream—a vision; and the face smiled a melancholy smile, and the eyes shone, and the lips moved—she spoke!—I felt that voice again; I shrieked her name—my eyes were blind—my limbs were nerveless, but my ears still for a moment drank in the heaven of that sound, as I fell, void of sense and consciousness, to the earth.

I was still lying on the spot where I had dropped down, when I recovered, and found myself alone. Of the stranger who had conducted me there I could perceive no trace, and I endeavoured in vain to remember what part he had taken in the scene which had so strongly affected me. I had some recollection of his raising his hand to his eyes, and moving his lips like a man absorbed in deep meditation; but of the time or manner of his exit I could form no conjecture.

I left the room, and descended into a garden by which the house was almost surrounded. The blush of the sky above me, deepen-

ing, as it neared to the skirts of the horizon, to a glow as of a burning furnace, that lent to every pale-leaved flower and wandering rivulet a tinge of its own rich hue—the mellow song of lingering birds—and the full, cool, exquisite freshness of the air, all spoke the eloquence of evening, and cast a veil of melancholy placidity over the troubled feelings with which I was agitated.

I leaned against a lime-tree, and looked round on the peacefulness of Nature. My thoughts were with other and happier times,—my meditations were sad, but not bitter,—there was one image that had been painfully recalled to my memory, and a thousand fond associations started up and played around the recollection. I was startled from a reverie like this by the sound of an approaching footstep. It was a servant of the house, who delivered me a letter, which was as follows:—

“I have performed my undertaking; do you remember the obligation of my promise? It is near to impossible that we shall ever meet again. If it should happen otherwise, remember you are to make no enquiries. Speak no word of this to any one,—forget what has been, and be content. Your friend——.”

I was dissatisfied and uneasy. I inquired after him, but could obtain no information of his name, occupation, or residence. The people with whom he lodged either knew or would discover nothing. He came occasionally, they said, for a month or two, and then departed. His books and furniture remained there, but he dwelt in the house not more than a third part of the year. Mystery seemed completely to enshroud him,—a mystery which remained uncleared to this time, for I have neither seen nor heard tidings of the stranger since

I left Mantua the day but one following, and returned to England.

[Strange and improbable as this narrative may appear, and impossible as may seem the conjuring up of the dead, we are acquainted with more than one individual in England, who place implicit belief in its possibility: and these are not ignorant or illiterate men, but persons of education, and moving in a highly respectable sphere of society. One gentleman, indeed, is an old lieutenant in the navy, and adds to his other accomplishments, no small knowledge of astrology—casting nativities with great facility, and unerring accuracy. The instrument, through which, our friend, aforesaid, “calls up spirits from the vasty earth,” is the *Beryl*, or magic mirror,—aided of course, by the necessary incantation. It is unnecessary to add, that *we* have never had the courage to put his power to the proof.—EDITOR.]

THE GIFT TO MARY.

When o'er the fading earth chill winter throws
The dusky border of his kingly robe
Thro' the deep forest, hark, the north wind blows,
As if 'twould rend in twain the trembling globe.

See the fierce light'ning's flash from pole to pole ;
While distant yet, the coming tempests moan—
I heed them not, nor hear the thunders roll ;
For every thought is fixed on thee alone.

Oh misery ! oh grief ! that heart's decay
Which gnaws and cankers most in solitude,
Where the despairing soul to quiet may
With most intensity o'er sorrow brood ;
Oft have I writhed beneath thine iron hand,
Oft hast thou wrung from me the bursting groan—
One thought o'er every ill yet held command,
That thought was fixed on thee, on thee alone.

Pale sickness on my frame hath laid her spell,
Pain yet hath added to my gathering care ;
From my lone head the uneasy pillow fell,
And not a hand again to place it there :
Yet rose my soul, superior to all
The ills which cling around me as a zone ;
On thy loved name I still essayed to call,
On thee my thoughts were fixed, on thee alone.

Blest ray of heavenly light, which flits across,
The murky surface of the bruised soul,
Relieves the sick, who groaning, restless toss
Unsoothed by skill, unlulled by drugged bowl ;
Daughter of Heaven ! Fair Hope ! look down on me,
Deign to be mine awhile, make me thine own ;
Mary ! let me transfer the gift to thee,
My hopes and wishes—all are thine alone.

Tynd.

FORGIVENESS.

Sweet is health restored—
Sweet to the mariner his native shore—
And sweet the *lotus-dew* that saves from death
The gasping in Columbian wilds ;—
But O ! more sweet is mercy's pardoning glance
To him who has offended and *who sorrows* !

The very act of reconciliation is holy—has a most consoling reference to the divine tragedy—proclaims with an eloquent though “a still small voice,” the triumph of human tenderness over the infernal malignity of revenge—and justifies anticipations the most blissful ;—for we are instructed to invoke compassion in the ratio that we extend it, and Heber beautifully announces, in one of his inimitable hymns, “Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven.” The

author may truly add, that one of the most exquisite luxuries he ever knew, was that of pardoning a man by whom he had been deeply injured. And even now, after an interval of fifteen years, the remembrance of it is delightful! How different, however, are those enjoyments in which the sensualist indulges? They are indeed TRANSIENT blisses: which—(*as brilliant but impermanent dew-drops on the violet melt into thin and intangible vapour before the orb of day,*)—recede into distance and become contemptible, when contemplated through the optics of reflection.

T.

 TO BARTHOLOMEW THOMKINSON.

Second Mate to the East India Ship "Peggy."
From Betsey ———

No! no! no joy will I be at
 No balls for me, without my Bat—
 My heart I think will burst one!
 And must you, Bat, submit to fate,
 And be the Peggy's second mate,
 Instead of Betsy's first one?

And you must leave your home again,
 For seas that rage "with might and main,"
 And gales all wild and windy;
 You must give up your Margate trip,
 And go in that tremendous ship,—
 And all the way to Indy!

And this for money!—dirty dross!
 "A rolling stone collects no moss,"
 As Sisyphus can tell you:—
 Well, well, good-bye! my little man,
 Write me as often as you can
 Of every thing befell you.

You first must to Madeira go—
 O! *apropos!* do let me know,
 In case the compass varies,
 And takes you to Canary Isles,
 (The map don't make it many miles:)—
 Are all the birds Canaries?

Be careful how you pass "the line"—
 Though now it must be quite a twine,
 So many vessels trouble it!—
 And mind you clear "the Cape"—(what stuff!
 As if the Cape weren't large enough,
 That you must go—and double it!)

If you would stop there, where the wine,
You must be sure is genu-ine,
Of course you'll buy a dozen;
Next parcel that you're sending home,
Please let one nice pint bottle come,
For Mrs. Smith—my cousin.

Dear Bat! take care, when you embark
At Indy, of that nasty shark
That steals, so sly and stealthy;
For Dr. Shaw, the traveller, writes,
A full-grown shark's enormous bite's
Peculiarly unhealthy!

Do crocodiles there squeal and squall?
And those great elephants—are all
Cut up for Indy-rubber?
And do the whales, big babies! cry
Fountains of tears from either eye
When you produce their *blubber*?

Alas! I fear when you arrive
At Indy (if you do alive),
Your love will soon grow duller;
Ah! you yourself, I'm certain, you,
Chameleon-like, will change your hue,
And catch the copper-colour!

Oh! Bat! for your Betsey's sake,
Keep clear of tiger, jungle, snake,
Heat, cholera, and river!
"Live and let live"—is sage advice,
My dearest boy, you'll not *live* nice
When you've destroyed your *liver*!

Soon may you bring, across the seas,
Peru's whole treasure in *rupees*,
And come back fresh and fat, love;
But should you die (perhaps you will),
Better lie quiet there, and still,
Do'n't be a vampire, Bat, love.

MEMOIRS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Ushered into the world with the following apposite line from Shakspeare, "I am come to survey the tower this day," the volume before us is calculated to afford much rational amusement and information to the general reader. Not confined to the topographer and antiquary only, it is addressed to every class of persons; for the Tower of London has peculiar claims on the attention and curiosity of Englishmen. The young, the old, the rich, the poor, the citizen, and the countryman, have all read or heard something

about the memorable events of this metropolitan fortress. Royal and noble prisoners, solitary confinement, secret murders, tortures, and various other modes of inflicting misery, are prominent features in its annals; contrasted with which we see festivities of all kinds, tournaments, games, and revelry, mixed up in the scene. One of our monarchs was a sort of Wombwell in beastly sports, for the royal lions and dogs were placed in one den together, to worry and murder each other, as kingly pastime.

“James the First not only made additions to the collection of animals in the Tower, but also frequently resorted to that menagerie, both to amuse himself with the beasts, and to witness the barbarous sport of baiting the lions with dogs. It is particularly recorded by Howes, 1633-4, whilst the king was lodging in the Tower, he was ‘told of the lions;’ and after some inquiries, and in order to try the courage of the English mastiff, he ‘caused Edward Alleyn, now sworne the prince’s man, and master of the Beare Garden, to fetch secretly three of the fiercest dogs in the garden.’ When the dogs were brought, ‘The king, queene, and prince, with four or five lords, went to the *Lions’ Towre*, and caused the lustiest lion to be separated from his mate, and put into the lion’s den one dog alone, who presently flew to the face of the lion; but the lion suddenly shook him off, and graspt him first by the neck, drawing the dog up staires and downe staires. The king now perceiving the lion greatly excede the dog in strength, but nothing in noble heart and courage, caused another dog to be put into the denne, who proved as hot and lusty as his fellow, and tooke the lion by the face; but the lion began to deale with him as with the former: whereupon the king commanded the third dog to be put in, before the second dog was spoiled; which third dog, more fierce and fell than eyther of the former, and in despyte eyther of clawes or strength, tooke the lion by the lip; but the lion so tore the dog by the eyes, head, and face, that he lost his hold, and then the lion tooke the dog’s necke in his mouth, drawing him up and downe as he did the former; but being wearied, could not bite so deadly as at the first. Now, whilst the last dog was thus hand to hand with the lion in the upper roome, the other two dogs were fighting together in the lower roome; whereupon the king caused the lion to be driven downe, thinking the lion would have parted them; but when he saw he must needs come by them, he leaped clean over them both; and contrary to the kinge’s expectation, the lion fled into an inward den, and would not by any meanes endure the presence of the dogs; albeit, the last dog pursued eagerly, but could not find the way to the lyon. You shall understand the two last dogs, whilst the lion held them both under his pawes, did bite the lion by the belly, whereat the lion roared so extreemely that the earthe shooke withall, and the next lion ramppt and roared as if he would have made rescue.”

“In the same work are the following particulars respecting the menagerie, and of a second visit made by King James to the lions’

den, in June, 1605:—‘In the spring of this yeare the kinge builded a wall, and filled up with earth all that part of the mote or ditch about the west side of the lion’s den, and appoynted a drawing partition to be made towards the south part thereof, the one part thereof to serve for the breeding lionesse, when she shall have whelps, and the other part thereof for a walke for other lions. The kinge caused also three trap doores to bee made in the wall of the lyon’s den, for the lyons to goe into their walke at the pleasure of the keeper; which walke shall be maintayned and kept for especiall place to baight the lyons with dogges, beares, bulles, bores, &c.—Munday, June 3, in the afternoone, his majestie, being accompanied with the Duke of Lenox, the Earles of Worcester, Pembroke, Southampton, Suffolke, Devonshire, Salisbury, and Montgomery, and Lord Heskin, captayne of his highnesse garde, with many knights and gentlemen of name, came to the Lyon’s Tower, and for that time was placed over the platform of the lyons, because as yet the two galleries were not builded, the one of them for the king and great lords, and the other for speciall personages. The kinge being placed as aforesayde, commaunded Master Ralph Gyll, keeper of the lyons, that his servants should put forth into the walke the male and female breeders, but the lyons woulde not goe out by any ordinary meanes that could be used, neither would they come neere the trap doore until they were forced ont with burning linkes; and when they were come downe into the walke, they were both amazed, and stood looking about them, and gazing into the ayre; then was there two racks of mutton thrown unto them, which they did presently eate; then was there a lusty live cocke cast unto them, which they presently killed and sucked his blood; then was there another live cocke cast unto them, which they killed, but sucked not his blood. After that the kinge caused a live lambe to be easily let down unto them by a rope; and being come to the ground, the lambe lay upon his knees, and both the lyons stoode in their former places, and only behelde the lambe; but presently the lambe rose up and went unto the lyons, who very gently looked upon him and smelled on him, without signe of any further hurt; then the lambe was very softly drawn up again, in as good plight as hee was let downe. Then they caused those lyons to be put into their denne, and another male lyon only to be put forth, and two lusty mastiffes, at a by doore, to be let in to him; and they flew fiercely upon him, and perceiving the lyon’s necke to be so defended with hayre they could not hurt him, sought onely to bite him by the face, and did so; then was there a third dogge let in, as fierce as the fiercest one of them, a breded dogge; he tooke the lyon by the face, and turned him upon his backe; but the lyon spoyled them all: the best dogge died the next day.’

“Another combat was exhibited on the 23d June, 1609, when King James and all his family, with divers noblemen, and many others, assembled in the Tower, ‘to see a trial of the lyon’s single valour against a great fierce beare who had killed a child that was

negligently left in the beare-house; yet neither 'the great lion,' which was first 'put forth,' nor 'divers other lyons,' nor 'the two young lustie lions, which were bred in that yard, and were now grown great,' could be induced to fight, but all 'sought the next way into their dennes, as soon as they espied the trap-doores open.' A stone-horse, however, which had been turned into the same yard, would have been worried to death by six dogs, had not the King commanded the bear-wards to rescue him. About a fortnight afterwards, the bear was baited to death upon a stage, by the king's order; 'and unto the mother of the murdered child was given twenty pounds out of the money which the people gave to see the bear kil'd.'

"On the 20th of April, 1610, Prince Henry, with his cousin Frederic Ulric, son of the Duke of Brunswick, accompanied by several noblemen and other persons, 'came privately to the Tower, and caused the great lion to be put into the yard, and four doggs as a course to be set upon him. These were choice dogs, and flew al at the lion's head; whereat the lion became enraged, and furiously bit divers dogges by the head and throat, holding their heads and necks in his mouth, as a cat doth hould a rat; al which notwithstanding, many of them would not let go their hold until they were utterly spoiled. After divers courses, and spoyle of divers doggs, and great likelihood of spoyle of more, the beare-wards set a lustie dogge upon the mouth of the lion which last dogge sizing the lion's tongue, puled it out of his mouth, and held it so fast that the lion neither bitte him nor any other; where-upon it was generally imagined that these doggs would instantly spoyle the lion, he being now out of breath, and bar'd from biting.' The 'young lusty lyon, and lyones,' which had been welped in the menagerie, were now 'put out together, to see if they would rescue the third; but they would not, but fearfully gazed upon the doggs,' and were at last chased into their den. All the doggs except one were then taken from the lion, 'who having fought long, and his tongue torn, lay staring and panting a pretie while, so as all the behoulders thought he had been utterly spoiled and spent; but upon a sodaine, he gazed upon that dog which remained; and as soon as he had spoiled him, espying the trap-doores open, ran hastilie into his den: and whilest he was hot he would never offer to lie downe, but walked to and fro."

MY FATHER'S NAME.

(On hearing it unexpectedly and honourably mentioned at a Public Meeting.)

My Father's name—my Father's name—how hallowed and how dear!
That sound—it fell like melody upon my list'ning ear!
What though a stranger spoke his praise—so exquisite it came,
At once I lov'd him as a friend—it was my father's name!

There was a fullness of the heart, a glist'ning of the eye.
 A sudden flushing of the cheek—I cannot tell ye why!
 I probed not then the mighty throb that shook my trembling frame—
 I only knew, I only *felt*—it was my father's name!

And cloudless will I keep that name, while God my life shall spare;
 It never yet confess'd a blot—nor stain shall enter there:
 In woe or weal, unsullied still by shadow or by shame,
 Proudly my heart shall beat to tell—"it is my father's name!"

And when at length they lay me down within the peaceful grave,
 And He, the mighty Lord of all, shall claim the breath He gave,
 Let but one line above my tomb, one sculptur'd line proclaim—
 "He found it spotless, and unstain'd is *still* his father's name."

W.

 LETTERS HOME.

 No. III.

My dear Bob,

Your surmises respecting the state of society, at the Antipodes, are as far from reality as they well can be. "Old English hospitality," "cordial sociality," and the "glad welcome of a newly-arrived countryman,"—bah! my dear fellow, "there's none on't here,"—no, not a fraction. You may recollect, perhaps, that in my first favoured epistle to you, I then remarked, that the old miser's pithy maxim, touching the getting of money, was the governing stimulus here; and let me ask a young gentleman of your peculiar penetration, how all or any of the virtues, you have been pleased to award to us, can be in the slightest degree compatible with motives so mercenary? Although delighting in the habits of a Hermit, myself, I have had many and abundant opportunities of looking abroad amongst my fellows, and of observing closely and familiarly their "manners and customs;" and I now, in confidence impart to you the result of my observation.

As in every small Colony, our community is directed into two principal parties,—the officers, attached to the Government, including the military,—and the general commercial and agricultural community; and this division is most decidedly marked by the existence of a party-spirit so virulent as to form of itself almost a distinct party. The first class, to which the terms of Aristocracy and Pure Merino have been somewhat ironically applied, is exclusive and especially select—considering any association with the other a matter of contamination, and maintaining its purity with particular fastidiousness. Of course, I do not include in this description, the Head of the Government, whose strict attention to his official duties, and, what is more to the purpose, whose good

sense and inclination place him far above any participation in encouragement of such folly. On the only gala days, which occur in the course of the year, and which are, I think, limited to the anniversaries of the King and Queen's birth days, respectable Colonists, whether connected with the Government or not, are invited to the festivities at Government-house, with the exception, of course, of those gentlemen, who are most violently opposed to the present local administration, to whom, as might be supposed, invitations are not extended.

But we are not, by any means, a gay people, still less are we a social one. I know not the reason, but the blighting effects of a cheerless suspicion seem to suspend and damp the exercise of those glad and social feelings, which are at once the chasm and support of society—its "*decus et tulamen*." An exclusive attention to business, absorbs the faculties of every person; and as to "society" using the term, as we use it in England, there is none here, none, that is worthy of the name. One cause of this deficiency, for a deficiency it is, in the national comforts of existence, is the prevalence of a spirit of scandal and detraction perfectly frightful. I have seen a good deal of small "country towns at home," and our own dear native village of ———, in Gloucestershire, where you and I, Bob, have spent so many happy days, is, I think you will admit, one of the most censorious places under the canopy of Heaven: but it will be no comparison with the capital of Tasmania. Here the propagation of scandal is excited by motives much more lofty and stimulating, and, consequently much more unworthy than the mere love of the vice: it is part of an unworthy system of sycophancy, which all good men deprecated. Its wretched panders imagine, with what reason I know not, that, by deprecating and destroying (for they will go any lengths) the characters of others, they not only substantiate their own, but will get rewarded for their iniquity. I know of several instances, where this disreputable practice has been adopted, with a zeal and an energy perfectly astounding. And how easy is it here to raise a clamour against the immorality of any man, and to establish a charge of vice and licentiousness against even the most virtuous! The "world" is ever ready—ever willing to receive with greedy ears, and most swift alacrity, any reports which will tend to depreciate a man's morality, because there is an irrepressible feeling of pleasure and exultation in the discovery, that there are people in existence, as bad and as wicked as ourselves: and where an unfavourable impression is once found, it requires the patience of Job, and the labour of a Hercules to remove it.

Another great source of the limitation of society here, is the peculiar character of the Colony, as a Penal Settlement. Several persons, who came out either to this place or to Sydney, originally as Crown prisoners, have become free, and amassed considerable property: but, I need not tell you, that they are as perfectly excluded from, what little society there is, as if they were still in

bondage. "Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," entertain, however, a very erroneous opinion, as to the state of the Prisoner Population in this Colony; and my Lord Althorp—knowing as little as, if not less than, the majority of ye—has been pleased to encourage this pleasant delusion by bestowing upon the "land we live in," the flattering title of a Convict Colony, and this, too, with reference to our capability of legislating. Little, indeed, must your worthy Chancellor of the Exchequer know of this place, or of its inhabitants, if he sincerely believes in the reality of his own statement. A "Convict Colony," forsooth! Why there is more intelligence—I do not mean *intellect*—in the inhabitants of this territory, than in twice the same number of persons in any town in England. The old settlers, especially, are, many of them, at least, persons of very enlarged information, and of very liberal sentiments. I should call these our country-gentlemen—our great land owners—and in every respect are they worthy of assisting in the legislation of their adopted country. But my Lord Althorp, *who knows them so well*, says, no: they must not yet have a Legislative Assembly, because their's is a "Convict Colony;"—they must rest satisfied with the present system of Legislation by a Council, chosen by the Governor, and presided over by him. A Legislative Assembly, elected by the people, is a very unfit affair for a "Convict Colony;" although, perchance, matters might be better managed, and the Colonists better pleased: but this is of no consequence; they must remain *statu quo*. And here we are.

To return to our "Aristocracy," amongst whom society may be said alone to exist, you will naturally inquire of what kind of persons this said Aristocracy actually consists? I have already told you of the various heads of departments, and other high Government officers,—gentlemen, who possess some small influence "at home," or have been fortunate enough to obtain it, since they came here. As individuals, there is nothing remarkable about the majority of them, except their appointments; but, as they reserve themselves so pertinaciously to their own "order," it is no easy matter to ascertain their peculiar virtues and acquirements. The Editor of one of the *Almanacks*, who has resided, I believe, some years in the Colony, tells us, with reference to this class, that "a return to England is, perhaps, the only way to make many people rightly understand the true nature of their pretensions:" as far as my own observation goes, I have seen nothing, but the usual self-satisfaction, which invariably characterizes officials, in all and every settlement, at any distance from the Mother Country.

Our amusements, which are always intimately connected with the state of society, are, "like Angel Visitors, few and far between." I have already mentioned the entertainments at Government House; which may be classed under this head, and which consist of a Dinner, Ball and Supper. Horse-racing, however, is the amusement, which is carried on with the most energetic spirit; and

we have, now, four or five Races in the course of the year, at different places in the Colony. This is the third year of their establishment, and the progress they have made is great and gratifying; we have some excellent horses, and shall have more, as we more sedulously cultivate this fine and manly pastime. We have Concerts, too, in the Court House, which are extremely well conducted, and very numerous attended. The instrumental music, to which the excellent band of the 63rd regiment contributes no mean part, is admirable, and the vocal by no means despicable. A gentleman has recently arrived here, from, I believe, London, who is a very talented and accomplished violinist—his name is Peck, and I consider his arrival amongst us, as highly propitious to the advancement of music, than which, few arts,* in my opinion, contribute more surely to soften and ameliorate the human heart.

Hobart Town, Nov. 14, 1833.

A. S.

P.S.—While I am now writing, I hear of a plan for the establishment of a Theatre, by the permission of the Lieutenant Governor. It is to open on the 26th of December with the play of the *Stranger*, and will be supported by Amateurs, under the direction of some provincial actors from England. A large room at the Freemasons' Tavern is to be the scene of operation for the present; and I have no doubt, that if it be properly and judiciously conducted, the speculation will succeed. I ought to mention also, another amusement, which has been introduced by Mr. Deane, a highly respectable musician and townsman: it is a musical *Soirée*, occupying two hours every Wednesday evening, and affording a very agreeable lounge, and some very pleasant music. Mr. Deane is assisted by some friendly Amateurs, and his own family, who are all musical; and I consider him entitled to great praise for establishing so rational a means of recreation, in a place where it is so much wanted.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet;
All our stricken hearts deplore thee;
Who that knew thee, can forget?
Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye—thy noble frame?
But that golden bowl is broken
In the greatness of thy fame.
Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee hither,
To thy mourning mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave,
For the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave!

* Do any?—EDITOR.

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
 Was thy worship at her shrine!
 Friend of man—of God the servant,
 Advocate of truths divine!
 Taught and charmed as by no other
 We have been, and hoped to be;
 But while waiting round thee, brother,
 For thy light—'tis dark with thee.

Dark with thee!—no, thy Creator,
 All whose creatures and whose laws
 Thou didst love, shall give thee greater
 Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
 To thy God thy godlike spirit
 Back we give, in filial trust:
 Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
 To its chamber—but we must!

R.

THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.

Of late years, Scotland has been to fiction quite its land of Canaan; and truly the tribe of authors have gone in and taken possession. Sir Walter Scott went first, and, with a two-handed sword, made both past and present his own—the past most exclusively; and though,

“Sweet Tweed, along thy silver side
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more—
 No longer steel-clad warriors rise
 Along thy wild and willow'd shore;”

even the most wilful man of business, the most thoughtless traveler, has some stirring stanza, some striking scene of gallant borderer or old romance, haunting those most prosaic of decks—steam vessels:—the days gone by, both as novelist and poet, are his own. Touching the present, he has, if not rivals, at least partners, near his throne. Wilson has flung over pastoral life in Scotland all the poetical beauty of his own imaginative tenderness; while Galt, in painting the every-day occurrences of actual life, has blended humour and pathos as they are actually blended in the common smiles and tears of every passing week. Other writers, if not so entirely Scottish, have yet sojourned in the land, and to some purpose. Among Lockhart's works, his “Adam Blair”—one of the most powerful portraiture of guilt and sorrow ever depicted; and “Matthew Wald,” one of the most striking mental histories that ever laid bare the workings of a proud and passionate spirit—belong to the northern school: the admirable Glasgow scenes in “Cyril Thornton” will be familiar to every reader; and we close the list with the names of Hogg—whose tales of rustic life are truly a “shepherd's calendar;” or, when taken from the olden chronicles, often powerful, always original, though frequently

coarse, nay, sometimes absurd, may be called the tragic-comedy of historical novels;—and Allan Cunningham—whose maritime imagery and fairy-touched superstition gives his tales a character peculiarly their own. The writer of the work before us is entirely Scotch; and his pages are pictures from scenes whose impress of truth tell he has taken them as an eye-witness; and many are rich in quiet, simple pathos, which is evidently his forte. Of the tales, our favourites are “Minister Tam”—an owre true sketch of the difficulties of a young man, in the lower class of life, brought up to the church, and hopelessly striving through his life of poverty and privation. “Mary Ogilvie” is a very sweet narrative of the affections, and very original in its situations; and “My Married Life” has all the excellence of a well-told truth to recommend it. But the following sketch of the elevation of a rustic beauty, and its consequences, will best suit our limits.

“The gentleman,” as her sister used to tell afterwards, ‘was perfectly ill, and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not able’ she said, ‘to take the least rest, but was down constantly about us for weeks; and then he got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stewart and my lady; and then such presents as he used to bring for her, bought in the grand shop of Bailie Macnicol, at Greenock; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribands, an’ lace edging, an’ mob caps—perfect beautiful.’ The whole of the other fishermen’s daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admiration of her new dress, which some said was mostly bought by her father, after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints; every girl looking at herself in the little cracked glass that her father used to shave by, to see if she were pretty, and wishing and longing, not only for a lover of her own, but even for a gentleman. So, as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin M’Leod, who looked sharply after Kate, behoved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her; and masters being appointed to teach her right things, which the fisher folks never heard of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman after a time were actually married in Greenock new church, and set off for London, or some other grand place, to live where the king and all the great people lived, and to drink wine and wheel about in a carriage for evermore.”

“Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora M’Leod went, but about ‘my sister Kate;’ and she was quite in request every where, because she could talk of the romantic history and happy fortune of her lucky sister. Mrs. Pounteney’s house in London, therefore, Mrs. Pounteney’s grand husband, and Mrs. Pounteney’s coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of all the fishermen’s daughters, for many miles round this romantic sea coast, and these quiet cottages under the hills, and did not

know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their indolent limbs on the grass, and the breeze that blew from the Firth, or swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, from their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs. Pounteney; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, or was even embittered, by obtrusive discourse about the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of 'my sister Kate.' Even the fisher lads in the neighbourhood, fine fearless youths, found a total alteration in their sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness found for a fisherman's daughter but what was at least to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by 'my sister Kate.' The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her great fortune, that vague wishes and discontented repinings followed their constant meditations upon her lucky lot. Flora had found herself above marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow, called Bryce Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate's herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a gentleman making his appearance to take Bryce's place, became melancholy and thoughtful; she began to fear that she was to have nobody, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs. Pounteney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky turn to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

"On a sofa near the window sat a neat youthful figure, extremely elegantly formed, but petite, with a face that need not be described further than that the features were small and pretty, and that as a whole it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female—yet quite in youth—gazed towards the window, or bent over a little silk netting, with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire, was seated a woman almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr. Pounteney's eldest sister, a hard-faced, business-like person, who, with pen and ink before her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow. The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by the 'old one,' as he was accustomed to call Miss Pounteney, and in a half whisper intimated to the little figure that a female wanted to see her. 'Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?' cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manoeuvre of the servant. 'Nothing, madam; it is a person tha'

wants my lady.' 'Your lady, sirrah!—it must be me!—Eh! what?' 'No, madam; she wants to see Mrs. Pounteney particularly.' Ah! John,' said the little lady on the sofa, 'just refer her to Miss Pounteney. There is nobody can want me.' 'Wants to see Mrs. Pounteney particularly!' resumed the sister-in-law; 'how dare you bring in such a message, sirrah?—Mrs. Pounteney particularly, indeed! Who is she, sirrah?—who comes here with such a message while I am in the house?' 'You must be mistaken, John,' said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate M'Leod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; 'just let Miss Pounteney speak to her. You need not come to me.' 'No, madam,' said the servant, addressing Miss Pounteney—the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of the 'ould one'— 'this young person wants to see my mistress directly, and I have put her into her dressing-room; pray ma'am, go,' he added, respectfully, to the listless Kate. 'Do you come here to give your orders, sirrah?' exclaimed Miss Pounteney, rising like a fury, and kicking the footstool half way across the room; 'and to put strange people, of your own accord, into any dressing-room in this house! and to talk of 'your mistress,' and wanting to speak to her directly and privately, while *I* am here! I wonder what sister Beckey would say, or Mr. Pounteney, if he were at home!' The 'ould one's' wrath being now aroused, she next diverged into a tirade of abuse of John, for various crimes and misdemeanors, with which her examination of the documents before her furnished matter of accusation against him, on household matters, and into which she contrived to include the trembling little victim on the sofa. While she was at the height of this, her sister Beckey entered the room, and as usual helped up the brawl, or rather added fuel to the angry storm with which she raged against the man, who listened with the true sneer of a lackey made insolent by unladylike abuse, and also against the unoffending and melancholy Kate, who bore it all with a look of hopeless resignation. John, however, coxcomb as he sometimes was, had too much natural gallantry not to feel strongly on the part of his oppressed mistress, and too much common sense not to see the misery of a house divided against itself; besides, he hated his two real mistresses as much as he loved the interesting stranger who ought to have been such. Without taking notice, therefore, of all the accusations and abuse thrown upon him, he stepped up again to the little figure on the sofa, and begged of her to see the young person who waited for her. 'I'll have no whispering here,' exclaimed Miss Pounteney, coming forward in wrath. 'What is the meaning of all this, Kate?—Who is this person in your dressing-room?—I *insist* upon knowing: I shall let my brother know all about this secrecy.' 'Who is it, John? Do just bring her here, and put an end to this,' said Kate, imploringly, to the man. 'Madam,' said John at last to his trembling mistress, 'it is your sister!' 'Who, John?' cried Kate, starting to her feet; 'my sister Flora!—my own sister, from Clyde side!—speak, John

—are you sure?' 'Yes, madam, your sister from Scotland.' 'Oh, where is she—where is she?—let me go.' 'No, no, you must be mistaken, John,' said the lady with the keys, stepping forward to interrupt the anxious Kate. 'John, this is all a mistake, she added, smoothly; 'Mrs. Pounteney has no sister—John, you may leave the room;' and she gave a determined look to the other sister, who stood astonished. The moment the servant left the room, Miss Pounteney came forward, and stood in renewed rage over the fragile, melancholy Kate, and burst out with, 'What is this Kate?—Is it really possible, after what you know of my mind, and all our minds, that you have dared to bring your poor relations into my brother's house?—that is not enough that we are to have the disgrace of your mean connexions, but we are to have your sisters and brothers to no end coming into the very house, and sending up their beggarly names and designations by the very servants! Kate, I must not permit this: I will not—I shall not!' and she stamped with rage. 'Oh, Miss Pounteney,' said Kate, with clasped hands, 'will you not let me go and see my sister?—Will you just let me go and weep on the neck of my poor Flora? I will go to a private place—I will go to another house, if you please—I will do any thing when I return to you, if I ever return; for I care not if I never come into this unhappy house more!' and uttering this almost with a shriek, she burst past the two women, and ran through the rooms to seek her sister. Meantime, Flora had sat so long waiting, without seeing her sister, that she began to feel intense anxiety; and fancying her little Kate wished to forget her because she was poor, had worked herself up into a resolution of assumed coldness, when she heard a hurried step, and the door was instantly opened. Kate paused for a moment after her entrance, and stood gazing upon the companion of her youth with a look of such passionate joy, that Flora's intended coldness was entirely subdued; and the two sisters rushed into each other's arms in all the ecstasy of sisterly love. 'Oh, Flora, Flora! my dear happy Flora!' cried Kate, when she could get words, after the first burst of weeping; 'have you really come all the way to London to see me?—poor me!' and her tears and sobs were again like to choke her. 'Kate, my dear little Kate!' said Flora, 'this is not the way in which I expected to find you. Do not greet so dreadfully; surely you are not happy, Kate!'

"But, Kate, surely your husband would not behave so bad as to cast up to you that your father was a fisherman, when he took you from the bonnie seaside himself, and when he thought himself once so happy to get you?' 'Alas! he does indeed!—too often—too often; when he is crossed abroad, and when his sisters set him on; and that is very mean of him; and it so humbles me, Flora, when I am sitting at his table, that I cannot lift my head; and I am so sad and so heart-broken, among them all!' 'Bless me! and can people be really so miserable,' said Flora, simply, 'who have plenty of money, and silk dresses to wear every day

they rise?' 'It is little you know, my happy Flora, of artificial life here in London,' said Kate, mournfully. 'As for dress, I cannot even order one but as my sister-in-law chooses; and as for happiness, I have left it behind me on the beautiful banks of the Clyde. Oh that I were there again!' 'Poor little Kate!' said Flora, wistfully looking again in her sister's face; 'and is that the end of all your grand marriage, that has set a the lasses crazy, from the Fairly Roads to Gourock Point. I think I'll gang back and marry Bryce Cameron, after a'.' 'Is Allan Cameron married yet?' said Kate, sadly. 'When did you see blithe and bonnie Allan Cameron?—Alas! the day!' 'He gave me this brooch to return to you, Kate,' said Flora, taking the brooch out of her bosom. 'I wish he had not given it to me for you, for you're vexed enough already.' 'Ah! well you may say I am vexed enough,' said she, weeping, and contemplating the brooch. 'Tell Allan Cameron that I am sensible I did not use him well—that my vain heart was lifted up; but I have suffered for it—many a sad and sleepless night I have lain in my bed, and thought of the delightful days I spent near my father's happy cottage in Scotland, and about you, and about Allan. Alas! tell him not to think more of me; for I am a sad and sorry married woman, out of my own sphere, and afraid to speak to my own people, panting my heart out, and dying by inches, like the pretty silver fish that floundered on the hard stones, after my father had taken them out of their own clear water.' 'God help you, Kate!' said Flora, rising; 'you will break my heart with grief about you. Let me out of this miserable house! Let me leave you and all your grandeur, since I cannot help you; and I will pray for you, my poor Kate, every night at my bed-side, when I get back to the bonnie shore of Argyleshire.' * * *

"Many were the congratulations, and more the inquiries, when they met Flora, lumbering homewards, with her bundle and her umbrella, weary, and looking anxiously out for her own sweet cottage by the Clyde side. 'Ah, Flora! is this you!' cried the whole at once; 'and are you really here again—and how is your sister, and all the other great people in London? and, indeed, it is very good of you not to look the least proud, after coming from such a grand place!' With such congratulations was Flora welcomed again among the light-hearted fisher-people in the west of Scotland. But it was observed, that her tone was now quite altered, and her own humble contentment had completely returned. In short, to bring our story to a close, she was shortly after married to Bryce Cameron, and various other marriages soon followed; for she gave such an account of what she had seen with her eyes, that a complete revolution took place in the sentiments of the whole young people of the neighbourhood. It was observed, in the hamlet, that the unhappy Mrs. Pountney was never named, after this, by any but with a melancholy shake of the head; the ambition of the girls to get gentlemen seem quite extinguished; and Flora, in time, began to nurse children of her own, in humble and pious contentment."

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

At so high a rate were the tenders sent in for the conveyance of troops to Madras, that the whole of them have been rejected. It is believed, vessels will be taken up at Sydney for that purpose.

The mail robbers have, all four of them, been taken, and the mail bags found. It appears, the whole of the letters were opened, and, in one or two cases, money extracted; the loss, however, will be trifling, as remittances made by post from the interior, usually require the endorsement of parties previously to their being cashed.

We have pleasure in noticing the revival of the festival (in this Colony) of St. Andrew's Day. Any thing which can remind us of the ancient customs of "dear native land," are pleasing; and if we had our will, not one national *fête* day should be allowed to pass without being properly noticed. On the present occasion of St. Andrew's Day, a dinner is to be given at the Commercial Hotel, and, from the exceedingly respectable names put down as Chairmen and Stewards, we have no doubt the company will be numerous. All who can afford it, that come north of Yorkshire, will dine there, and most probably, many Southerners will be there also.

We are told that a Miss Daniels has lately arrived, whose pretensions to vocal powers, are somewhat more than common. The lady, we believe, has scarcely yet made her debut in private—it would, therefore, be improper were we repeat what has been related to us by a gentleman who has heard this young lady perform. She is highly connected—brings letters of recommendation to some of the aristocracy, and, in fact, will move in that society which, should she apply herself to the musical profession, will cause the notes of Mrs. Davis to be at a woeful discount. We shall be most happy to find that she is *willing*, as well as capable, of enchanting our townspeople by her "melodious strains."

A *Corps dramatique* has lately arrived in this town, and are now busily preparing the *furniture*. The first perform-

ance is fixed for the 28th of next month, previously to which time the play bills will, no doubt, have pretty well acquainted the public with all necessary information. The talent is spoken well of; there are no fixed *stars* to be here, but there are among the *corps*, luminaries which will quite astonish a Van Diemen's Land audience. Mr. Shribbs is scene painter. The other officials are not yet publicly known.

The *Layton*, with free females, may shortly be expected; she was to leave London on the 15th August. From accounts received, it appears that this batch will not be so good as that of the *Princess Royal*. All females under 30 years of age, who can muster £5, were to be provided with a passage; street walkers, it is said, will constitute the greater part of the live cargo.

The hooping cough is very prevalent, not only in Hobart Town, but in many places in the interior. It is not quite so violent as that malady usually is in England. This may be accounted for by the purity of the air, and the favourable climate of this Colony.

As prison discipline, seems to be a matter of consequence, it is natural to suppose, that sentences when passed, will be duly enforced to create the desired effect. It was not more than four months back, a woman, holding a ticket-of-leave, who had been previously repeatedly warned, was deprived of her ticket, and ordered for assignment in the interior. It appears, that she has remained in the Female House of Correction, until within the last few days, and is now assigned to some person on the New-town Road. We are sure the Magistrate who passed the sentence, did it with a view to check the immoral habits of this woman, and to break off a bad connection. We are at a loss to know, why her sentence has not been enforced, though probably she may have been a good *seamstress*, and useful at the Factory—for it is well known, women of that description are reported to be scarce for the public use. We should like to know, whether the

Keeper of the Factory, had a minute of her sentence, if so, does not the fault lay there?

The late favourable rains have freshened the country to an astonishing degree, and rendered the air extremely cold. Yesterday and this morning many people took again to fire, when but a few days since it was so oppressively hot, that it was scarcely possible to walk in the streets.

The oil market in London was improving, the black oil sent by the *Catherine Stewart Forbes*, had realized £26 per ton, and the *Princess Royal's* cargo, was expected to find a ready sale. Sperm oil was £62 to £64 per ton, and bone £120.

It is very currently said, that either a new charter for the Colony, has arrived by the *Isabella*, or that a charter may shortly be expected. It is added that three Judges will be constituted, and the much respected President of the Court of Requests, will be appointed to the third Judgeship.

The Van Diemen's Land Almanack, this year, will we understand, more resemble an Annual; besides the other useful and customary information, that work has hitherto contained, it will this next year, be embellished with a score or so, of Lithographic views of Hobart Town and the interior.

Dr. Westbrook met with a most serious accident. On passing Mr. Emmett's, on the New-town Road, just where the road is undergoing repair, his horses and carriage were upset, and fell down a precipice of twelve or fourteen feet. We believe no bones were broken, but the bruises are of a very serious nature.

A troop of mounted police have been started on a most desperate expedition. Danger, in this country, is often faced without fear, and that which would have made many a man tremble to attempt in the Mother Country, is performed in this Colony as a matter of ordinary custom. "A forlorn hope," it is said, "is reserved for the brave"—but the forlorn hope we are speaking of is, indeed, terrible. Well may it be said, "None but the brave deserve the fair," when such desperate exploits are undertaken! Will it be believed, that a troop of mounted police are absolutely on the march for Campbell Town, there to

wage war with those destrutive enemies of our flocks—the wild dogs? A captain, too, who can be well spared from his other duties, it is said, has the charge of the men on this dangerous expedition, but we cannot believe it possible. We strongly suspect the captain is on his way to Launceston races, and that he will leave the dogs and the mounted police to fight it out by themselves.

At the sale of Mr. Burnett's, on Monday, land, which that gentleman purchased a few years since at £150, realized no less than *one thousand and eighty-five pounds*—the allotments fronting on Macquarie-street, sold at £7 per foot.

At the Meeting of the Presbyterians, funds to the amount of £731 were subscribed on the spot, for the purpose of building a new church.

It is said that Major Douglass, is to be appointed Sheriff—this is not correct. We believe it is probable the Major may succeed Major Fairclough, as Commandant of Launceston, when the latter gentleman leaves this Colony for India.

An affair of rather a delicate nature has been the subject of general conversation for some time past, both on this and on the other side of the Island. It appears, if report be correct, that in some late investigation at Launceston, something gave mortal offence to one of the Justices of the Peace, whereupon he immediately challenged the Police Magistrate. The latter very properly refused such a method of deciding the affair. He had done nothing more than his duty, as Magistrate, compelled him to do, and if he gave gentlemanly satisfaction (that is, by committing wilful murder) he might be called upon to do so by every man whom his decision as Magistrate might offend. Besides too, in what manner could a Police Magistrate, whose oath, if we recollect right, binds him to preserve the peace to the utmost—in what way could he in conformity to his oath become a violator thereof by accepting the invitation of another man to come and shoot him.—The invitation of the offended Magistrate being declined, the latter, it appears, took great trouble to insult the former by posting him as a coward, &c. and at the same time dreadfully annoyed the Government, by tendering his resign-

nation as a J. P., which was not accepted, as will be seen by to-day's *Gazette*. Now we understand both parties have come to Hobart Town, for the purpose of legal proceedings, and before they quit us, in all probability the lawyers will have made a pretty good feathering. We abstain from entering into the merits of the affair, as the case, or cases, will we believe shortly be tried in our Supreme Court.

A most glaring case of partiality in the measurement of land, by a certain District Surveyor, resident within thirty miles of Hobart Town, has lately come to our knowledge. We shall not at present enter fully into the subject, the parties complaining seeking redress through the medium of the Survey Department. Whether, however, the Head of that Department will decide, as is usual, in favor of the measurement made by the District Surveyor or not, remains a matter of speculation; certain however it is, that the land in question has been measured by five Surveyors, not connected with the "slow goers," who, of course have, unknown to each other, measured it all the same way; whereas, the District Surveyor, who has a most intimate friend whose distant relation has a large grant not

yet measured in its neighbourhood, has contrived to give his friend's friend the land which belongs to another. A more gross case of partiality perhaps has never been shewn by any Van Diemen's Land Surveyor. But enough for the present.

The Theatricals are to start with the *Stranger*, and the preparations for this interesting piece are rapidly advancing. Had we been consulted, we should have recommended as a first essay, something lighter and more easily got up: if, however, the *Stranger takes the people in*, there is little doubt but that the theatricals will succeed well. Mrs. Cameron, the manager's lady, will perform. She is highly spoken of, and we hope report may not deceive us. The first few performances, the house will, no doubt, be crowded to excess—and, on the whole, we should imagine if the expenses are not very great, the theatre is sure to pay well.

Mr. Holder, a gentleman who not long since arrived in the Colony, has lately been appointed Schoolmaster, at Oatlands. Mr. Holder, we believe, kept a classical, commercial, mathematical, and nautical academy in London; therefore, we conceive him well fitting the situation he is now appointed to.

Gardening, &c.

AGRICULTURE.—December is the height of the Van Diemen's Land hay harvest, and in the process of which, in consequence of the warm and dry weather we usually have at this time, some difference is required from the system generally adopted in England. In this country, instead of letting it be upon the ground strewed about, so as every where to cover the surface, it will be found sufficient in most instances, to turn the swath over once or twice, and shortly afterwards gather the whole in cocks, preparatory to being placed on the mow. If it be strewed about, the goodness becomes so entirely evaporated, that when the mow is cut, the hay will prove dry or arid, void of flavour, and not near so valuable for use as if it had been well sweated. Immediately after the hay harvest is over, Cape barley will require cutting. A good farmer will let his dung cart enter his meadows, as the hay cart leaves them; the advantage of manuring grass lands at this, rather than

any other period of the year, has been so confirmed by the experience of the best practical farmers at home, as now to be placed beyond controversy. Barley stubble, if well manured, will carry a crop of white turnips, and will thus be rendered in fine condition for wheat the ensuing season. No time however, should be lost in having the ground ploughed, for in proportion as the ground becomes hard by the operation of the sun, the labour and difficulty of cropping will very much increase.

Sheep shearing is now busily occupying the attention of some farmers, and too much pains cannot be taken in washing, drying, and afterwards sorting the wool. Those who have good bottom lands, may plant a few of the late sort of potatoes with advantage this month, but November is better. White turnips should be sown for early winter use; but for a general crop, the first fortnight of January is sufficiently early. The hoe cannot now be used too much in the

potatoes grounds of the preceding month's planting.

HORTICULTURE.—The gardener will have more to do this month in gathering fruits and vegetables, weeding, destroying grubs, and watering, than in either planting, sowing, or other similar more active operations. Towards the latter end of the month, his attention may be turned to budding, but January will be a more likely time for the general use

of this interesting part of his occupations. A competent judge will best inform himself of the proper time, by the ripe appearance of the buds themselves.

In this month, the seed onion beds should be well looked to, and when the onion is in head, water the roots, which will frequently prevent a blight, and consequently save the seed. A few peas and French beans may be sowed for late crops, and salading in succession.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

Nov. 2.—The schooner Mars, from Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Nov. 3.—The Eliza, from Dublin, with a general cargo and passengers.

Nov. 4.—The barque Scotia, from Scotland, with merchandize and passengers.

Nov. 6.—The ship Lang, from the fishery.

Nov. 9.—The ship Sir John Rae Reid, from Sydney.

Nov. 13.—The ship Isabella, from Plymouth, 28th July, with 300 male prisoners. Surgeon Superintendent, Dr. Sproule. Guard, Capt. Caldwell, 37th, Ensign Furneaux, 17th, and 29 rank and file.

Nov. 13.—The barque Persian, from London, with a general cargo and passengers.

Nov. 14.—Arrived the barque Wave from London, with merchandize.

DEPARTURES.

Nov. 3.—The barque Lady East, for

Sydney, with Colonial and other produce.

Nov. 9.—The barque Edward Colston, for Sydney, with merchandize.

Nov. 11.—The schooner Friendship, for Sydney.

Nov. 11.—The schooner Currency Lass, for Sydney.

Nov. 12.—The barque Lonach, for Sydney.

Nov. 16.—The ship Eliza, for Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Nov. 19.—The brig Leslie Ogilby, for Launceston.

Nov. 21.—The brig Isabella, for Launceston.

Nov. 21.—The schooner Adelaide, for the Fishery.

Nov. 25.—The brig Mary Elizabeth, on a sealing trip.

Nov. 27.—The schooner Jess, for Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Nov. 29.—The barque Scotia, for Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Marriages, Births, &c.

MARRIAGES.

At Launceston, on the 7th Nov. at St. John's Church, by the Rev. W. H. Browne, L.L.D., Henry Dowling, of Launceston, to Miss Tayspill, late of Colchester, Essex, England.

On the 18th Nov. at St. David's Church, by the Rev. W. Bedford, Mr. James Robertson, of the house of J. and D. Robertson, Launceston, to Mary, daughter of Mr. R. McDonald, of Glen gary, near Perth.

BIRTHS.

At Hobart Town, on the 5th Nov. Mrs. Murdoch, of a Daughter.

On Sunday, Nov. 10, Mrs. Lindsay, of Elizabeth-street, of a Daughter.

DEATHS.

On Friday, 2nd Nov., Amelia, second daughter of Francis Smith, Esq., of Campania.

On Saturday, 16th Nov., Mr. Robert Dakers, aged 23, a young man whose tenor of habits and manners was an ornament to society, and whose premature loss is unfeignedly regretted by all who knew him.

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ROB THE RED-HAND.

CHAP. III.

After Reginald had rushed out of the room, he fled through the outer court of the mansion, and as soon as his rage sufficiently subsided to enable him to reflect upon his situation, he found himself in the road leading to Glanwern.

"I can't go there, to-night," he thought, "they will all be in bed—and what to do for lodging till the morning, I cannot tell. I'll knock up old Nancy Jones, and make her give me house-room for the night. I have done her and her family many a good turn, and she shall do me one now"—and with this determination, Ombero, for we must give him this title, struck into a path, which led over the mountains, into a dark wooded glen about two miles, or rather more, from Maengwyn.

Nancy Jones was a person of some notoriety in this part of Caernarvonshire. An ardent partiality for those athletic pastimes, in which it is considered a distinction even for men to excel, with a careless, reckless, bold, and somewhat impudent demeanour, had gained for her a degree of renown, which has been inherited by none of her sex in modern times, except a fair dame near Llanberis, yclept, *Megan vech Evan*, or Margaret the daughter of Evan. With these acquirements, Nancy Jones, as it may be imagined, held but a dubious rank even in the comparatively limited society of that secluded district; and it was rumoured that, although she was not absolutely in league with the Evil One himself, she held more than a prudent or decorous communication with his minions—the half savage, ignorant, and lawless individuals, with which the neighbouring coast was at that period inhabited. But she had an excuse for this in the occupation of her husband, who was by profession a fisherman, by deed and daring one of the boldest smugglers and wreck-robbers that ever ran a cargo, or helped to

lighten a sinking vessel. His sons, Humphrey and Evan, trod in their father's sinful steps with all dutiful alacrity; and the only member of this hopeful family, that was uncontaminated by the more glaring misdeeds of father, mother, and brothers, was an only daughter, a young girl about nineteen, who had been "out at service" at a farmer's in the mountains, and had come home to add—if such addition were possible—to the disgrace of the family, she having foolishly listened to the nonsense of her master's son, and in an evil hour, yielded to him the only gem she possessed—her virtue. When she was sent home—for in these cases the weaker and less guilty party bears all the blame and punishment,—her mother received her with a curse, and, with the rest of the family, considered her as a spy upon their actions, and an intrusion, which rendered even her death desirable. Under these circumstances it was not likely that poor Annie should escape the slightest portion of punishment consequent upon her weakness and folly. Nor did she: for her cup of bitterness was filled to the brim.

Such were the inmates of the hut, to which Reginald Owen was hastening; and which was situated in a glen, surrounded on all sides but one, by wooded hills, and open on that one to the sea, from which it was distant not more than two or three hundred yards. The principal inducement which he had to seek such an asylum as this, was founded on sundry good offices which he had done to the sons, chiefly by giving them small commissions to execute along the coast, and very frequently buying fish of them to send to Glanwern: and *he* had always found them willing and ever honest lads, as far as his business was concerned. As to the rumours of the hill side, although in this instance, he suspected that they were not wholly groundless, still he was not so fastidious as to make them a barrier to the prosecution of his present purpose.

The path which led to Dolrischol; for every hut in Wales is christened, and this was the name bestowed upon Evan Jones's dwelling, was full of wildness and beauty. The ascent to the summit of the range of hills, which separated it from Maengwyn, presented a bold and extensive prospect over the Atlantic. The castles of Caernarvon and Criccieth stood out boldly on the rocky promontories, which afforded them foundation; Snowdon, with his numerous dependencies, amidst which was seen many a placid lake, reared his triple-head to Heaven; while the broad lands of Maengwyn, with its deep woods, and rich pastures, spread out immediately beneath on every side and in every direction. The summer twilight was just merging into darkness, as Reginald traversed this upland district, with a firm step, an erect carriage, and an expression of boldly unshrinking resolution depicted on his handsome countenance. Did he feel thus merely because he was liberated from the thralldom of an unkind parent?—No!—He was now to be dependent upon his own exertions, without, as he thought, being indebted to the assistance of any one; and it was a consciousness of his own powers, which imparted to his bosom such independent

feelings. Some endearing thoughts of Janet Meredith, too, mingled in the cogitations of the young Welshman; and his eye glistened with deeper brilliancy, as he resolved to become worthy of her, by his own unaided and strenuous exertions. "I think she loves me."—So ran his reflections. "I *think* she does. And why should I not say, she *shall* love me? I am poor, it is true, houseless, and deserted: but I have strength, and a good will; and a prize in view, which is too costly to be neglected. Janet Meredith shall be mine, and then—" His meditations were here interrupted by a deep and peculiar voice, which thus addressed him. "You ramble late, young Sir! This is an hour and a place fit only for the restless and the wretched. Whither go you?"

Reginald turned sharply round, and saw beneath him the well-known form of his kinsman, Rob the Red-hand. Little communication—it may be well imagined—had there ever been between this discarded scion and his proud and selfish brother; and although Reginald had frequently seen him, as he was sailing about the bay with the young Merediths, flitting about the rocks, among which his desolate dwelling was situated, like a gull or a cormorant, he had never been so near as to have a perfect view of his distorted person. It was not to be wondered at, then, that when his eye fell upon the deformed and diminutive being by his side, he should start, and feel somewhat discomposed at his proximity to an individual, who had the reputation of possessing so many unearthly—not to say diabolical—qualities, as were universally attributed to Rob. He even instinctly grasped the staff which he carried, as if to strike his unceremonious intruder to the earth.

Rob placed his large long bony hand on the arm of his nephew, and with a grin, which, even in the imperfect light of evening, displayed his teeth, disposed in every possible variety of situation, he said—"Is it thus that you would serve your *friends*?—Put down your staff, young man; and keep its sting for those that love you less than I do. Again, I ask, whither go you?"

"I really do not consider myself bound to tell you;" said Reginald, having now recovered from his confusion.—"And I do not see any reason why you should wish to know." "Young man," said Rob gravely, "I am not one, who likes to ask idle questions: there are the marks of hot passion on your brow, and its angry flash is in your eye; your walk is hurried—and these signs betoken mischief. Tell me, I ask you again, whither go ye?"

Reginald was moved somewhat at Rob's earnestness; and he felt that, however disgusting his kinsman had hitherto been to him, his heart was touched by pity, and became softened into confidence. He replied, therefore, as he leaned upon his staff—"I go to seek shelter and protection from strangers; for my kindred have cast me from them."

"What!—have they cast *you* off too! *You!* the prop and scion of our ancient house! Then are we both outcasts—both wanderers on the mountains—both companions of the fox and the raven!"

Give me your hand, boy, and let us pledge faith and good fellowship to each other." He took Reginald's hand, and grasped it with the force of a smith's vice, while his ugly features were distorted with a grinning smile, which ended in a loud, discordant, and exulting laugh.

"You seem merry at my misery, Sir," said Reginald, somewhat nettled at Rob's ill-timed mirth. "It may be a matter of jesting to you, perhaps—but, to me it is a dark and desperate affair."

"Merry, said you!" exclaimed Rob, as his laugh subsided into a low guttural grunting. "And why not? I have been among these wild mountains alone and solitary for more than twenty years. All that time I have spoken to no human being, except wretches like myself, whose hands are stained with blood, and whose hearts are dark with crime—and even these look upon and shun me as a fiend, whom they fear and hate. May I not be merry then, to find a young and warm-hearted and *honest* companion—a kinsman to boot—the heir of large possessions—the inheritor of an ancient and honored name—the possessor of a noble and fiery spirit—thus thrust upon me; and rendered, like myself, hopeless, desolate, and miserable?"

"Hopeless—said you?—No! I am *not* hopeless. There is one who—"

"Ha ha ha!" interrupted Rob, while he threw his distorted arms about, and jumped as high as he was able to jump. "*There is one who*,—out with it lad! There is one who—*loves* you! Is it not so? Love is always mingled in these matters—*Love!*" Rob became suddenly serious—even agitated—for he trembled, hung down his head, and looked distressed and miserable. "Reginald!" he said, and his voice was mournful and sad—"Reginald! are you, indeed, in love?"

"Even so, cousin," said the youth; "and I fear it is this infirmity of mine hath banished me from my father's house, and brought his curse upon my head."

Rob seemed greatly affected. He paced backwards and forwards, with his arms folded, and his head drooping on his breast. At last he stopped suddenly, turned towards Reginald, and said, "Who is the object of your love?"

"Will you keep it a secret, if I tell you?"

Rob smiled as he answered, "My acquaintance is not so extensive as to make you afraid of any disclosure from me."

"Janet Meredith is the maid I love," said Reginald, proudly; for his young heart began to be puffed up with the pride of martyrdom, and he already saw in perspective the rugged destiny to which he was doomed, in consequence of his constancy to his mistress.

"Well, and why not?" sharply asked Rob. "Is not *she* good enough for the heir of Macngwyn?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell. My father thinks not, but *I* think *she* is; and come weals, come woes, she shall be mine, if I can win her."

"Bravo! young hot-heart!" shouted Rob. "The blood of the

Owens beats proudly in your veins at any rate, and you must take care it does not prove too strong for you. You are entering upon a strange and perilous career—weakness against strength—right against power. The young kid against the old wolf can never hope to succeed. But may you speed well in your wooing, boy! and, hark ye!—if ever you want my aid or my counsel, you know where to find me. Come to me fearlessly and *alone*. You shall have all that I can give you—and more, perhaps, than you would expect to find in such a distressed, ungainly, hideous carcase as this. Speed quickly on your way now, and I will speed quickly on mine, for there is a storm brewing. Farewell, kinsman! the best wishes of a wretched outcast attend you always. We shall meet again, ere long!” And so saying, Rob darted down the hill-side, as if pursued by a demon, and seemed to have become suddenly dissolved into the thick and increasing darkness.

Reginald gazed after him long and earnestly. “And this is **ROB THE RED-HAND!**” Thus ran his reflections. “He, who is looked upon as an imp of Beelzebub—as the enemy of his race—as a man whose hand is raised against every one, and every one’s hand against him. Poor fellow! Poor, unhappy, miserable, desolate wretch! He has proffered me advice and assistance, and, God knows! I want them bad enough. I will seek them, too, as soon as I have seen my dear dear Janet, and learnt from her my destiny. And now for old Nancy’s cottage, before the storm comes down.”

He pursued his course along the moorland summit of the mountain for about a mile, and then, turning to the right, he followed a path, which wound down the hill-side, to the beach below, passing immediately below Nancy Jones’s dwelling. The gathering clouds had now completely overspread the sky, and every object was enveloped in thick darkness. The wind was every moment becoming higher—now roaring along the mountains—now rushing with fearful force down their rugged declivities—the sea, too, was dashing its breakers with great violence against the rocky coast, which here constituted its boundary. To one less acquainted with the turnings of the path which Reginald traversed, or less accustomed to climb rocks and mountains, there would have been much peril in descending the mountain; but to him, the path, with every one of its rocky obstructions, was perfectly familiar; and, with the aid of his staff, he quickly gained the level beach below, and in a few minutes, he stood at the door of Nancy Jones’s cottage. This he found fastened; and he had already seen that there was no light in the house: whether there were any persons there, he had yet to discover. Striking against the door with his staff, he shouted lustily—“Nancy—Nancy Jones! Open the door!”

“Who’s there?” screamed Nancy’s shrill voice.

“It is I, Reinalt Owen. Let me in, will you? for it is raining furiously.”

“Coming!—Coming!” answered Nancy, and presently the door was opened, and Reginald found himself in the cold, damp, clay-

floored passage of Dolrischol, in imminent peril—for there was no light—of breaking his shins over the pig-trough, and some half-dozen empty tubs: however, he contrived to navigate this dangerous strait unharmed, and to reach in safety the huge settle, which flanked Nancy's fire-place.

"I'll light a *canwyll* (candle) in a minnit, Reinalt *bach*," said Nancy, as she abstracted a rush dipped in grease from a bundle, which was supported by two hooks over the fire-place; and, thrusting into the embers of her turf-fire, a light was instantly produced.

Reinalt perceived that the old woman had been sleeping by the fire-side; and that she was alone.

"Where are Evan, and the lads?" was his first question.

"Out with the boat," was the answer.

"Good God!" exclaimed Reginald.—"Such a night as this, and such a storm brewing."

"Storm!" screamed Nancy, whose nap had rendered her altogether unconscious of the tempest. She hastened to the window, and was almost stricken to death by a broad and vivid flash of lightning, which rendered every thing in the cottage distinctly visible. "*Dun Annwyl!*"* she exclaimed—"they will all be lost! My husband, my brave boys! She sat down, and covering her face with her hands, seemed determined to shut out the consciousness of her situation, and that of her husband and sons. "Come, come, Nancy!" said Reginald, "You must not give way thus: they may be safe yet—even now, they may have sought shelter at Pwllheli, or Criccieth. There are plenty of little bays about the coast, where they can put in till the storm blows over."

"It's well talking, Reinalt: but this comes of not heeding my voice. I told Evan,—I told the boys,—that I knew there would be a storm. I saw the eye of it, as the sun was setting; and I heard its voice in the roaring sea, as the tide was coming in. All day I knew of it—and yet they would go—in spite of me—in spite of all my warnings."

"But you should not blame them, Nancy," said Reginald.

"I do not blame them, Mr. Owans *bach*," sobbed Nancy—for tears had now come to her relief—"But why didn't they stop ashore when they saw, as well as I did, that the mermaid was driving her flocks to land? † Oh dear! Oh dear! My poor brave boys!" and Nancy now wept outright.

"Well, Nancy, if you wont stir yourself, I will," said Reginald, "for when they come home, they will want warming, and so I'll make a good fire for them."

"*When* they come home!" cried poor Nancy. Ah! Mr. Owans, it will be a long day first!"

* "*Good God!*" literally "*dear God.*"

† The white foaming waves are called the sheep of the mermaid: the ninth wave her ram. The Welsh have another proverb concerning this dubious personage:—"Take the mermaid's advice, and save thyself."

While Reginald was heaping turf and cord-wood on the fire, which soon began to blaze and crackle, the door of the only other room in the cottage was opened, and Annie made her appearance, pale and trembling from the effects of the storm, which was now raging furiously, and which had visibly affected her decaying health. She tottered with much difficulty to the fire-place, and sat down on a low stool on the side opposite the settle. The mother instantly perceived her; and notwithstanding the outrageous grief, with which she had been just overwhelmed, vented her cruelty and malice upon the poor, harmless, suffering, uncomplaining girl.

"What do you do here, you slut?" shouted the angry parent. "Go back directly, and don't bring your shame before strangers!"

"I was cold and frightened Mother," was poor Annie's answer, and she shivered as she spoke, "and I did not think I should do any harm by coming to warm myself."

"Hold your tongue, you —," exclaimed the inhuman mother; "and go back to your bed. Any place is good enough for such a jade."

Annie rose, and with weeping eyes, was tottering towards the room from which she had issued, when Reginald interfered,

"Forshame, Nancy!" he said, as he approached the poor girl, "How can you use your own child so? You do not know but what you may both be left kinless by this dreadful storm. Sit down Annie *bach*, here, by the fire," and he led her to the settle, "and do not mind your mother's pettishness."

The old woman *said* nothing, but she *looked* ten thousand devils; and it is very probable that she and her guest would have come to an open rupture, had not at this moment, the sound of voices, mingled with the rushing of the wind, and the roaring of the angry sea, reached them from without.

Nancy's ear—its sensibility sharpened by her anxiety—instantly discovered the speakers. "There's Evan and the lads!" she exclaimed, as she rushed to the door.

Reginald followed her; and looking stedfastly towards the sea, saw, by the glare of a flash of lightning, a boat with three persons in it, beating about, apparently, on the ocean like a cork or a nut-shell. "Good God!" exclaimed Reginald, "they will be all lost! Nought on earth can save them!"

"Hist!" murmured Nancy, as turning her head on one side, and placing her hand behind her ears, so as to catch the smallest sound, she listened with painful attention.

A shout, loud, and evidently not far off, arose confusedly above the warring of the riotous elements, and proved, to Nancy's quickened apprehension, that the mariners were nearing the land. "Put a candle in the window, Reinalt *bach*!" she said hurriedly, "They'll easy see it through the gloom." Reinalt went to do so, but he found that Annie had anticipated him. He returned, therefore, to the door, to watch with increasing interest the fate of Evan Jones and his sons. The storm still raged on, and as the lightning still played

upon the foaming waters, they caught transient glimpses of the little crew. At each flash they saw them more plainly—and by this they knew, that as the tide was coming in, it was urging them onwards to the shore. There was a little bay about a hundred yards from the house, where Evan usually moored his boat; and it was evident that he was endeavouring to steer for that point. With some skill and great exertion, he succeeded in turning the head of the boat in that direction, and the heavy swell of the sea, together with the wind, drove it with so much violence on the beach, that it was sent fairly out of the water, forming for itself a deep grove in the wet and softened sand.

The mariners jumped out sportingly, and the tempest seemed to have made no impression on their iron frames: they came into the house laughingly, Evan, the elder, muttering something about the smallness of their booty, and the interference of the storm. He carried in his hand a small casket of red leather, which he placed on the dresser of the kitchen: he then drank off a cup of whiskey, which his wife had prepared for him; and was dutifully followed in his example by his two sons.

"What hast got there?" asked Nancy in Welsh, taking up the casket.

"Some gewgaws that Humhprey *found* on the sand," and he laid particular emphasis upon the word "found."

"Umph!" ejaculated Nancy, "What use are they to us? a lamb, a sheep, or a keg of whiskey would have served *us* better."

"I know it, Nance," said Evan, "but how the Devil could we work in such a tempest as this? Besides, those cowardly loons, Dick Shone, Humphrey, and Will Jones would not come out. So, be thankful, old jade, for this, it will sell for something at Mwythig (Shrewsbury) fair: or you may wear it to deck your hair with—an you like."

"Well, let us see them," said Nancy, and Evan opened the casket, exhibiting to the delight and astonished gaze of his wife, some jewels of surpassing brilliancy.

"O brave! brave!" shouted Nancy, as she literally danced for joy. "This is something like!" And she hugged her husband, and held the glittering gems to the candle, that she might enjoy their brilliancy. She suddenly screamed out, and exclaimed in a tone of deep alarm—"There's blood upon them, Evan!"

"*Taw!* old fool!" answered Evan; as he snatched away the casket—"It's only the red fire-light!"

"Why, Evan!" said Reginald, who had till now been unobserved by the fisherman, who had been looking very intently upon his prize—"Why, Evan! those jewels belong to Miss Meredith of Glanwern."

"You be ——!" said Evan, turning sharply round. "Oh! it's you, Master Reinalt, is it?" and he changed his tone, and continued with a rough and constrained courtesy—"I hope you are well, and Sir Reginald, and Mistress Margaret"—and then, grumbling to himself, he muttered—"How the devil came *he* here?"

"They are all well, Evan—but the jewels! How came you by them?"

"That is a sharp question for a stranger to ask, Master Reinalt," said Evan, endeavouring to treat Reginald's inquiry with civility—"You heard me say," he continued, in a tone somewhat surly, "that Humphrey picked them up on the beach."

"Well, then, as that is the case, you can have no objection to return them to the right owner. Give them to me, and you shall be well rewarded."

"Safe bind, safe find, Master Reinalt," said Evan, putting the casket into his breast, "and if you will bring the rhino to-morrow, the jewels shall be your's—but not without."

Reginald scarcely heeded this reply. His eyes were fixed with a painful, almost an agonized gaze, upon the fisherman's hand, which was stained with blood. Evan perceived his agitation, and instantly divined its cause; and, rubbing his hand against his rough jacket, which was dripping wet, succeeded in washing off the blood. Of this discovery no further notice was taken; for Reginald had, fortunately, sufficient presence of mind to conceal his suspicions, and, to a certain degree, his fears. But what were his sensations, as this proof of some dark and desperate deed was thus disclosed to him? His beloved Janet might now lie murdered; and if so, it was her blood—that blood which had so often mantled in joy or emotion on her lovely cheek—that he had so often gazed upon—encrusted on the murderer's hand! Oh! horrible! But what could he do? To rush out of the house would ensure his instant destruction; for, if his suspicions were true, neither Evan nor his sons would suffer him to escape if he evinced any knowledge of the suspected outrage. So he determined, to conceal his suspicions, to remain in the cottage for the night; and to escape as early as he could in the morning, and satisfy himself of the truth or falsity of his terrible surmise. In conformity with this plan, he assumed a jocularly and an ease that must have gone far to convince Evan, that he could not suspect either him or his sons of crime. He even pledged them in a cup of whiskey, and, when it was arranged that he should sleep in the best bed—such as it was—and that he should be called very early in the morning, he wished them *all* a good-night; and walked with a steady pace to his chamber.

This, as we have already intimated, was on the same floor as the apartment usually occupied by the family; and, placing a chair against his door, Reginald threw himself upon his knees, and prayed long and fervently to HIM, who is all-powerful, to preserve him in safety through that perilous night. He arose, as he who prays fervently and sincerely always must rise—calmed and strengthened by his communion with God; and, unarmed as he was, weak, defenceless, exposed as he felt himself to be, he felt confident in HIS power to save him, and in HIS mercy to watch over him. He threw himself undressed upon the bed; and listened with ears, excited almost to actual pain, to every sound which came from the

other room. At first he could hear nothing but a low indistinct murmur—louder than which the booming surge often sounded. After a while, one of the party went out, for he heard the outer door open and shut, and could distinguish the heavy tread of footsteps about the house. He soon returned; and by his voice, he knew him to be the eldest son, Evan. Their conversation was now carried on in a louder tone; and Reginald could distinguish what they said. They, however, occasionally returned to their mutterings, so that he could gain no additional information on the subject of his suspicions. At length they seemed to have lost all prudence; for they laughed and shouted, and grew positively riotous. It was evident that they had been drinking; and Reginald, indeed, heard very frequently, the gurgling of spirits, as they were poured out of the bottle into the cup. Every sense was now excited to the utmost to discover some additional clue to the condition of the family of Glanwern, but in vain; and after much wearisome watching; after being excited almost to madness—then followed that state of depression and exhaustion, which is the natural consequence of extreme excitement. In this state, Reginald fell asleep; or, rather, he fell into a state of dozing, slumbering uneasiness, which was disturbed by dreams, and strange, unreal, frightful phantasies. In all this Janet Meredith was present. First, he saw her bleeding—dying—dead. Then she was battling with the stormy wave, and calling upon him—upon Reginald—*her* Reginald—to save her from the yawning gulf. Then he saw her smiling seraphically in her grave-clothes—and beckoning him to follow her—to Heaven! A red, gaping, bleeding, gushing wound in the neck accompanied all these apparitions; and starting with terror and alarm, Reginald awoke. The storm had subsided, and the sound of the ocean-waves now reached him in a melancholy and soothing murmur. His rush-candle had long since burnt out; and all around him was still and dark—dark even as the grave. He listened, painfully listened, but heard no human voice—nothing but the sighing wind, and the gentle murmur of the booming surge. The form of Janet Meredith, bleeding, pale, and dying, was before his eyes. It mattered not, whether he closed or re-opened them—she was there—in all her virgin loveliness—in all her young and fragrant beauty. Presently the outer door of the cottage was opened, a heavy footstep was heard, and Reginald saw that the person carried a light, the rays of which penetrated the cracks of the wooden partition between the rooms. He breathed quick and gaspingly. What was the meaning of this nocturnal visitation? It was strange—most strange, that, when all was still and silent, when the deep darkness of night had wrapt all nature in oblivion, this deadly silence should be broken by this stealthy, unquiet, alarming intrusion. He listened yet more attentively, and he heard a low and stifled and muttering sound of voices. “I will by G—!” reached him as he lay. “You sha’n’t, Evan—indeed, you sha’n’t!” was repeated to it. “Get off with thee—old fool!” followed; and then

a heavy, thick, and sudden downfall. All now was still again, save a slow and stealthy step. It approached nearer and nearer, till the door of Reginald's room was opened, and the chair, which he had placed against it, pushed on one side. He looked instinctively towards the spot, and saw Evan entering, with a candle in one hand, and a large, glittering knife in the other. He could not move, he could scarcely breathe. Resistance he knew was useless—worse than useless; and forcibly shutting his eyes, and imagining a short but fervent prayer, he awaited the sharp stroke of the glittering knife, with every energy wound up to the highest pitch of despairing resolution.

The murderer approached, and held the candle close to Reginald's eyes, who saw the bright glare through his closed eyelids. He saw, also, or *thought* he saw, Evan lift the murderous knife, and he felt—he was *sure* he felt—its cold, sharp, smarting edge drawn across his throat. At that very moment, the murderer fell to the earth, and Reginald started from his bed, and sank into the arms of ROB THE RED-HAND!

TASMANIA, A POEM.

Long had she slumbered! pillow'd on the main!—
 Britannia found her, and she broke the chain;—
 Yes! Britain found her but a dreary wild,
 And gazed with pity, on the slumb'ring child;
 And thus she spoke,—“Young island of the sea!
 My adopted child Tasmania thou shalt be—
 Like to Australia, who my bounty shares,
 Thine older brother but a few short years;
 For I behold, 'midst thy untutor'd wild
 A thousand gems—Tasmania my child!
 That like the diamond, ere 'tis polish'd o'er,
 Looks but as perish'd sea-weed on the shore;
 Dim as the clouds hang o'er the eastern skies,
 And darkly wand'ring ere the sun arise;
 And he appears—dispels the clouds of night,
 Throws forth his beams, and all around is light!
 Thus I, Tasmania, once like thee I slept;
 Till antient Rome upon my slumbers crept:
 And she the gem, the terror, and the pride
 Of wondering nations—nay!—the world beside!
 Found me in darkness, and my slumber broke;
 Amazement clasped me, as I feebly woke:
 And well she school'd me; wisdom was her fort;
 War, peace, arts, sciences, alternate taught,—
 Apt child she found me, and I daily grew,
 Next to herself, in mind, and body too;
 Nerved for all danger,—till on oceans wild,
 Old Neptune hail'd me, as his foster'd child,—
 Arise!—arise Britannia!—beauteous isle arise!—
 His voice ascended to the distant skies;
 'Twas there repeated, and the echo came—
 Back to my ears—‘Britannia, rise to fame!’

Arise blest Island! for 'tis thine to be,
 Favour'd of Heav'n, and ruler of the sea—
 Unfurl thy banners, and when once unfurl'd,
 All earth shall see thee, conquerer of the world?
 And she the mighty one, who broke thy rest,
 Shall wondering see thee grown the mightiest,—
 Since that, thro' seas of ages I have steer'd,
 Envy'd by many, by as many fear'd;
 Proclaim'd my daring, when aroused to wrath—
 Conquer'd the very conquerers of earth;
 Or loved, or courted, hated now, or fear'd,
 Forsaken too, by thousands I have rear'd;—
 But idle, this—let wayward children go,—
 My heart, Tasmania, proudly turns to you:
 The child that quits its mother, let it roam—
 Where shall it find a shelter like its home?
 And manhood wanders o'er the world in vain,
 Youths' summer dream can never come again."

"Awake Tasmania!—why o'er southern deep,
 Should one like thee, so long, and deeply sleep,
 While thousand isles in less congenial clime,
 Have kept their journals, with the hand of time;
 Broke from dark bondage, and uprear'd a name,
 A lasting beacon for the eye of fame?
 All sterile once, yon purple sky that cheers
 Thy vales, and mountains, never can be theirs;
 And short to them, the glow of sunny hours,
 Eternal sunshine smiles upon your shores!
 My gazing eyes can scarce refrain a tear,
 To see thee but a wild—a desert drear—
 To think that thou hast slept, thro' countless span,
 So long unknown—uncivilized by man;—
 To think so long upon thy genial banks,
 Where cultivation might have shown thy thanks
 In beauteous seeming, that coarse weeds should rear,
 Their heads in mock'ry of a thing so fair;
 And savage man alone to thee be giv'n,
 Who neither know, or cares of earth or Heav'n;
 Whose only acts have been, and ever will,
 To make thy wilds but greater deserts still."

And she awoke—Britannia smiling said,—
 "All hail, my child! fresh risen from the dead,
 Like to an helpless infant of the earth,
 From years of darkness, struggling into birth;
 Aye! thousand years a blank, in times vast space,
 And now an atom of the human race,
 A thing of fears—a breathing sculptur'd form,
 Of boundless passions, intellectual worm!
 Infinite in fancy, as the playful wave,
 But next inferior to the power that gave
 That strong conception—reasons brilliant rays,
 That lights the soul, to where it dare not gaze;
 Where that mysterious mightiness of plan,
 Folds him in darkness, and proclaims him, man!
 Of knowledge vast, but ne'er on earth to see
 The mysteries of Heav'n, and what must be
 When yon bright sun, and all that was, is vain,
 And darkness absolute, is ours again:

Imaginations genial tongue supplies
The mystic secret, all-wise Heav'n denies,
And answering hope points out to what may be,
And hoists her sails, upon an unknown sea."

" Mark me Tasmania!—o'er yon dark blue sea,
Thousands shall come, to bless, and cherish thee;
All that my ars'nals, and my greatness grants,
My ships shall bring, to satisfy thy wants;
My learned sons, brought up in reasons' school,
Shall teach thee lessons, how to live, and rule,
To cultivate that fairy land of thine,
Till it become fac-simile of mine;
And if among my sons, some thou may'st find
Debased by crimes, of body, and of mind,
Perchance repentance, pure as mountain dew,
May melt their hearts, Tasmania, when with you!
Then beard them not, with former daring crimes,
So that their hearts repent in other climes
It matters not; good subjects oft we see,
Spring from the dregs of crime and infamy;
But if they foster still, guilts venom'd sting,
And lust and rapine o'er your shores they fling,—
And o'er their hearts, dark murder clings and climbs—
And to its bosom clasps a thousand crimes;
Then clip their flight!—'twere better such were furled
In arms of death—unfit for any world.
But oh! be cool!—let caution be your guide,
Be sure the guilt—nor hastily decide;
And guilt established, dark as wintry storm,
The heart may pity, but it must be firm.
The native race, tho' darkness warps their mind,
Pity their weakness, and remove the blind;
If such can be, let mercy stand confess'd,
Nor ope the floodgates of her down'y breast."

" In all thy councils, it will be my pride,
To give instruction, and the helm to guide;
Despise it not! the old bird wisely sings,
Tutoring its young, ere time bestows it wings;
But if unfledged it leaves the mother's care,
And tries to mingle with the clouds and air,—
Trusts to its weakness, in disgrace and pain,
The helpless creature falls to earth again:
List not to flatterers, and beware of those,
Whose poison'd tongues, would try to make us foes;
Warp cloudy scandal, o'er my hard-earn'd name,
And turn to ridicule, my undying fame."

Thus spoke Britannia, and beheld ere while,
Her flag floats proudly o'er the lofty isle;
Time unfolds secrets—thirty years have cur'd
Its folding pinions round this southern world
Since thus she spoke, and in that deep embrace,
Altered the features of the young child's face;
So deeply changed, the eyes enquiring glow,
Flies to the heart, who doubts it can be so;
As labour decks the gems, by nature given,
So clouds dispersed—there's brightness over Heav'n."

A noble river, winds its course along,
 Surpassing some, immortalized in song;
 And upwards wandering, beautiful the scene,
 Till her tall ships and Hobart Town are seen;
 Now vale and mountain, widely stretching o'er,
 A half-grown giant, on a stripling shore;
 Daily increasing, as an iceberg grows,
 And seems to fatten, upon winter snows;
 There stern Mount Wellington, so great in name,
 Looks on the Township, rising up to fame—
 Mount Nelson (glorious!) gazes on the same:
 Girt by such mountains, towering to the skies—
 Urged by such names, thou must! thou shalt arise!
 Here Britain's promise stands at length confess'd,
 Her gallant ships recline upon the breast
 Of Derwent water, and now far and wide,
 They gem the surface of the mirror'd tide;
 A bounteous store, too, daily they bring forth;
 The various riches of the distant earth—
 And far and wide, the hills and valleys blend—
 And far and wide, does culture now extend;
 And far and wide, improvement with a smile,
 Shows her smooth face, and blesses the young Isle.

Next Tamer's River, girt by many a sand,
 And scattered rocks, divide Tasmania's land;
 The serpent wandering, creeping o'er the earth,
 Like it, it winds—its ever wat'ry path;
 And on its banks, remote from sea-girt strands,
 A growing pile, of human structure stands,
 A second Township, such it may be named,
 Known as Launceston, and already famed;
 New Town, New Norfolk, speak of what may be,
 While stern Port Arthur, gazes on the sea,*
 And children of disgrace, and fell despair,
 Brood o'er their fate in chains—and labour there:
 Brighton and Bagdad, seem to say—that still,
 The earth is bounteous, if mankind has will;
 And Oatlands, Richmond—each prolific vein
 Pours forth, and answers, in the same high strain;
 While Port Macquarie, with a sigh sincere,
 Weeps o'er its floodgate, and cries—'come not here!'
 Improvement flies so fast, o'er hill and plain,
 The hasty Muse but follows it in vain;
 Fain would I hills, or plains, or valleys trace,
 And sing the beauties of each smiling face;
 Perth, Richmond, Ross Bridge, Cross Marsh, Lov'ly Banks,
 Where the wool Geni feed, and play their pranks,†
 And Campbell Town advancing, stride by stride,
 With Sorell Town, not far from Derwent's tide;
 And Salt-pan Plains, with its transcendant views—
 Rich as to Heaven the rainbow, with its hues;

* Port Arthur lies between Cape Raoul and Cape Pillar, and is now a penal settlement.

† Port Macquarie is a bar harbour, of late a penal settlement, and now about being abandoned by the Government.

‡ Lovely Banks has some celebrated sheep runs, especially those belonging to Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Bisdee.

Here the eye bounds in wonder, o'er a plain,
 Smooth as the surface of the unstirr'd main,
 And in the distance, mountains great and small,
 With high Benlomond, monarch of them all ;
 With many others, but descriptions sun
 Has sent his rays for all, and ev'ry one :
 Such names, tho' young, are now and still shall be,
 Gems of Tasmania, and the southern sea ;
 E'en now behold ! as shells upon the strand,
 Varied and beautiful is this young land ;
 From shore to shore, now here, now there is seen,
 How sunbeams cherish, and where man has been,
 Toiling, nor vainly, for to him is given,
 To sow and reap,—the rest is done by Heav'n.

Here we behold a wise, and bounteous plan,
 Fostered to being, by the mind of man—
 Why should the wisdom of the mind supreme,
 Be like the vision of a midnight dream ?
 When brought to being, as a cloud high curl'd,
 A breeze comes on, and lures it from the world :
 Tho' states be govern'd by a mind supreme,
 It seems these must be phantoms of a dream,
 Or things as shallow, working up their way,
 Where men of substance almost fear to stray ;
 Like Jack-o'-Lanterns, skipping o'er our path,
 Luring the weak, as wisdom shows her wrath ;
 Tho' one orb lights the world, from hour to hour,
 A thousand lights, each different in power,
 Still must there be, whose only gleams confess,
 Themselves but shades—the next to nothingness :
 As from the flowers in spring, or summer weather,
 The industrious bee, the honey stoops to gather,—
 Unwearied toils, (nor sickens) day by day,
 Till the wasp robber, steals the sweets away ;
 'Tis so with kingdoms, will be 'neath the sun,
 The wasp destroys the good the bee has done :
 The industrious toil, and toil for years before,
 Reward comes tapping, at their humble door,
 And then ! ah then ! the aristocratic clan,
 Unite in numbers 'gainst the industrious man ;
 Governs his purse-strings, step by step, by stealth,—
 Fetters his actions, and demands his wealth ;
 And in return, they grant him laws like gall—
 And dare to call them, for the good of all ;
 First pick his pocket—what a Heav'n-born crew !
 And then insult his understanding too,
 On such base fabric, justice never grew—
 Laws are for many—justice for a few :
 Men without talent, weak as dewey shower,
 Whose only aim is undivided power ;
 Too oft invent the laws obeyed by man—
 Fools may expound them, wise men never can ;
 The brow may sweat of thousands, such the rule,
 To fill the pocket of some great man's fool,—
 Taxation comes—the richness of that shower,
 Flies from the cottage, to the rich man's door ;—
 Old states may bear taxations heavy load,
 While young ones groan, and fall upon the road ;

The man who all his life has borne a pack,
 Will carry much before you break his back,—
 Oppress'd, the temper will at length give way,
 In daring wrath—tyrants! beware the day!—
 Beware Tasmania then!—oppressions hand,
 May spoil the beauty of thy smiling land.
 But let us see! the thirty years now fled
 Since this young Island waken'd from the dead,—
 Who at the helm? and let us take review
 What things have been, and how in strength she grew;
 First, Bowen came, from Australasia sent,
 To make the land—a penal settlement;
 And then came Collins, from Britannia's seas,
 And her proud ensign, flutters in the breeze,
 O'er young Tasmania, and that banner hurl'd
 A noble instinct, o'er the new-sprung world;
 Children of crimes, that make the heart recoil,
 Were sent in chains, to live, repent, and toil;
 And Davey follows, such the infant state,
 The muse has little matter to relate,
 Save it was rising, and he did his best
 To rear the plant—and time has done the rest,
 With like assistance: Colonel Sorell came,
 Active in mind, Tasmania hands his name
 To "history's page," and circles it with fame;
 There still be some, whose minds may yet recal,
 How much he laboured for the good of all;—
 Bushrangers scattered, over the young land,
 Soon met their death-blow, from his iron hand,—
 Murderous banditti!—But the daring crew,
 Fell with that fiendish monster, Michael Howe;
 This done, he turns to cultivate the soil,
 And fields of gladness, gem the rising isle;
 Here roads, there bridges, buildings rising fast,—
 Time at a distance, spoke of "might at last"—
 And Arthur came; and then improvement threw,
 Its might at once—stretched forth its wings, and flew
 From hill to vale, all various in its freaks,
 Scatt'ring the rouge, that now bedecks the cheeks
 Of young Tasmania—chequer'd now the scene,
 And plainly showing, where the rouge has been:
 There was enough weak minds to overwhelm,
 (For storms were rising) when he took the helm;
 An able seaman sees all this, nor fears,—
 Prepares his bark to meet, and boldly steers:
 Who saw the land as once it was, and now,
 Must mark its growth, and gazing, wonder how,
 Tho' disaffection circl'eth round its sun,
 It must proclaim, "a wonder has been done!"
 Whoever rules—however good the man,—
 He may please many—all he never can;
 Man's separate interests, as diversely glide,
 As wayward winds, opposing ocean's tide;
 And long has Arthur, or in love or hate,
 Stood to his post, and steer'd the ship of state;
 And if some acts have not been purely right,
 By much of good, they're overbalanc'd quite.
 Sons of Tasmania! I have heard it said,
 You wish another, in your Arthur's stead;

As if a change must bring improvements glance,
And all things better, on its wings of chance;
There is an old tune—modern age it hums,
“The old one gone, a better seldom comes :”
The hardy tar, who “joys in ev’ry change,
From shore, to shore, tho’ he delights to range;
Whate’er the ship, there’s something still to mar—
The last ship was the better one, by far !”

Sons of Tasmania!—as by fairy wand
Up ye have sprung,—to bless your native land,
Give her thy strength,—and let the earth proclaim;
With tongue of wonder, young Tasmania’s name;
Growing in strength, as other nations grew,
As other nations;—be immortal too;—
And step, by step, approaching wealth and power;—
Rich as the bee exulting o’er a flow’r :—
A new race springing from a glorious stock,—
A part, and parcel, of the antient rock;
They must be firm;—the blood of noble veins,
From child, to child,—from age, to age remains;—
And let Britannia say, in raptures wild,—
“Know’st thou Tasmania, my adopted child?
In strength, and beauty, like the sun new rose,
Tasmania grew,—and daily thus she grows.”

p. —

DONNA FRANCESCA.

A TALE.

Donna Francesca looked in her husband’s face, and smiled.
“You will not have to chide me here for weeping at the thought
of Italy, my own beautiful Italy,” she said. “Here is a sky as
deeply blue, as cloudless; and trees are here as rich in graceful
foliage, and this air, which feels like a fan of downy feathers on my
face, has rifled the delicious fragrance of an orange grove: I’m sure
it has, I know the scent at once—though long years, long at least
to me, have passed since I have left an orange grove.”

Francesca’s voice was very sweet; often as her husband had been
charmed by its sound, he thought its silvery tones more sweet than
ever. “I did not like to say too much of this fair home of ours,”
said Don Leon; “for I feared that my fond and early associations
might colour the scene too highly. Yet this terrace! my Fran-
cesca, I have sometimes told you of this terrace, and its dark over-
arching cedars; its thickets of roses, where the nightingale sings
first and latest: the orange grove, which, as you rightly guessed,
is near at hand, and—”

“And,” said Francesca, interrupting and yet continuing his
words—“and the long sweep of this lovely bay, where the grey

mountains slope upwards at once from the shore, and where, as in my own Italy, the myrtle hangs almost over the clear waters of the sea. Yes, my husband, I remember well your beautiful descriptions, and my doubts and banterings, when you said that Spain could match with Italy. You did not like to say too much of this fair home! Why, sir! Why, Leon! don't you remember that I used to tell you, whenever you said any thing about it, that no land but Italy could answer to your glowing descriptions. But you were right, my Leon, my own grave Leon, quite right, as you always are. Don't be so very grave, so gravely Spanish here. There is no occasion, now we are in Spain, to wear your Spaniards gravity, as you have done in other places, fearing, it seemed, that you might not else be taken for a Spaniard."

Don Leon smiled, and answered playfully, that his looks were not more sombre than her dark attire, better suited to the wintry fogs of Brussels, than the soft and sunny atmosphere of their own home. She took him at his word, and flung back her dark hood, and threw aside her soft but heavy sables, laughing as she did so, and playfully defying him to fling aside as easily his Spanish gravity; and then she took her husband's arm again, and they ascended the broad marble steps to a loftier terrace, and so went onward through another grove, towards the palace. She would have lingered also on that upper terrace, for the air, though not less soft, was even fresher there; and her eyes sparkled as they cast a hurried glance over the quiet bay, for the golden sunbeams of the morning fell thick upon the rippled waves, and blazed upon the gilt and painted galley which had brought them from the more distant vessel to the shore.

"I see it all, my sweet and gay Francesca," said her husband, replying to her speaking looks; "and we will often hither, often gaze together upon this glorious prospect, and drink in this pure fresh air." Then drawing her arm again within his own, he led her onward, still smiling and speaking, her beautiful hair blowing about in the wild sportive wind, and the rosy freshness of health and exercise glowing in her cheek and parted lips.

Francesca was gentle and quiet; her gaiety was always that of a very feminine spirit; there was no levity about it; she was only gay in those delightful seasons, when, to enjoy is to obey. There was a deep and serious thoughtfulness upon her brow, when Don Leon found her one evening in the quiet loneliness of the ancient library. She was bending down over a volume, which lay open before her, resting her cheek upon her hand. "I have been thinking," she said, as her mild and earnest gaze met that of her husband.—"I have been thinking, perhaps more deeply than usual, and asking myself many questions. There are some, my Leon, that we must answer together."

"Is not this always the case, sweet one?" he said, in a voice as gentle and as serious as her own, "when you search the pages of this inspired volume. Have we not often agreed that we cannot

read this book as we read other books, for every now and then its words pierce like a sword of fire, even to the heart."

"And sometimes," said Francesca—"nay, Leon, you have told me oftentimes the same; they fall as the dew falls upon the parched and drooping herbage."

"But these questions, which we must answer, my sweet wife?"

"We must answer them," she continued, "to Him who searcheth the hearts, who knoweth our most secret thoughts. And they are—They are these," she said:—First of all—"Are we not too happy, my Leon?"

"Too happy!" he repeated; "can any one be too happy in this uncertain world?"

"Yes, too happy!" she said again—"too happy to be in a state of safety. You know, Leon, that I am not naturally mistrustful; I have ever seen the bright side of every object."

"I know it well," he answered; "and I do therefore wonder the more to find you speaking thus."

Francesca made no reply at first, but pointed silently, with her finger placed upon the page, to the words she had been reading in the Bible: they were these—"I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity; they come in no misfortune like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men."

"Does not this apply to us?" said Francesca, modestly, the pure colour deepening in her cheek as she spoke. "We love each other tenderly, devotedly. We love all God's creatures; but do we love their Creator and our Creator, their God and our God,—are we not ungodly? And yet I think we should not say, 'we *do* not love Him now,' but rather, 'that we *have* not loved Him till very lately,' nor have we ever known his Holy Bible."

"It is our chief treasure," said Leon, "and yet how little we thought, when we came into possession of this rich inheritance, that one unknown and unnoticed volume,* would be soon more precious than our heavy coffers of gold."

"Far more precious," continued Francesca, "than those caskets of diamonds which you opened before me, dearest, when you first brought them to my dressing-room, and were a little, a very little disappointed, because I did not look upon them with the childish delight that you expected to find in me, or when I complained that the ropes of orient pearl, which I wore to please you at court, were as cumbrous as they were beautiful. How worthless do all the precious things of the world begin to appear, to one who has found the pearl of great price. You will smile, my Leon, but our very prosperity as to the blessings of this world, has begun to alarm me, since I have studied the Holy Bible, as to the safety of our spiritual concerns. I am uneasy, lest the things of time and sense should be occupying that place in our hearts, which the things that are eternal,

* The Bible was the rare Spanish Bible of Bonifacio Ferrer.

and of God, should fill alone. Had you come to me a little sooner, you might have found me trembling and in tears before my God, for I had found the place where it is written, 'What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Now I am sure the desire of gaining has never possessed my heart, but I am also sure that I have had scarcely a thought beyond the enjoyment of God's gifts, bestowed in such abundance upon us. I have not held them with a steward's hand, nor have I estimated them as a pilgrim should his wayside pleasures."

"I have not had a wish ungratified, but I have received the goodness of the Lord rather as my right, than as a favour from his gracious hand. Our dear child, are we not blest in him? Many parents whom we know, are childless. God has dealt most graciously with us."

"He has, indeed," said Leon, "and henceforth we will not forget Him, my Francesca. If he has distinguished us among our fellows, we will strive to love him more than others."

Donna Francesca sat in her favorite saloon, waiting for her husband, and wondering at his long absence—an absence longer at least than usual. She had ordered a table to be spread with cooling fruits, beside the fountain in the marble hall, for there the refreshing atmosphere was delightful during a sultry day. This hall was connected with the saloon, where Donna Francesca was sitting, by an open corridor. Had a stranger entered that magnificent apartment, and seen the lovely and smiling lady with her noble-looking boy, he would have agreed with Donna Francesca that there were few more blessed with worldly happiness than herself.

"You look not like yourself to night," said Donna Francesca to her husband; "you are not estranged from me, I am quite sure of that, but something has happened. What has happened, my own Leon, to make you look so melancholy?"

"Send Alfonso to bed, dearest," he replied, looking mournfully on his little boy; "is he not up later than usual?"

"A little later, dear Leon," she replied, "for I wished him to see you before he went to bed—but he disturbs you, and perhaps your head aches. Come Alfonso—nurse is only in the anti-room." The little boy was taken away.

"I have seen a sad sight to day," said Don Leon: "I did not tell you where I was going, but I went on purpose to be present at the Auto de Fe, at Seville, this morning. It was a fearful and humiliating sight, Francesca. There was one of our own rank, a man whom I have known and loved since I was a boy, a Ponce de Leon; you may remember him, for Don Juan was with us soon after I brought you to Spain. Your heart would have ached, had you seen him to day; his fine manly form, clad in the horrid sanbenito, and the coraza* on his noble head, both painted over with flames and fiendish figures,—an extinguished torch in his hand, and a

* The cap worn by the condemned.

halter round his neck, while a friar walked on either side of him, talking to him of that mercy in Heaven which they denied him on earth. Doctor Juan Gonzalez suffered also; perhaps there was not a finer preacher in Andalusia; and he went forward with so firm a step, and a countenance so calm and cheerful, that one could see he had made his peace with God. Two of his sisters were with him, doomed to the same horrible death. And he often turned to them with looks and words of cheerful encouragement, and began to sing some holy psalm, but his inhuman persecutors thrust the gag into his mouth. I feared from their pale faces and heavy downcast eyes, that his two sisters would have yielded to the influence of mortal fear, and made their recantation; but on their arrival at the place of execution, they seemed to be suddenly inspired with new strength, and bore their cruel fate like true heroines. But why should I tell you more of these frightful persecutions—for persecutions I must call them; the great crime of the poor sufferers is, that they take a view of our holy faith somewhat differing from that held by the Roman Catholic clergy; and to say the truth, unwilling as I should be to separate from what I have ever considered the true church, I feel disposed, since we have begun to search the Holy Bible for ourselves, to pass no heavy censure upon the followers of this new learning, and their bold leader, Martin Luther."

"I have heard but little of the new opinions," replied Donna Francesca; "but of this I am certain, that I would rather give up our teachers, should there be no other alternative, than the Holy Scriptures, which it now seems they would take away from us."

"Tell me, dear Francesca," said Don Leon, "for it has not occurred to me till now to ask you. Have you taken away our Spanish Bible? I left it on the table in my own dressing-room this morning—I left it open, and when I came in just now it was not there."

"It is surely there," replied Francesca. "Not an hour ago I was there, hoping to meet you on your first entrance, (for you know I often meet you in your dressing-room,) and the Bible was lying as you left it."

"I know it was, for I remained there to read it."

"I will go at once and look for it," said Donna Francesca.

"You will not find it there," he replied, as they left the saloon together. The Bible was not found. The servants were questioned about it, but they either knew nothing, or would tell nothing. Don Leon and Donna Francesca returned to the saloon; but the countenance of the former was even more troubled than it had been before. "Alas!" said he mournfully, "our time of trial may be close at hand, Francesca; are you prepared to meet it, or shall we seek in any way to avoid the coming storm?"

"Should there be any holy way of escape from persecution, we might flee by that way, but if not—" she hesitated, for her eyes fell upon her husband.

"Well, my Francesca," he said, "if not, we must pray for faith,

and for patience;—where those the words you would have added?"

"I hardly know," she replied, with a trembling voice and a faint smile; "and yet I think I am prepared for any trial, and for any danger, to be shared with you."

"But if we should be called to trials that we may not share together, my sweet wife, let us think even of the worst, and let us from this moment be prepared."

"My husband, my own friend," said Francesca, calmly, "you must not blame me if I differ from you now. You seem to me, to bring forward dark forbodings, and then to call them preparation. Does our Heavenly Father require such a frame of spirit in his children? does he not rather say in his blessed word,—'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ,—The events which may happen beyond the present hour will be ordered by Him whose love is equal to His wisdom. Why speak of being prepared for heavy trials, I am quite sure, my Leon, that he will do all things wisely and well; and as for the future, if we are called upon to suffer, His strength will be made perfect in our weakness. Is it not true, that when he sends afflictions to his children, He sends also the strength to bear them?"

Donna Francesca had scarcely spoken the last few words, than she turned very pale; she placed her trembling hand upon her husband's arm, and whispered, "There it is again," pointing with her finger towards the hall.

"Tell me what alarms you thus?" he exclaimed, "give me some explanation of this sudden terror?"

"I will, I will," she said; "but come with me first, there is some listener skulking near; I am certain of it. I saw his shadow plainly by the moonlight."

"I will see his face," said Leon, snatching up the lamp, and springing forward. In the corridor, between the hall and the saloon, where they had been sitting, stood a tall dark figure, he did not stir at their approach, and, as the lamp flashed full upon his face, his cold but steady look met the angry glances of Don Leon. "Who are you," he demanded, "and by what authority have you dared to enter these apartments? Speak at once, or take the consequences upon yourself."

"I may answer all your questions," replied the stranger, very quietly, "by a few words. The Holy Office has called for your presence this very night; you will go with me at once."

"This is not to be borne," exclaimed Don Leon, indignantly, and almost fiercely. "You have been meanly listening to us in this our own chamber. Our Bible has been stolen by your sacrilegious hands, I know it has," he said; for his eye had fallen on the silver chains attached to the sacred volume; they were held,

it seemed very carelessly, by the inquisitor, and the Bible hung suspended from them. He received no answer, but the monk walked slowly to the door and opened it. In another minute, Don Leon and his wife were surrounded by the familiars of the office.

"Alas!" he said, in a voice of low deep agony, "I must leave you, Francesca! it is useless to think of resistance."

"You will both be conveyed to the Holy Office," said the Inquisitor.

Donna Francesca, who had stood before like one lost as to speech and sense, uttered a cry of delight, and threw herself into her husband's arms. They remained for some minutes locked in one tender and loving embrace. Then Don Leon, encircling her slender waist with his arm, signified his readiness to depart. He led her gently forward, and was about to lift her into the covered carriage which stood waiting at the door of the palace, when she was suddenly torn from him and carried off to a separate conveyance. His efforts to free himself, his frantic air, where those of a madman; but he soon lay resistless, bound hand and foot, and the gag in his mouth.

A terrific storm came on with the closing shades of evening, the pale and forked lightning playing with a wild lustre upon the iron window-bars of a low but spacious dungeon, in which many female prisoners were confined. The pealing bursts of thunder had alarmed them all, but one fair and delicate lady. She was sitting apart from the others upon a low seat, or rather niche, which had been hollowed into the rocky wall. Her wrists were crossed one over the other, and her hands hung listless down; her head had dropped upon her bosom, for overcome by fatigue and grief, she had at last sunk into a quiet sleep.

Few would have recognised the fresh and beautiful Francesca in that pale and wasted creature. She had suffered much from torture on the horrid rack, but far more from the sentence which that evening had been declared to her; it was, Perpetual Separation from her husband, and Imprisonment for life.* She was now like one stunned and stupified by the mere weight of her grief. She was scarcely conscious that they had put upon her the loose zamarra or vest of yellow cloth, (the sanbenito she was condemned to wear); and when the morning brought the pleasant sunshine into her dungeon she noticed it not, she heeded not the bells that tolled from all the churches, nor the crowded procession of the Auto de Fe in which she walked among the poor wretched prisoners. Once or twice she looked about her, but her eye met not the only object which it sought. If Leon was there, she saw him not.

Another trial awaited Francesca. During her imprisonment she had often entreated to be allowed to see her child, the request had

* See M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Spain, for punishments even more unjust and dreadful.

breath as she spoke: "I have neither will nor power in myself—in pity let me pass! It has been said by Him who will help me, who is with me now, 'He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.' For His sake let me pass——"

Nothing was ever clearly known of the fate of Don Leon de Valera, Marquis of Jurailla, or of the gentle Italian lady, Donna Francesca, whom he married. Their rich possessions were seized upon by the state. A year or two after their condemnation a rumour was in circulation that Don Leon had been seen in Germany, and about the same time a portrait of Donna Francesca was set up in the most public part of Seville; copies of this picture were also sent to several of the frontier towns; and a high reward was offered for her apprehension. Some said that Donna Juana of Portugal, the king's sister, had secretly favoured the escape of Francesca. Others declared that the picture exhibited was not the portrait of Donna Francesca, and that the dark hood and furred mantle were not according to the style of her costume.

SONGS OF IDLE HOURS.

XIII.

"The Breeze."

Fill up the glass, fill up!—the breeze
To day shall be our toast;
The breeze that wafts us o'er the seas,
To the fair Tasmanian coast;
For fairy hope festoons with flowers,
From pleasure's gay parterre,
Each object of the bright winged hours,
That smile upon us there.

The breeze, the joyous breeze, how well
It fills the canvas now;
And urged, as if by magic spell,
Glides on our vessel's prow.
Oh! when we've reach'd the wish'd-for shore,
Safe from the billowy seas,
We'll think on days that then are o'er,
And toast as now—the breeze!

XIV.

"Where is Pleasure's Rose bud."

Where's the rose bud pleasure planted,
On thy softly blooming cheek?
When thy bosom, love-enchanted,
Heaved with joy thou couldst not speak;
Darkness hovers o'er thy brow,
Where is pleasure's rose bud now?

Hath the hope of truth been blighted,
 By some sentence harshly spoke,
 That the things which once delighted,
 Have but saddened feelings woke;
 Flinging shadows o'er thy brow,—
 Where is pleasure's rose bud now?
 Such a heart as thine should ever,
 Be the resting place of joy;
 And a dream of grief should never,
 With its shadowy forms, annoy:
 But around thy placid brow,
 Should be pleasure's rose bud now.

 XV.

 “*Hope for the Best.*”

Hope for the best, when sorrow flings,
 The shadow of her raven wings
 Upon our hearts, and friends we love,
 Inconstant and unfaithful prove;
 When, like a bark upon the sea,
 While tempests roar tremendously,
 And with each billow's foamy crest,
 Despair and fear assail the breast,
 When hope appears for ever gone,
 Despite its fading, still hope on!

Hope for the best! the flowers decay,
 The light winds scatter them away,
 But spring tide, with her balmy breath,
 Shall snatch their bloom again from death;
 And is there not, when joy hath fled,
 Some power which still a joy can shed,
 And its reviving balm impart,
 Unto the lone and drooping heart,
 That, while we fear our hopes are flown,
 May whisper to us, still hope on!

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 NOTES OF A READER.

No. II.

One of the most amusing books, I have for some time met with, is JOUHAUD'S “*Paris dans le dix-neuvième Siècle*,” or Paris in the nineteenth century; it affords a minute and accurate description of the French metropolis some five-and-twenty years ago, and contains a vast fund of information and entertainment. As the work is scarce, I shall extract some of the most amusing passages:—

Pawn Warehouse.—The old pawnbrokers, which existed before the Revolution, have been superseded by an association chartered

under the government; and a joint-stock-company has been formed, who holds shares in a vast pawn-warehouse, and who receive a dividend of about ten per cent. on their advances. Four distant doors admit the distressed visitors into the vast enclosure; at each of which are a porter and an appraiser, who for a small fee give a written valuation of any article that is offered for inspection. The bringer can obtain at each door, a distinct valuation; and the clerks in the centre of the building are obliged to advance on the article so brought, a sum equal to the first, or to the average appraisement. Regular receipts and tickets are issued, and the things pledged are carefully laid up. On small amounts, an interest of twenty per cent., and on large amounts twelve per cent., is levied, if pledged by the month, or more if by the week. The expences of the establishment being discharged, a handsome profit is left to the subscribers. Forfeited pledges are annually sold by public auction. Two thousand shawls are stated to be in general deposited in this establishment.

Parisian Ingenuity.—In the Palais-royal is a most splendid blacking shop, rented at three thousand livres; where, while the young *artist*, ("whose sombre pencil paints your boots,") is at work, newspapers are provided to read. It is calculated that sixty thousand pairs of shoes must be cleaned in this shop, in order to pay the mere rental, which forms but a small part of the expense of this establishment.

Religion.—Of the state of religion in France, which is a curious topic, I translate the author's account:—

'Every day I hear censors expressing their chagrin, that the living generation is lost to Christianity, and that the Revolution has given a mortal blow to religion. For my own part, I know that every Sunday, when I go at noon to my parish-church of St. Roch, I always find it filled. A number of young and pleasing well-drest women are collected there; and young men, not less fervent, come and mingle among them, and unite their homage with that which beauty addresses to the Eternal. A rigorist might censure little whisperings and salutations, which are going on: but a Christian will abstain from uncandid suspicions; and if he sees the church quitted during the elevation of the host, he will presume that it is to converse about the holiest of our mysteries that the auditors depart.

'Since the world has been a world, every age has complained of the increasing perverseness of manners, and every country has been deploring the decay of piety and the neglect of religion. I suspect that we are nearly as good as our forefathers; and that, if we reason less about religion, we are not the less attentive to our duties. "Christian! reason not;" this is the first principle of the gospel; faith, nothing but faith, and always faith, this is the only shield with which objections are to be repelled, and ratiocinations destroyed. There are things which ought ever to remain covered

with a respectful veil; and of this class are the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion.'

Women.—A corrupt tone runs through this chapter: the permanent happiness of the wife, the good education of the children, and the disposition of the husband to industry and economy, without which no regular advancement in life can be made, all depend chiefly on the conduct of the married women. The author designates by the term 'honest women,' (*femmes honnêtes*) a class of licentious but decorous matrons, who would not be visited in London by ladies of character: but who, it appears, are received every where in Paris.

An author of some merit has written a book, entitled, *Compensations des Destinées humaines*, which is here said to be in high vogue. It teaches the philosophy of indifference, and endeavours to prove that one situation is as productive of happiness as another, nature having provided compensations for every disadvantage: that pain is no evil, because it encreases our capacity for future enjoyment: and that opulence is no good, because, by habituating us to a complex multitude of gratifications, it renders amusement impracticable, and the slightest privations is a misery.

The following description of Toulon, (the Portsmouth of France) is extracted from MILLIN'S "*Voyage dans les Départemens*:" it affords a good specimen of French hyperbole, and is as interesting, as descriptive of the principal naval arsenal in the south of France.

'The valley, in which Toulon is situated, is protected towards the north by high mountains; on the east and the west it is sheltered by hills of less elevation; and it spreads out towards the south, forming a plain of three leagues, of which this city occupies the centre. The name Toulon was not known till the 2d century of our era. In the Itinerary of Antonius, the city is called Telo Martius. The Romans had a dyeing manufactory here in the 5th century. It followed the fortune of the rest of Provence, but was more particularly ravaged by the Saracens at different times, who made many ravages here; and several ages elapsed before the advantages of its situation were recognized. Louis XII. was the first who adverted to the benefits which might be derived from the safest port and the best road in the Mediterranean. He ordered a large tower to be built at the entrance of the port; but it was not finished till the reign of Francis I.—Henry IV. enclosed and fortified it: but it is indebted to Louis XIV. for those grand constructions which excite the astonishment of travellers: every thing bears the stamp of the genius of that great king.

'It is a delightful spectacle to behold the activity that reigns in Toulon. Here are seen waving in the air the flags of a multitude of vessels, destined to carry to the two worlds, all that contributes to the comforts and pleasures of life; at a distance, beyond the towers and the chain which close the port, floating citadels defend

the road, *which are always ready, at the first signal, to pursue* the presumptuous enemy who should dare to approach them.* The noise of the axe, the chissel, and the hammer, manifests the adroitness of the shipwrights in constructing those astonishing machines, with which man pursues his enemy to the extremity of the vast ocean. The streets are covered by impetuous people, always in activity, who do not turn out of their way, except it be to give passage to the galley-slaves, who are incessantly employed in carrying the timber, cordage, bolts, and whatever is necessary for ship-building. Goaded curiosity becomes impatient; we know not where to begin, in a place presenting so much to see and admire.

* We had letters to Admiral Ganteaume, but the Emperor had nominated him to the command of the fleet at Brest; and M. Christy-Palliere, a distinguished officer, who had given proofs of his bravery in the memorable combat of Algeiras, was appointed *ad interim* to fill his place as Marine Prefect. He received us with politeness, and would himself conduct us to the arsenal. During the breakfast which preceded this visit, we were amused by the recital of the brave exploits in which he had been engaged; we saw with interest the model of the *Muron*, that fortunate frigate, to which we owe the return of our Emperor; we remarked also a chart of the coast, on which are indicated the batteries which defend and render it impregnable.

"The table of signals was hung up in his closet. One row of flags is disposed horizontally, and another is placed vertically; and in parallel squares are expressed the different objects that are susceptible of being denoted by signals. They make known the circumstances, of which they wish to transmit the signal, by the combination of two flags, to which each square corresponds. In order more effectually to secure the secret of the signals, they have made the vertical band moveable; so that, if any one is desirous of finding their signification, he must know which is the first flag in this band; moreover, the keeper of the signals is instructed never to leave the table in a right position, but to shift the moveable band to a number of arbitrary squares, that no curious person may be able to find the key to the signals which are in use.

"Nothing can more elevate man—nothing is more calculated to inspire him with a just pride, than a view of such an establishment as the arsenal: there all is grand in conception, plan, and execution.

* The entrance-port, built in 1738, after the designs of M. Lange, is embellished by detached Doric columns, with bas-reliefs, naval trophies, and two figures, one of Mars, and the other of Minerva; in the centre is an escutcheon, with trophies and *cornua copiae*, from which issue shells. The architecture of this building is de-

* M. MILLIN should have added, to a certain distance, that is, within the range of their batteries, for beyond this line, *the presumptuous enemy*, who will be peeping, is not followed.

servedly admired, since it perfectly suits the place in which it stands.

'The entrance to the arsenal is always shut, to prevent the interruption of the workmen by the curious; among whom, also, might be mixed evil-disposed persons, or the accomplices of the galley-slaves, whose least culpable project would be to assist their escape. After having passed the gate, where a ticket of admission must be shewn when the party is not accompanied by a superior officer, we find ourselves in the great building-yard.

They were then repairing the *Indomptable*, and three ships were on the stocks. The work was going on with that activity, which the august Chief of the Empire knows how to impress on those whom he employs. The ship-wrights worked day and night, and on Sundays. Here every one is in a hurry, and yet no confusion occurs. The workmen chaunt provincial songs to the sound of their tools. Galley-slaves carry the beams, the planks, the anchors, the cables, and perform the hardest work. They are distinguished by a particular dress, and their sharp cries unite with the horrible clanking of their chains.

'If the model of the *Muron* had afforded us pleasure, what was our delight at seeing the identical frigate? She carries 36 guns.

'The basin, constructed by the celebrated engineer Grogniard, was entitled above all to our attention; it is an astonishing work, considering the numberless obstacles which were to be vanquished before it could be executed, and the inconceivable operations to which the nature of the place obliged him to have recourse.

'When large ships were built, they were launched formerly by the same means, which were employed in launching ordinary vessels: but the danger of this operation, for a mass so enormous, was incalculable. The builders have, therefore, contrived to remedy this inconvenience by the construction of a basin, in which the water of the sea is admitted to the vessel, and conducts it into the port. The genius of the engineer, Grogniard, knew how to conquer difficulties, which seemed to oppose themselves to the execution of such a project; difficulties, too, which were augmented by the envy, bad faith, and personal interest of his enemies. This wonderful work is at the extremity of the dock-yard, towards the sea: for its execution, M. Grogniard made an enormous raft, on which he placed the enormous caisson in which they were to build the basin.

'It was intended, at first, to make this caisson on shore, and to launch it into the water in the same way as a vessel is launched: but the artisans were fearful of its foundering, and therefore constructed it on the spot on which they meant to sink into the sea. It was filled with iron and brass cannon, to the number of 1800, and of the heaviest weight that could be found. After having thus sunken the caisson, they built within it the basin, in the shape of a vessel, with hewn stone. This basin, or dry dock, is 180 feet long, 80 broad, and 18 deep.

'When the entrance of this basin is closed, and they wish to lay it dry, 28 pumps are worked by strong galley-slaves, who in eight hours perform the operation. To repair a vessel, she is conducted into this basin, which is closed by means of a *bateau-porte*, that is, a little box-like vessel, each extremity of which slides in a groove. When water is to be let into the basin, they unload this little vessel, and the sea lifts it up. This conical boat, which shuts up the entrance of the basin, moves in different grooves cut in solid masonry, according as the bason is wanted to be of greater or less length. Here ships of war are built and repaired.—When the hull of a vessel is finished, she is conducted to the port, to be masted, rigged, and armed. The business at the port corresponds to that which is going on in the yard. At the extremity of the mole is a machine for getting in the masts. Here also the galley-slaves fill the casks with water from a fountain appropriated to the use of the navy; here they collect and coil the cordage, &c. All resembles the buzzing of a hive of bees, or the activity of an ant-hill.

'Vice-admiral Latouche had required the construction of a fire-ship; it was finished, and put at the disposal of the commandant; it was designed to act against the English, who shewed themselves every day in our road.

'The English, joined with the Spaniards, possessed themselves of Toulon in 1793, during the war of the Revolution; and, on evacuating the port, they burnt and sunk many vessels. We have tried to raise them, but some hulls remain which we cannot move, excepting piece meal, by diving. We have brought forty-four divers from Naples, who are paid five franks per day, and have the half of all that they bring up. Among these articles, however, few are of great value, since in most places the fire consumed the vessel to the interior of the wood, which proves that it must have burnt a long time under water: but every thing which is metallic is of use. The divers employ in this business chissels and knives, six feet long, which have a beam for the handle, of a given dimension. They thrust the edge wherever they choose, and, by the aid of a rammer worked in a boat by the galley-slaves, they drive the instrument into the wood. Whatever is detached by this operation is instantly fished up. Each diver, before he goes down, makes the sign of the cross, and does not remain under water more than two or three minutes.'

The mast-house, the spinning-house, the rope-house, (or rather stone-arched walk, 320 toises or 640 yards long,) the sail-yard, the smiths'-shop (resembling the cavern of the Cyclops,) the foundery, the cooperage, the timber-yard, the carvers' shops, &c., are all distinctly noticed, followed by an account of the several magazines, (the general depôt having been burnt by the English, and not yet rebuilt,) of the armoury, (which, since it was stripped by the English, has not regained its former splendour,) of the model-room, &c.: but my extract has been already protracted to an inconvenient length; although I must find room for the following

account of the *Tunny fishery*, which is of as much importance in the Mediterranean, as the salmon and herring fisheries are in the north of Europe. There are several modes of fishing for the tunny, but the best and most certain are the *thonnaire* and the *madrague*.

‘The *thonnaire*, provincially *tounaîré*, is, in some places, only an enclosure formed by nets for catching the tunny. Seamen are placed to observe the arrival of the fish, and to give a signal by hoisting a flag. Vessels then come to the spot at which the fish have assembled; some of the people encompass them with nets, and some drive them towards the shore, where they catch them with other nets. At St. Tropez, and on the coast of Provence, the *tounaîré* is a net in a spiral form; in which the tunnies, when caught, are almost always dead, because it closes their gills and chokes them, for which reason the *madrague* is preferred, which takes all sorts of fish. It is supposed that the name *madrague* or *mandrague*, probably used by the antient Marsellois, was derived from the Greek, which signifies a fold, enclosure, or fence. It is, in fact, a vast enclosure, composed of three large nets, divided by others into many chambers or compartments. Before the net, towards the open sea, is a long passage (*allée*), formed by two parallel nets, which is called *chasse*. The tunnies, running in between them, enter the *madrague*; and, passing from chamber to chamber, they arrive at last at what is called *the chamber of death*, or the *corpou*, or *corpus*. After every thing has been made ready, the fishermen draw up the nets of each chamber, in order to force the fish to enter that which would prove fatal to them. George, the king of the *madrague*, soon joined us with his fishermen: we followed him to the *corpou*, and he threw some drops of oil on the sea, and entirely covered his head with a cloth, to enable him to perceive whether any fish were in the enclosure.* He had fastened at the bottom of his vessel an ass’s head, to entice the tunnies, which generally go to the edge of the *corpou* to see this head. The king of the *madrague*, after having performed his examination, makes a signal to the proprietors, or to those who rent under them, if the fishing has been successful. When it is abundant, the notice is communicated by other signals, and all the boats are pushed off, filled with persons attracted by curiosity; who, surrounding the *madrague*, rend the air with their songs and acclamations.

‘Nothing extraordinary attended the fishing at this time. The net contained only small fish, which is always a proof that no tunnies are on the spot, because, if they were, the small fish would have been devoured. The tunny-fishery has been less productive since the war, for they are easily frightened, and the firing of the

* We repeated the experiment after him, and found that the oil diffused on the surface did, in fact, enable us to discern the fish more easily.

batteries, placed along the coast, appears to have kept them at a distance.

‘Two *madragues* are at Saint Tropez; and the spot on which they are placed is rented of the Government at 10,600 francs. Their maintenance is, moreover, an object of considerable expense. Two nets are necessary to each, because a shark sometimes entangles himself in them and breaks them; they are also exposed to other accidents, and unless means of replacing them were provided, the fishing must be discontinued. Each net costs 3000 francs, or about 150*l.* sterling.

‘For the net of the *corpou*, 250*lbs.* of cork are required, which sells at 15 francs per quintal, or hundred. This net sometimes remains for a year or two in the sea: but those which form the internal chambers and the *chasse*, or entrance-passage, are changed every six months. The sea, in the spot on which the *madrague* is fixed, is forty fathoms deep.

‘The tunny, called *scombre thon*, or *scomber thynnus*, Linn., has been in request from times the most remote: the writings of the antients often make mention of it, and its figure is consecrated on their medals. The Romans held it in the highest estimation as an article of food; and Pliny has not deemed it beneath him to notice the precedence which they gave to certain parts of this animal over the rest; they preferred the flesh of the belly, and this is the part of which epicures in the present day are most fond.

‘The tunny is eaten fresh in all places to which it can be conveyed sweet. Different methods of keeping it are employed. The antients, who were acquainted with several processes, called the salted tunny *milandryum*, (Plin. xxvi. 7.) because it resembled in colour the shavings of the oak somewhat burnt. Now the practice is to cut the tunny into slices, which are salted, or rather pickled, being dipped in oil after it is impregnated with the salt. The oil which is detached from these fish, when they are washed, and which is pressed out before they are seasoned, is used by tanners. The price of the pickled tunny varies according to the quantity furnished by the *madragues*.’

BALLAD.

“The sea is glass, and mirrored there
Are the bright round moon and her star-train fair;
And the bark leaps on like a living thing,
As the reckless rowers laugh and sing,
And shout as they pass each lagging sail,
That woos in vain the fickle gale
From the arms of night.

England's darling hope and heir,
And the flower of England's youth are there,
And calm and bright as the moon-lit sea,
The life of the young and the gay must be ;
And time with them as swiftly flies
As the bark that over its surface lies,
Like a beam of light!

A shock—a shriek!—and the young and brave
Are wrestling all with the whelming wave—
Their lips are still from the wine-cup wet,
The merry burden is ringing yet ;
And lo! they drink of the bitter surge,
And the booming billows yell their dirge,
With the struggle, white.

England's court is clouded o'er—
England's king will smile no more.
Oh! the many that giddily sweep
Over the world's delusive deep,
Nor dream of the shoal or the sunken rock,
Till ruin yawns with the fatal rock,
In the haven's sight!"

H.

To the Editor of the Hobart Town Magazine.

SIR,—The sciences of Anatomy and Physic being so much dependent upon a proper knowledge of the principles of the circulation of the blood, I conceive that any new hypothesis must be interesting to your medical readers; under this impression, I beg to offer you the following analysis of the motions of the heart, in the hope that it will be thus brought under the notice of many who might not otherwise have seen it. It is an extract from a treatise on the diseases of the heart, recently published by Kidd, and from the pen of the celebrated Dr. J. Hope. The Doctor divides his treatise into six parts:—

- 1.—Anatomy and Physiology.
- 2.—Inflammatory affections.
- 3.—Organic affections.
- 4.—Nervous affections.
- 5.—Miscellaneous affections.
- 6.—Cases.

Each of the above are elaborately explained, and from the first part, the following extract is taken,—p. 28 to 30.

OF THE MOTIONS OF THE HEART.

- “ 1.—The auricles contract so immediately before the ventricles, that the one motion is propagated into the other, almost as if by continuity of action, yet the motion is not so quick that it cannot readily be traced with the eye.

- " 2.—The extent of the auricular contraction is very inconsiderable, probably not amounting to one-third of its volume, hence the quantity of blood expelled by it into the ventricle, is much less than its capacity would indicate.
- " 3.—The ventricular contraction is the cause of the impulse against the side; first, because the auricular contraction is too inconsiderable to be capable of producing it; second, because the impulse occurs after the auricular contraction, and simultaneously with the ventricular, as ascertained by the sight and touch; third, because the impulse coincides with the pulse so accurately as not to admit of being ascribed to any but the same cause.
- " 4.—It is the apex of the heart which strikes the ribs.
- " 5.—The ventricular contraction commences suddenly, but it is prolonged until an instant before the second sound, which instant is occupied by the ventricular diastole.
- " 6.—The ventricles do not appear ever to empty themselves completely.
- " 7.—The systole is followed by a diastole, which is an instantaneous motion, accompanied with an influx of blood from the auricles, by which the ventricles re-expand, but the apex collapses and retires from the side.
- " 8.—After the diastole, the ventricles remain quiescent, and in a state of apparently natural fulness, until again stimulated by the succeeding auricular contraction.

OF THE SOUNDS.

- " 9.—The first sound is caused by the systole of the ventricles.
- " 10.—The second sound is occasioned by the diastole of the ventricles.

OF THE RHYTHM.

Order of Succession :—

- " 1.—The auricular systole.
- " 2.—The ventricular systole, the impulse and the pulse.
- " 3.—The ventricular diastole.
- " 4.—The interval of ventricular repose, towards the termination of which, the auricular systole takes place.

DURATION.

" This is the same as indicated by Laenner, viz. the ventricular systole occupies half the time, or thereabout, of a whole beat.

" The ventricular diastole occupies one-fourth, or at most one-third.

" The interval of repose occupies one-fourth, or rather less.

" The auricular systole occupies a portion of the interval of repose."

ADIEU TO SPRING.

Adieu, sweet time of joy and hope !
Farewell, farewell to all thy gladness ;
Thy fragrant flow'rs and balmy breeze,
Thy songs without a note of sadness.

Adieu to all the sweets of morn,
The spirit's spring, the hill-side's freshness,
The dew-drops glist'ning on the lawn,
Where ev'ry feature's free from harshness.

Sweet time, adieu ! For so does pass
Man's spring of life; in joy, in fleetness ;
And all his hopes decay, and all
Love's bland enchantment and its sweetness.

And Summer comes, and manhood's pride,
Its heat, its dust, ennui and sameness :
Farewell, the spirit's ardent bound ;
All hail sobriety and tameness.

X.

NOTICE OF A

"Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Diemen's Land."

In the course of our Editorial lucubrations, we have had occasion, more than once, to remark, that of the numerous books which have been written concerning this Colony, very few, indeed—nay, not more than one or two, can be at all relied upon, as authentic and accurate sources of information. In the majority of instances, the authors are influenced by some selfish motive, which, although not perhaps palpably obvious to themselves, does undoubtedly guide their labours, and imbue them with partiality and prejudice. It would far exceed the limits, to which we must restrict ourselves, were we even to enumerate the thousand and one volumes, which have been published, illustrative of this Colony and that of New South Wales; but a pretty, little, unpretending volume, the production of a gentleman, has recently reached us, which, as giving a tolerably accurate description of our Colony, demands, we conceive, some slight respect at our hands.

This is "*The Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Diemen's Land, from Original Letters, selected by Mr. Prinsep,*" and it contains a modest, but lively account of the country, and of the state of society amongst the higher classes. Of the voyage hither from India, we shall say nothing; but shall devote our observations to the writer's account of this Colony, and its inhabi-

tants,—of that class, at least, to which his rank in society gave him easy and immediate access. The description of the author's arrival at Hobart Town is extremely characteristic:—

“As we sailed on to the mouth of the Derwent, the shores closed in upon us by degrees, D'Entrecasteaux's Channel* and Adventure Bay lay on our left, Cape Raoul and Cape Pillar on the right; at the very entrance of the river were Bruné's, Rabbit, Iron Pot, and Betsey's Island. At length a pilot came on board, a regular jolly English tar, a novelty to us, as a Ganges pilot would be to you with his leadsman and servant carrying his writing desk. Hobarton was still forty miles up the river, but we were cheered with the hope of reaching it about four in the afternoon; and as we approached within twenty miles, the character of the land began to soften, the barrenness to disappear. The rocks sunk into undulating ground, or rose at times into hills of considerable size, but clothed with richest foliage from the water's edge to their very summits. The river was most beautiful, ever and anon breaking into little bays and creeks, which, being the most sheltered places, had been chosen by the settlers, shewing most inviting bright-coloured pasture and corn-fields in contrast with the dark green foliage around their neat little farms, scattered about, bringing old England and all its dear recollections home to us. And this at the Antipodes! At length, crossing a little cove on our left, appeared the white houses of Hobarton covering a sloping hill, under a huge black table-mountain. It was picturesque beyond measure. But the extent of the town, and the size of the warehouses, surprised us not a little. It was in the best of spirits that I approached this place; for the fears of finding myself in a strange land were driven away before we came to anchor. I was expected—nay, welcomed—letters had arrived before; and who should rise out of the second boat which came alongside, but B——t, my old fellow-passenger. It was six o'clock, a cold windy spring evening, but I went to prepare accommodations for my family, and the captain and I enjoyed a thousand English associations as we walked up the High-street—carts and cottages, ships and shops, girls in their pattens, boys playing at marbles; above all, the rosy countenances, and chubby cheeks, and English voices. Every thing new and delightful; but the climax of pleasures awaited us at the end of our walk, a blazing fire, tea, toast, and exquisite butter, at the Macquarie Hotel. We sat for an hour with our feet on the fender, enjoying all this, and when the captain returned to his ship with apples, bread, and news of the accommodations we had secured, I marched over the way to my friend B——'s precious fireside and family circle.

“Stepping in this manner at once from a cold comfortless ship into a comfortable house and society, naturally put me into good

* Another entrance to the river, and a very beautiful one, but dangerous from shoals.

humour with the place. The beauty of the scenery—the descriptions of the climate, and the acquaintances we found, induced us soon to land our baggage, and look out for a spot here, in which to sit down for months, instead of going on to Sydney. The settlement of a residence was a matter of no small difficulty. The few empty cottages open to our choice, presented such a contrast to the mansions of India, that much amusement seemed promised by an independent establishment. But servants, a very necessary part, were not to be had; and our own blackies, though three in number, could not undertake the household. Free men find so many means of making money here, that they will not take service, and so the convicts, or, as they are delicately called, the prisoners, supply all demands of this nature; and if the histories of every house were made public, you would shudder. Even in our small menage, our cook has committed murder, our footman burglary, and the housemaid bigamy! But these formidable truths are hushed up, or tried to be so.

"The owner of a pretty pigeon-house, commanding a splendid panorama from the top of a high hill behind the town, came temptingly with an offer to board and lodge us all for six months, at the rate of £25 a month. This was 'reasonable,' compared with the expensive hotel, but the situation was too bleak for me; moreover, there were nine children, and the house was transparent (literally) against the light, consequently pervious to every wind. A retired military officer next advanced, with a proposal to keep house with him in his beautiful farm, at New-town, a village, two miles from Hobarton. Here, then, am I, writing at a window, with the best garden in the world, and one of the loveliest of views before me. Every kind of English fruit is hanging from the trees, in luscious abundance. I am preparing to feast on those rarities to an Indian—gooseberries and currants. Our neat well-finished cottage, with complete farm-houses in its rear, stands on the top of one of the lowest hills through which the salt-water river Derwent flows; the garden covers the slope below it; a lagoon, or bay of the river lies in its lap, at the bottom; green hay-fields clothe all the surrounding slopes; neat English houses are scattered upon them; and beyond the river rise the woody and stony mounts, as yet untouched by the hand of man. These are the beauties that environ me, yet I can give you but a faint idea of the combined landscape that they form. I can remember no English village that surpasses New-town, and only two or three in Switzerland. All the drives about are of the same kind; and they tell me, the farther inland we go, the more beauty we shall meet. Our gig and horse will carry us hither by-and-by."

"B——t, my old fellow-passenger, is, of course, our highly respected Colonial Secretary; and this introduction to our Colonial society will, at once shew, the bias and tendency of our author's observations and impressions. Accordingly, we are informed, that he and his party "found pleasant society amongst the *government*!"

"Colonel Arthur (he continues) and his lady have been very kind; and others particularly so! Then our "kind friend F——" accompanies our visitors on a trip to Launceston, most probably with a view, at the same time, to set on foot the celebrated *base-line* project; altogether, we learn, that "the society of Hobarton is very pleasant, and to us has been very kind; but the chief amusement to strangers is the constitution of this society. The population of the future empire of Van Diemen's Land (for in fifty years it must be independent) is founded upon the dregs, that have been drained from England. Most of our new friends have sprung from the lowest democracy. Their mother language will soon undergo a change: the next generation will certainly expel the *h* from its place in the dictionary, and admit it as a *h'* aspirate, to the *h'* apples, and the *h'* oranges!"—p. p. 116 117.

Now, this is a text upon which an instructive thesis might be written; for, as regards the society in Hobart Town, it consists of far greater variety, than has been mentioned by our author. We deny, however, at once and peremptorily, that the future population of this island will be "founded upon the dregs of the lowest democracy." It is very well for a would-be aristocrat, who can have no means of accurately surveying the state of society here, to hold in contempt all those, who are not of the *pure Merino breed*, or, as it is termed, of the "government:" but in doing this, one order of the community, and that by far the most important, has been entirely and heedlessly overlooked. We allude to the great and growing body of our extensive land-owners—the future country-gentlemen of Van Diemen's Land. For very many years, this Colony can never become a great commercial nation. When New Zealand becomes extensively colonized, and when some of the islands in the South Seas become similarly distinguished, then may this country be enabled to extend its commercial relations; but *till* then, the land—and the land alone—must be looked to as the source of its enduring prosperity. But even now, the landed interest of this Colony is of considerable extent and influence. Let us look at the numbers of respectable and even wealthy* settlers, which are so numerous scattered over the island; and we shall perceive at once the power, which they possess at the present moment, and which, in a political point of view, must be eventually increased an hundred-fold. What are our staple articles of exportation? Oil, wool, and corn—but especially wool, which, in proportion to the others, may be estimated, at about two-thirds more. As the resources of the settler are augmented, and as more land is brought into cultivation, a larger quantity of corn will be grown, and we shall be enabled to supply more than one foreign port with this essential article. Let us, in short, view the interests of the land-

* By "wealthy settlers," we do not mean monied men,—but men who possess their flocks and herds, and their cultivated lands,—in other words—their *money's worth*.

owners how we will, we must come to the conclusion, that at some future—and, perhaps, no very distant period—this class of the community will be paramount in this Colony. And have the members of *this* class “sprung from the lowest democracy?” So far from this, we do not hesitate to affirm, that taken as a body, the *settler-population* (if we may coin such a phrase) is infinitely more respectable, and better connected, than any other class in the island. And it behoves its members, too, to maintain this respectability by every means in their power. They have every thing at stake; unlike the ephemeral official, who scrapes together all he can, and as fast as he can, regardless of the future welfare of the Colony—the settler does not look merely to his present temporary advantage, but he provides for that of his descendants, and reflects with pride and satisfaction upon the benefits which those descendants will derive from the exertions and respectability of their ancestors.

We can easily believe that Mr. Prinsep and his family experienced much kindness from the “*government*,” and that they spent their time very pleasantly in such “worshipful society:” but we must not allow the gentleman’s *dictum*, touching the “democracy,” to pass unnoticed,—neither can we permit our good friends at home to enjoy the delusion, that there is no good society here; at the Antipodes—but that which may be found amongst the “aristocracy.” It is very true, notwithstanding, that the favoured class, thus eulogized, and justly eulogized, by our good-natured author, enjoys a degree of luxury, which would startle Mr. Secretary Stanley, and fright him out of his notions of this “Convict Colony.” As much taste and elegance, with as many costly luxuries, are to be found in the houses of some of our colonial *employés*, as in any gentleman’s house in England: and right merrily do these fortunate gentlemen enjoy themselves. And why should they not? This we shall never oppose, as it circulates money, and otherwise confers benefit upon our contracted community.

In estimating the economy (if we may so term it) of the society of Van Diemen’s Land, we must not overlook the influence and operation of by far the largest number of its inhabitants—the prisoner population. Under the present rigid regulations this class of the community can exercise no influence, beyond that of their mere individual servitude, and it is only as emancipists of property, that they are to be considered, as hereafter to become an important portion of the people of this Colony. Judging, however, from their present number and condition, the free settler need not entertain any very serious apprehensions as to the overpowering encroachments of the emancipists. Such apprehension, however, has, we know, existed in the minds of some of our legislating wiseacres at home, and has been used as an argument against the admission of these Colonies to the advantages of free representation in a Legislative Assembly: that this may apply to New South Wales, we can readily believe: because the state of society there differs widely from that here; but in this Colony very many years,

must, we think, elapse, before this class of the community can possibly attain any considerable influence either in a political or social point of view. The time has now gone by, when wealth alone constitutes the criterion of power: a certain portion of intelligence is equally essential, and it is only when both are combined, that the highest and most useful attributes of humanity can be duly and extensively exercised.

The best written portions of Mr. Prinsep's little book are those which are descriptive of the scenery of the island; and if these descriptions are not always correct, they are extremely graphic and picturesque.

A "Trip to Launceston," with "our two friends F. and G." is narrated with considerable liveliness; and the several most distinguished farms and estates are described with spirit and accuracy. A few discrepancies however, have crept in; thus, in speaking of the natives, we are gravely informed, that "they move in large bodies, with incredible swiftness, forty or fifty miles in one night"—a rate of travelling perfectly incompatible with the sluggish and indolent Australian trip to Launceston. On the whole, the volume, upon which we have offered these cursory observations, is a favourable addition to works which have been on this Colony, as such, we can cordially recommend it to our readers, especially as its price is extremely reasonable, containing, as it does, a very neat and faithful map of the route from Hobart Town to Launceston.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EMPIRE OF TONQUIN.

The subjoined particulars, relating to a very populous and interesting country, are compiled from the Report, (in French) of Mons. de la Bissachère, a missionary at Tonquin many years ago. This gentleman was not a transitory or a temporary traveller, who visited the country from motives of amusement or curiosity, but a resident for the space of eighteen years, during which period, he not only acquired the language of the inhabitants, but was enabled to view and observe society, in all its various aspects. Admitted by his profession, into the intimate confidence of his numerous Christian brethren, he became connected with many eminent officers of state, and at one time, actually bore a mandarin's commission. On several occasions, the Tonquinese Government was pleased to direct that the attendance on his person should be performed by their subjects, and he had the honour, more than once, to be admitted into the presence of the reigning sovereign. From this we

may infer, that he was a person especially qualified to collect information; and, as such, we now present it to our readers.

Tonquin appears to have been originally peopled from China, by southward emigrants from the adjoining provinces of that empire. For many years, its inhabitants seem to have been composed of tribes of wandering barbarians, such as still exist, in the mountainous districts of Tsiam-pa and Laos; and, even after the consolidation of the fertile regions of Tonquin and Cochin-China under a regular government, their sovereigns acknowledged, for a long period, a subjection to the Emperor of China. Their distance, however, from the centre of that empire, the natural strength of their frontiers, as well as the rapid augmentation of their power, from the increase of their population, encouraged them to make strong and persevering efforts to throw off the yoke of a foreign government, and to seek a complete exemption from foreign control. Hence a long series of sanguinary contests, attended with the usual alternations of success and failure—of victory and defeat—was the result, which terminated, however, in the establishment of Tonquinese independence, and the production of the most rooted and inveterate national hatred and antipathy, between the more dissevered nations. During the latter part of the last century, after the Chinese power had become less formidable, the horrors of civil war succeeded those of foreign hostility, and in 1774 a revolt broke out, which continued for twenty-eight years. Three brothers of a family in Cochin-China, called Tay—son, contrived to usurp the sovereignty, by putting to death the nearest heirs to the crown, and compelling the Emperor to seek his safety in flight. After various unsuccessful efforts to recover his authority, this prince was at last enabled to contract (in 1788) a treaty of alliance with France, which, although not productive of assistance from a court, already tottering to its foundation, procured him, nevertheless, the energetic co-operation of individuals of that country. Aided by these, and by the returning loyalty of his subjects, he succeeded, after many sanguinary contests, in uniting all the provinces of the empire under his dominion. This was effected in 1802, when he had reached the age of forty-five, and after he had given ample and abundant proofs, during the long course of his adversity, of the most heroic and distinguished virtues. But the sufferings he had undergone, and the perils he had escaped, failed to teach him humility; and instead, on his restoration to power, of reaping sweet and wholesome fruits from his adversity, he oppressed his country with enormous taxes; and he has forfeited the veneration of his subjects by his attachment to pleasure and licentiousness, by his infidelity in matters of religion, and his vindictive treatment of his former opponents and persecutors,—a line of conduct, however, not very remarkable in a prince so little removed from barbarism.

We have deemed it expedient to present our readers with this short outline of the political state of Tonquin, in order that they

may render the application of its internal or physical resources with greater certainty as to the effects. We shall now, therefore, proceed with the statistical description of this powerful empire, commencing with its *Situation* and *Climate*.—The points of contact between Tonquin and China are, for the most part, extensive deserts, the water in which is unwholesome. Between Tonquin and that part of China, which comprises the province of Canton, runs a chain of impassable mountains, with only one open space, in which a great wall has been constructed, one of the gates of which is guarded on the Chinese, and the other on the Tonquinese side. The sovereign of Tonquin has lately assumed the title of Emperor, and has united under his charge the countries of Cochin-China, Tsiam-pa, Cambodia, Laos, and a province to the north of Laos, and unknown to Europeans, called Lac-tho. These five divisions, taken altogether, are not, however, equal either in population or resources, to Tonquin alone. They are separated from each other by chains of mountains, and the inhabitants of each, while they join in acknowledging the sway of a common sovereign, continue to preserve their separate and distinctive character. Tonquin, and the lower part of Cochin-China, abound with rivers, of which more than fifty have their *embouchûres* in the sea. The largest is the river which takes the name of Cambodia, from the region whence it flows. After having passed the walls of the capital of Cochin-China, it pours its waters into the ocean, and is navigable for vessels of any depth, fifty miles from its mouth. The coasts of Tonquin, by forming a gulph, render the communication between different parts of the empire easier by water than by land; though the navigation is much impeded by shallows, and the beds of the rivers are deficient in depth. There is not in all Tonquin a harbour or roadstead fit for the reception of men of war: but in Upper Cochin-China, in latitude 16 deg. 7 min. 18 sec., is a bay called by the natives Han, and by Europeans Turon, which is one of the finest in the universe. Shipping is there protected from every wind, and may anchor in the greatest numbers: but the government vessels are, notwithstanding in general stationed in a roadstead near the mouth of the Cambodia, which, though inferior to the other, is preferred on account of the facility which it affords for running up the river, and resorting to the naval arsenals.

In regard to climate, Tonquin, like other countries in similar latitudes, has been munificently gifted by the hand of nature. A temperate heat produces a steady and gentle fermentation, and enlivens all that is perceptible of animation. The soil is fertile; all the senses afford enjoyment; the air is embalmed by the odour of the plants; the taste is feasted by the excellence of the fruits; while the beauty of the flowers, and the richness of the prospect, present an enchanting spectacle. He, who has not visited the favoured regions in these latitudes, can have no adequate conception of the extent of delight, which our organs of sense are capable of receiving. While, on the one hand, the climate of Tonquin is

exempt from severe cold, it is free likewise from the burning heats of Africa; the proximity of the sea, and the prevalence of easterly winds, which blow from the watery element, (like our sea-breeze) preserving a sufficient degree of moisture. Of the sensitive properties of the air of Tonquin, circumstances are related which must appear odd, and even incredible to an European. If, in carrying a dead body past a betel-nut garden, the coffin is not hermetically sealed, the effluvia has, it is said, the effect of vitiating the fruit, and, after some time, of destroying the trees. Certain it is, that the influence of exhalations, noxious as they are in all countries, appears to be baneful in a particular degree in this; the inhabitants being under the necessity of sharpening their instruments of iron and steel almost every time that they are used. The month of February may be said to represent spring in this country; summer lasts during seven months, from the beginning of March to the end of September; October and November constitute the autumn; while December and January form the season of winter, if, in this climate, winter can be said to exist. The rains, though less strictly periodical in Tonquin than in other tropical regions, are in general violent from April to August, and their occurrence at this season moderates greatly the power of a vertical sun. The months of March, April, and May, are the least healthy of the year: but so extensive a territory necessarily furnishes many exceptions to any general rule. The monsoons are less regular than in other parts of Asia, but sufficiently uniform to afford considerable assistance in long voyages. During three quarters of a year a westerly wind rises regularly at midnight, and the fishermen take advantage of it to get out to sea. The tides vary according to the season, the lowest being in May, June, and July, and the highest in November, December, and January; though even these are inferior to the tides in Europe. The *typhoon* in the Tonquin seas is less dreadful than a West India hurricane, inasmuch as it does not envelope resisting bodies in whirlwinds: but it lasts generally for the space of twenty-four hours, and blows from each of the four cardinal points in succession, beginning commonly from the east. The seafaring people run their ships into harbours and roadsteads on its first appearance; while on shore the doors are barricadoed, and the roofs sometimes secured by ropes to prevent their being blown down.

It is generally believed in Tonquin that the maritime provinces have been gained from the sea, and various circumstances concur to favour that opinion. The number of rivers pouring down soil from the upper grounds must have tended to produce this effect in the course of ages; and in digging for wells, the inhabitants often meet with shells and the vestiges of fish. The soil towards the coast is in general slimy, and favourable for the cultivation of rice; while in the mountains it is often fertile, but on the whole highly fertile. Some caverns are found in this country, of surprising magnitude; and mines of iron and other metals are in abundance. Mines of the precious metals also might, in all probability, be suc-

cessfully worked: but the government, afraid of invasion from European avarice, prohibits all attempts of that kind. By a singular departure from the common course, a residence in a hilly part of this empire is in general less healthy than in the plain. This is owing to the bad quality of the water; which is caused, in the opinion of the inhabitants, by the fall of leaves from the trees, but more probably by the taint of copper mines.

The Tonquinese still retain, in their personal appearance, a considerable resemblance to their Chinese progenitors, though in some respects a difference may be remarked; their noses are less flat, and they are addicted to the rude custom of blackening their teeth, and deepening the red of their lips. This operation takes place at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and gives an ungracious and often a harsh cast to their features; though they are delighted to escape at any hazard from the colour of white; which, even in the case of teeth, is obnoxious to their taste. Notwithstanding this disfiguration, beauty may be found among the women, whose eyes are large, black, and expressive. The women of the kingdom of Tonquin are accounted superior in personal attractions to their fellow-subjects in Cochin-China; at least, if we may draw an inference from the choice of the mandarines, who prefer females from the former quarter. The national antipathy to white operated as a prejudice against the English, who appeared some years ago in Tonquin, and who were the fairest Europeans, who had hitherto visited the coast. The Tonquinese, although not a tall race, are well made and healthy in appearance—it being a very rare thing to observe among them the existence of any bodily defects, except in the eye-sight. Their skins are soft, and their senses of smell and touch very delicate: their sight is weak, while there is nothing remarkable about their hearing. Their physical powers are inferior to those of an European, owing, evidently, to the lightness of their food; and in some degree, perhaps, to the effects of their climate, which, on strangers at least, has a relaxing and an enervating influence. The females are marriageable at the ages of twelve and thirteen, and generally become the mothers of numerous families. Every mother, whatever be her station, very properly suckles her own child, and a hired nurse is a character wholly unknown in these regions. Twins at a birth are more common here, than in Europe; and, provisions being abundant, a numerous family is accounted no burthen. The diseases in Tonquin differ materially from those in Europe. Pleurisy, gout, and gravel are rare; but fever, dysentery, and cutaneous complaints—especially leprosy—are frequent: the small-pox also, makes dreadful ravages, as inoculation and vaccination are both unknown; and, perhaps, if they were known, their use might not be permitted. A singular disorder consists in having the hair and skin of an enveined white colour; the lapse of a year produces no change in the malady, which, however, is not attended with any pain, and seems to engender no other disorder.

In regard to the population of the empire of Tonquin, considerable difficulty opposes the formation of any thing like a correct estimate; since the returns, which are made, being connected with the imposition of taxes, are often defective, and are, moreover, considered as secrets of state. The most probable computation is, that the whole population of the empire amounts to about 23 millions; of which Tonquin alone contains 18, and Cochin-China 1½. The countries of Tsiam-pa and Lac-tho may be supposed to contain each between 6 and 700,000; Cambodia and Laos about 1 million each. The ratio of increase has, during the present age, been much retarded by the ravages of civil war. Of the ten provinces of which Tonquin consists, the most populous is that of Xunam, situated in the centre of the country, and forming a vast plain, watered by many rivers, navigable for small craft. Bac-kinh, the capital, contains about 40,000 inhabitants; Han-vints between 15 and 20,000; Tran-hac, from 10 to 15,000; Cau-sang, between 7 and 8,000; Vi-hoang, 6,000; Hun-nam, 5,000. The last two are situated on the great Tonquin river, and Hun-nam was the seat of the Dutch factory. Phu-xuan, the capital of Upper Cochin-China, has from 20 to 30,000. Qui-phu, Sai-gou, and Qui-whou, in all Cochin-China, may be set down at nearly 8,000 each. A dreadful famine, which took place twenty years ago, in consequence of a drought, made sad havoc in the population; which otherwise appears to encrease very rapidly. Few persons of either sex remain unmarried: a family of children is accounted an honour, and very soon proves to be an advantage, their labour yielding more than their cost; while in China, as it is well known, infants are exposed to perish, it is here common to purchase them; and in many cases in which polygamy exists, the object is not the gratification of voluptuousness, but the multiplication of progeny.

Animals.—It is generally agreed that the country of Laos is the most favourable region to the elephant; that animal being larger, stronger, and more docile here than in any other part of the world. At the age of thirty, when he has attained his full growth, he has been sometimes known of the height of sixteen feet, and of the length of thirteen. His pace is steady, and he never falls; his ordinary walk is equal in swiftness to the trot of a horse: but, on quickening it, he approaches to the rapidity of a horse's gallop; and though he may be out-run for a short distance by a fleet courser, none can keep up with him in a race of length. He marches with ease fifty miles in a day, and can be made to march one hundred. Balls enter his skin without proving fatal to him, unless they strike his forehead between the eyes. In regard to labouring cattle, a preference is given in Tonquin to buffaloes; which, from their superior strength and longer legs, are fitted to labour in marshy ground. They are likewise easily managed, being exempt from the character of ferocity which is attributable to them in their wild state. The Tonquinese horses are small, something like hussar horses in Europe; and little pains are bestowed on fitting them either for war

or for domestic purposes. They are never used for draught, and seldom for riding; the great people preferring to travel in palanquins or on elephants, and the middling ranks being apprehensive of exciting, by the display of property, the cupidity of their rulers. Hogs and poultry abound as in Europe, and goats and wild ducks are in immense quantities.

The elephants in their native state are apt to ravage the rice-fields, the fruit-trees, and sugar-canes, so that the inhabitants are obliged to keep watch, and to frighten them off by torches. The tigers are numerous, and show great agility in leaping, but unable to overtake a man in running, if the ground be level. The largest in Tonquin do not exceed three feet and a half in height, a size much below that of the royal tiger. Inferior as they are in magnitude, they possess in Tonquin the characteristic audacity and cunning of their species; attacking, wherever they can, the young of the buffaloes, and venturing even into the dwellings of men. The inhabitants hunt the tiger with dogs, pikes, and fire-arms, when they are allowed to carry them: but they seldom attempt this dangerous sport without going forth in considerable numbers. The boar is a frequent and innoxious inhabitant of the forests; but the wild dogs are larger than those of Europe, and marching in bodies, are very formidable. The mountain-rats, likewise large and voracious, devour the product of the earth, and are hunted with arrows by the savages in the north of Cochin-China, who feed on their flesh, and account it delicious. This country is infested also with the reptile tribe, some of which are venomous, and others are not; the largest is a serpent of the thickness of a man's thigh, which, taking its station, (like the Boa in India,) on the branch of a tree, and falling down on the passing animal, rolls itself around it, compresses it with irresistible force, and, after having broken its bones, and extinguished life, proceeds to devour the carcase. Birds abound in the forests of Tonquin, and have often a beautiful plumage. Of birds of prey the largest and most voracious is the vulture, who ventures even to attack a man when he is alone.

Vegetable Productions.—The great article of growth in Tonquin, and that which forms the food for three-fourths of the inhabitants, is rice. It is here of the very best quality, and is computed to return, in good land, forty or fifty times the value of the seed. The soil requires no rest, and yields two crops in a year; one in July, the other in November, the rice being generally four months in the ground. Maize is also cultivated here, and a most convenient plant it is in any country, being highly nutritive, of abundant produce, and fitted to a variety of soils. Of the fruit-trees, the orange is the most distinguished, being better than in Europe, or in any other part of the world. Here are not fewer than twenty kinds of it, varying in colour, taste, and size; some being as small as walnuts and others larger than citrons, but all pleasant and wholesome. Almost all the fruits of India are found here. The sugar-cane is common, but in a very imperfect state of culture.

The same may be remarked of the coffee-tree, the natives discovering no partiality to the drink which we extract from its fruit. In the province of Xu-than, are two mountains which produce cinnamon-trees superior to those of Ceylon, but the trees of that description in the low country are very defective. Cotton-trees are abundant, and extremely useful for the purpose of clothing; mulberry-trees are also plentiful, and afford excellent foliage for the food of silk-worms. Of odiferous wood, the most remarkable is a kind of aloe called *calembac*; the smallest particle of which, on being burned, perfumes a whole apartment. It is used in temples and palaces, and is sold for its weight in gold, Cochin-China being the country in which it is considered to be found in the highest perfection. Palm-trees are of great utility, partly for their fruit, partly for the durability of the timber of certain sorts of this tree when placed in the water; and also for the shelter afforded against the sun by their leaves when manufactured into hats. The fruit of the cocoa-tree is likewise of great service, not only for food, but for the cordage which is manufactured from its fibery covering, and finally for the cups which are made from the nut. The leaves, when at maturity, are ten or twelve feet in length, and serve for parasols against the sun, and in some measure for the purpose of writing-paper. The bamboo-tree is very common, and highly useful in Tonquin; its growth is of such rapidity, that it has been known to rise thirty feet in the space of six months. Ploughs, harrows, pickaxes, and all instruments of labour, are made of bamboo and iron; and fishing-implements, the timber-work, and the roofs of houses, are manufactured from this valuable tree.

However, as no good is without qualification, this abundance of the gifts of nature in Tonquin is accompanied by circumstances of an opposite character. Many trees have fruit and even leaves of a poisonous nature; which falling into the water in autumn make it dangerous to drink. This is particularly the effect of the leaves of the iron-wood. Some savages in the forest make use of the juice of noxious plants for the purpose of poisoning their arrows.

Agriculture and Fisheries.—The Tonquinese government, aware of the vast importance of agriculture, is actuated by the desire of rendering the occupation honourable and advantageous. The sovereign, like the Emperor of China, observes the annual custom of ploughing a field in the presence of an assembled multitude, who deposit on the favoured ground some of the soil of every province in his empire; under the belief that fertility emanates from the labour of the sovereign, and is communicated by a kind of sympathy to the kindred element at a distance. Notwithstanding this imperial patronage, agriculture is at a very low ebb among the inhabitants of Tonquin. Their harrows are of wood, of the same shape as in Europe; their ploughs are lighter; they make no use of manure; and they cultivate the soil to very little depth. The management of plants and trees is rather better understood, and considerable knowledge is discovered in recovering the trees

from injuries which would otherwise bring them to decay. Taken, however, in a comprehensive view, the productive powers of the rich and extensive territory of Tonquin are as yet very inadequately called forth; and a population, greater by many millions than the present, might be easily supported from its soil. The waters also afford a rich supply of food, and exercise the industry of the fisherman on the coast, the rivers, and inland lakes. In the maratime provinces, it is computed that the number of fishermen is equal to that of husbandmen; and in this respect, as in the management of trees, the Tonquinese are farther advanced than we might imagine from their general rudeness and ignorance. They have marked with attention the changes produced in the situation of fish by the seasons, the weather, the time of the day or night, as well as by local position; and they are indefatigable in turning all this knowledge to account in their various methods of catching them.

‘No where,’ says the author, is the management of nets and lines better understood. One of the modes of nocturnal fishing is to frighten the fish by fires carried along the surface of the water, and to attract them into boats by a painted board, sloping downwards, on which they leap in terror and fall into the vessel. Sprats are caught in quantities, by sinking a bed of large and tough tree-leaves, and pulling it up after a multitude of these small fish have settled on it. Or when a fish, which, from its size may be called the whale of the Tonquinese seas, has discovered and begun to devour a bank of sprats, the spouting of the water from the sides of his mouth is a signal to the fishermen, that they are in time to make a rich capture from among those whom their voracious pursuer has not yet destroyed. This large animal is not dangerous to fishermen, and is revered by the Tonquinese as a kind of divinity. One of the most singular fish in these seas is a kind of lobster, of a light grey colour, having inside a black liquid, which he throws on the small fish and obscures their sight; after which he finds it is easy to push or drag them with his fins into shallow water, where, in a kind of bed formed by rocks which admit the sea only at high water, thousands of small fish are often found. The discovery of one of these nests affords a rich prize for the fishermen.—Another of the singularities of Tonquin fishing is found to take place on the muddy levels at the side of the great river, where the soil is too loose to tread with the feet, and too deficient in water to admit the smallest boat. The Tonquinese, placing himself in a low seat fixed to a plank, and crossing one leg under him, uses the other as an oar, plunging it into the mud, and pushing himself forwards with a rapidity which, strange as it may seem, surpasses (in the case of a practised person) the pace of a stout walker on level ground. After having advanced two or three miles, he fixes reeds firmly in the earth, which entangle the fish at low water. This fishery constitutes the sole occupation of the natives of several villages; and each inhabitant has his particular lot of ground, seperated from the others by public authority.’

Dexterous, however, as the Tonquinese prove themselves in fishing, they are miserably deficient in seamanship. Although their coast is so extensive, and many hundred thousand of them derive their subsistence from a sea-life, their method of navigation still bespeaks the infancy of the art. In the exercise of rowing, however, they are persevering; and they beguile the tediousness of labour, like the Greeks, with a boat-song, in cadence with the stroke of the oar. Resembling other natives of warm climates, they are excellent swimmers; and they venture out into the open sea for several leagues on a raft, which, when they happen to be driven off, they find little difficulty in regaining. It is said, that some centuries ago, the navigation of this empire, as well as of other eastern regions, was more extensive than it is at present, but gradually decreased after the establishment of Europeans in the East, and their indiscriminate capture of all Asiatic vessels. Even in its best days, however, it must have been extremely imperfect, the Cochin-Chinese being incapable of taking a degree of latitude, unacquainted with the use of the compass, and afraid of going out of sight of land.

Arts, Manufactures, and Trade.—In regard to progress in the arts, the Tonquinese are still less advanced than several of their Asiatic neighbours. They are ignorant of the method of applying the elements to purposes which appear the most simple to Europeans, being unapprized of the effects of windmills, ovens, fire-engines, &c. They are not, however, unsuccessful in imitations, and they work to good purpose on a model. Their tools are extremely deficient; and those among our readers, who are aware how greatly the progress of society is quickened by the division of labour, will consider it as an additional proof of the backwardness of the Tonquinese, that every thing connected with the food and maintenance of a family is done at home, to the exclusion even of baking as a separate profession. To make sails, they have recourse to tree-leaves; which, though extremely different from leaves in our northern latitudes, are yet altogether unfit to resist tempestuous weather. Paper is made of the bark of trees; and instead of pens, they use pencils of the finest hair. Fire-arms they import from Europe, the smelting and manufacture of metals being in a very imperfect state among them.

In building, they think it is necessary to mix molasses with their lime; in tanning, they are equally inexpert: but it happens singularly enough that they have little to do in that way, the skins of animals being generally boiled and eaten with the carcase. The labours in which they are most successful are carpenter's-work on the part of the men, and the manufacture of cotton-cloth by the women. Spinning machines, indeed, are wholly unknown; and a spindle with a roller is their only instrument for making the thread. The slowness of the operation does not, however, prevent excellence of quality in the manufactured article, and some sorts of

cotton in Tonquin are accounted superior in fineness and in beauty to silk. Yet, with all this attention to quality in the cloth, they are wholly ignorant of the art of printing it. Their silks, also, are noted for beauty and durability: but they are all smooth, and contain no flowers of a different colour from that of the stuff. They are strangers to the use of stockings; and the manufacture of linen, of sail-cloth, of clocks, and watches, and the use of soap, are all unknown to them. The progress of manufacture is greatly checked by the tyrannical interference of government, who are accustomed to put good workmen in requisition on very inadequate wages.—Whatever has been said of the progress of the arts must be understood as having no reference to Tsiampa, the inhabitants of which are savage, and strangers to all kinds of industry.'

The state of the fine arts, in a country like Tonquin, deserves attention only as indicative of the progress of society. In their music, loudness of sound appears to be the great object; and their instruments are so defective that their violin has only a single string. It is not likely that they should be farther advanced in the eloquence either of the bar or the pulpit, since they have no professional pleading at the former, and in their temples the duty of the priest consists more in praying than in preaching. In painting they are very patient, and, as far as the delineation of one particular object, are exact; but their ignorance of shade and perspective is fatal to success in all combinations.

LINES.

The setting Sun! the setting Sun! how gorgeous in the west,
O'er-canopied in golden clouds, it proudly sinks to rest!
A blaze of fleeting glory gilds the sky, the land, the sea;
How lovely, yet how full of sad and solemn thought to me.

It speaks of cheerful daylight past, of darkness hastening on!
It brings to mind the gladsome hours that now, alas, are gone!
It tells of youth departing fast, of health how soon decay'd
Of hopes that blossom'd like the flowers—that blossom'd but to fade!

It tells of mirth to sadness changed, of pleasure turned to pain,
Of joys that glitter'd in our path, that now we seek in vain;
It tells of beaming happiness in moody murmuring lost,
Of fervent friendship waxing cold, of fond affection crost!

It tells of love, triumphant love, that makes the heart his throne
Then leaves his victim desolate, dejected, and alone;
It tells of those we dearly prized, whose loss we now deplore,
It tells that we ourselves shall set, and weep our friends no more.

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

A very excellent regulation is now enforced by the Police of this town, and if it is adhered to with honesty and impartiality by the constables, much good must result from it. All Crown prisoners found in the street after sunset, are stopped and examined. If they are assigned servants, out on their master's business, they require a pass, the possession of which enables them to proceed. If they have it not, they are taken to the watch-house, and in the morning they will have to account for themselves. Better still than this, is the regulation as to female servants. Their master or mistress's presence can alone protect them. This is, we repeat, excellent. It stops the incessant applications of female servants for "leave to go out to see a shipmate," which in nine cases out of ten ends in continued absence and the Factory. We hope these regulations will be strictly adhered to.

Captain England has broke out in a new quarter. He has been amusing himself in the way of correspondence with a high public officer, and as might be expected, has not shewn quite so much talent with his pen, as we readily admit he did on the coach box, when he performed the notable exploit of driving the stage coach through the Government-house avenue. We hope to be permitted to furnish further particulars.

We extremely regret to state, that amongst the unfortunate sufferers by the *Lady Monro*, was Lieutenant Clarke, of the 62d Regiment, son of that respected Colonist and Magistrate, Captain Clarke, of Cluny. The public will sincerely sympathise with this gentleman, when we state, that this is the third son he has lost in His Majesty's service. One in India—another at the battle of Navarino—and thus has a third unhappily perished by shipwreck. Captain Clarke is an old officer, having served with high reputation in that respectable regiment the 6th, in almost all parts of the world. This accession of calamity will be deeply felt.

On Monday, January 6th, it was the pleasure of His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Arthur, to lay the first stone

of a Church at New Town. His Excellency was attended by a guard of honor with the fine band of the Scots Fuzileers, and by almost all the chief civil officers, forming of themselves a large *cortége*. The ceremony being ended, Mr. Hone had the honor to entertain His Excellency and the Civil and Military officers at his beautiful residence on the banks of the Derwent. His Excellency returned to Town by six o'clock.

The state of the Town Ditch is at this moment so abominable, that we have little doubt that much of the illness with which the town is at present afflicted, proceeds from the pernicious miasma there continually exhaled. It is offensive to look at, how much more must be the miserable commixture which the inhabitants of the northern portion of the town are compelled to drink! If Lieutenant Governor Arthur could possibly know the real expression of the public voice, which his incessant application to pen and ink business within the walls of Government House effectually prevents, His Excellency would have forborne the Church-building exhibition, while the people are calling out, "Give us water!" So also the Aquæduct. It will soon be lost in real uselessness from the continued tappings to which it is subjected, and when the people see the example set by the high officers of breaking into it *sans façon*, of course knowing that they have equal right, they use it with equal prodigality. The deleterious effects of that detestable mass of filth, which was formerly the town rivulet, but which what with the abstraction of the aquæduct for the supply of that portion of the town, chiefly the abode of the public officers, through the line of whose residences it especially passes, and the continued waste by the mills and other means, is now the worst of half animated puddles—pernicious effects to the people—the children especially, of being compelled to drink this poisonous filth, has now caused so much and such serious feeling, that we are induced to thus bring this important subject under the notice of His Excellency, fully confident that thereby the

inhabitants will have immediate attention paid to a matter so closely connected with their very existence.

We understand the Theatre is about to be removed to the large and commodious premises in Argyle-street, now called "The Theatre Royal, Argyle Rooms" We have seen a plan of the arrangements and they certainly do Mr. Deane infinite credit. There are boxes, pit, and gallery, and the accommodations are equal to 500 persons, arranged in the English manner; without which, it is needless to say, that so long as the present usages of society exist, to say nothing of the difference of pecuniary means, no Theatre can maintain itself. It is believed that so soon as the New Theatre is in full operation, so that there can be that accommodation afforded appropriate to his high station, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor will honor the Theatre with his presence 'By Command,' as is the usual expression. At Sydney, the enterprising Manager, Mr. Levey, (owing to the English arrangement of his Theatre, such as will be constructed at the Theatre Royal here), was enabled to receive Governor Bourke, and his Suite, with considerable magnificence. We have no doubt Mr. Cameron will do his utmost to shew the high sense he will entertain of the value of such a visit.

The beautiful Band of The Scots Fusiliers, may be heard every Sunday evening in the Barracks, where, by the kind permission of Colonel Leahy, it plays every Sunday evening so long as the inhabitants by their continued presence seem to wish. The last three British Sovereigns made "the Terrace" at Windsor, the weekly recourse of multitudes of the highest orders, as well as the great body of the people, by the establishment of the Sunday promenades, the splendour of which, in George the 3rd's time was proverbial, and at which always two, and frequently three bands of music performed until late in the evening. We perceive by the journals, that William 4th has re-established these Sunday promenades with increased magnificence, always attending with the Queen and Royal Family, and as was the excellent custom of his father and mother, mixing with the throng. Colonel Leahy will render himself highly popular with the inhabitants here, by affording them similar recreation to that for which he has the

example of (without reference to his politics) certainly the most moral and religious King England ever knew.

The Insolvent Act has passed, and has given satisfaction to none, one individual alone excepted. We have already given the outline of an Act, to which we apprehend the principle of such Acts admitted, there would have been no objection. We shall shortly show the impolicy of the present, both as respects Debtors and Creditors. There can be no doubt that partial measures such as this now in operation, are little calculated to effect beneficial purposes. All measures should be comprehensive to be just. The true plan would have been to have passed a general and unlimited Act, and in order to meet all possible objection, to have given a preparatory period to its coming into effect, in order that the mercantile and trading interests might have an opportunity of conducting their business in such manner as might be considered best calculated to meet the change in the law to take place. The present Act, as it is, has given general dissatisfaction.

The man who so bravely captured the four bushrangers is John Dixon, prisoner for life, per *Red Rover*. The whole of the Field Constables, all prisoners, have exerted themselves to the utmost, and received essential assistance from the Mounted Police, who, from the time they left Hobart Town, have been incessant in their exertions, to render every service in their power, wherever their co-operation could be in the slightest manner useful.

We are happy to state that the late Sir W. B. Rush, who died in July last, bequeathed to Mr. Justice Montagu, legacies to the amount of several thousand pounds, and a very large annual income. This event, and other family affairs, will occasion Mr. Montagu to solicit leave of absence, his presence in England having become necessary. The Attorney General will most probably be then called to the Bench, the last charter of justice enabling His Excellency to provide for such emergency.

It affords us much pleasure to hear that an importation of gold, to the amount of Ten Thousand Pounds, has been made recently, by a respectable mercantile house, and is deposited in the two Banks—the Derwent and Old Banks—in equal proportions. This is the real way to make the Island prosper—much better than

bill drawing. No returned 25 per cent work upon this.

We understand that a poor man has recently arrived here, who was formerly a domestic in some Catholic family in England, and who sets himself up for a gentleman. This waiting-man has picked up the old word "respectability," and presumes to talk loftily thereupon, and of persons who he could only have known in England by waiting upon them at table, or riding behind the carriage. Poor creature.

We take the liberty of hinting to our friends of the Ten Pound Licenses, that "hawks are abroad." Wednesday week was the day for taking out their licenses, and all who sell without having done so, are subjected to the operations of any informer. We have heard that there are more than one about to take the field in this vocation. We trust this little notice will be the means of controverting their patriotic intentions.

According to instructions received from Home, seventeen of the men by the last prison-ship, sentenced to transportation for life, are ordered to be worked seven years in irons—fifteen others are to be disposed of in the like severe manner. At the end of the seven years, can men rendered so callous, be made serviceable members of society?

Captain Forster has adopted the true

way to take the Launceston bushrangers. Ten Crown prisoners have volunteered in search of them, and they will assuredly bring them in dead or alive, and of course will receive free pardons and a passage where they please.

The town, at such a season of the year as this, has never, by the oldest hands, known to have been so tranquil. What was formerly one organized scene of dissipation, has been now a quiet and orderly holiday—every person seemingly enjoying himself socially, but without excess. There have not been above twenty drunkards at the Police-office, Hobart Town, during all the holidays, and very few other cases, as is common at such a time. Probably, the New Police Act which will be now enforced, which sentences a drunkard to the stocks for any period not exceeding six hours, on non-payment of five shillings within one hour after conviction, will tend considerably to lessen that horrible vice of drunkenness.

THE ANNUAL.—This very interesting publication is now in the press, and is in the course of delivery. It contains fifteen very pretty lithographic views of the best known gentlemen's residences, &c. in the island, and a mass of information generally useful to all. It is unquestionably the best publication of the sort which has ever yet appeared in the Colony.

Gardening, &c.

JANUARY. — AGRICULTURE.—About the middle of the month, the wheat harvest commences in most parts of the Colony, but in general the grain is suffered to become too ripe before it is reaped, and hence a very great waste takes place. In stacking wheat, always be careful that it be on a frame, or other support, placed at least two feet above the surface of the ground, as otherwise the damp penetrates upwards, and many injurious consequences are the result. No time should be lost either in stacking, or in well covering the stacks with thatch; for, in the first place, when wheat is wetted, after it is fit for carrying, the straw becomes too brittle to be handled, and the corn shells considerably; and in the second, the ears become grown, and are very apt to imbibe mildew.

Turnips should now be sown for general crop, and although it is feared it will be useless to offer the remark, the

wheat stubbles should be broken up, immediately that they are clear of their crop.

HORTICULTURE.—The most important business for the gardener will now be budding, for performing which, a small instrument is used made of bone, with wrappers of worsted, which being elastic, is better than bark or any other substitute. All stone fruits do better budded than grafted, but some attention is necessary as to the stocks selected for the various kinds. Thus, apricots, peaches, nectarines, and plums, should be budded upon plum stocks; although they each do well upon the stock of the other. Pears must be either budded or grafted upon pear stocks, although some find quince stocks equally good. Cherries must be upon cherries. Such cherries, peaches, &c., as were grafted in the spring and miscarried, may now be advantageously budded.

A few peas may be sown this month, to come in late. Sow carrots and parsnips for a winter crop; also brocoli, cauliflower, and Savoy cabbage, to be planted out in March, and to come in for the winter. Use the hoe well, and keep the ground clear of weeds and other rubbish. It is astonishing what tempting harbours some who call themselves gardeners provide for caterpillars, grubs, and the whole race of noxious insects, by the little attention they pay to this subject.

Shipping Intelligence.**ARRIVALS.**

Jan. 2.—The ship *Enchantress*, from the Mauritius, with a cargo of sugar and rum.

Jan. 2.—The barque *Merope*, Capt. Pollock, from the Mauritius, with 150 tons of sugar and a quantity of India merchandize.

Jan. 4.—Arrived the ship *Princess Victoria*, from Liverpool, with a general cargo.

Jan. 4.—The brig *Tamar*, from Pitt-water.

Jan. 5.—The schooner *Fame*, from the Cape of Good Hope, with wine and fruits.

Jan. 8.—The schooner *Eagle*, from Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Jan. 9.—The cutter *Jolly Rambler*, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

Jan. 10.—The schooner *Currency Lass*, from Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Jan. 13.—The schooner *Friendship*, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

Jan. 13.—The schooner *Prince Regent*, from Launceston.

Jan. 14.—The ship *Southworth*, from England, with male prisoners.

Jan. 15.—The barque *Atwick*, from

London, with merchandize and passengers.

Jan. 17.—The brig *Daphne*, from the Mauritius.

Jan. 17.—The cutter *Shamrock*, from Flinder's Island.

Jan. 17.—The brig *Tamar*, from Port Arthur.

Jan. 21.—His Majesty's ship *Aligator*, from Swan River.

Jan. 26.—The brig *Brilliant*, from Swan River.

DEPARTURES.

Jan. 5.—The ship *Aurora*, for Madras, with troops.

Jan. 10.—The brig *Tamar*, for Port Arthur.

Jan. 17.—The schooner *Gem*, for Swan River.

Jan. 17.—The schooner *Fame*, for Sydney.

Jan. 18.—The schooner *Currency Lass*, for Sydney.

Jan. 21.—The ship *Princess Victoria*, for Sydney.

Jan. 22.—The schooner *Prince of Denmark*, for Launceston.

Jan. 23.—The schooner *Friendship*, for the Bay of Islands.

Jan. 23.—The b. *Daphne*, for Sydney.

Marriages, Births, &c.**MARRIAGES.**

On Saturday, 4th inst. by special license, at New Town, by the Rev. P. Palmer, Rural Dean, William Thompson Macmichael, esq. of Hobart Town, to Dinah, eldest daughter of Clement Gatehouse, esq. of Pitt-water, and niece to George Gatehouse, esq. of New-town.

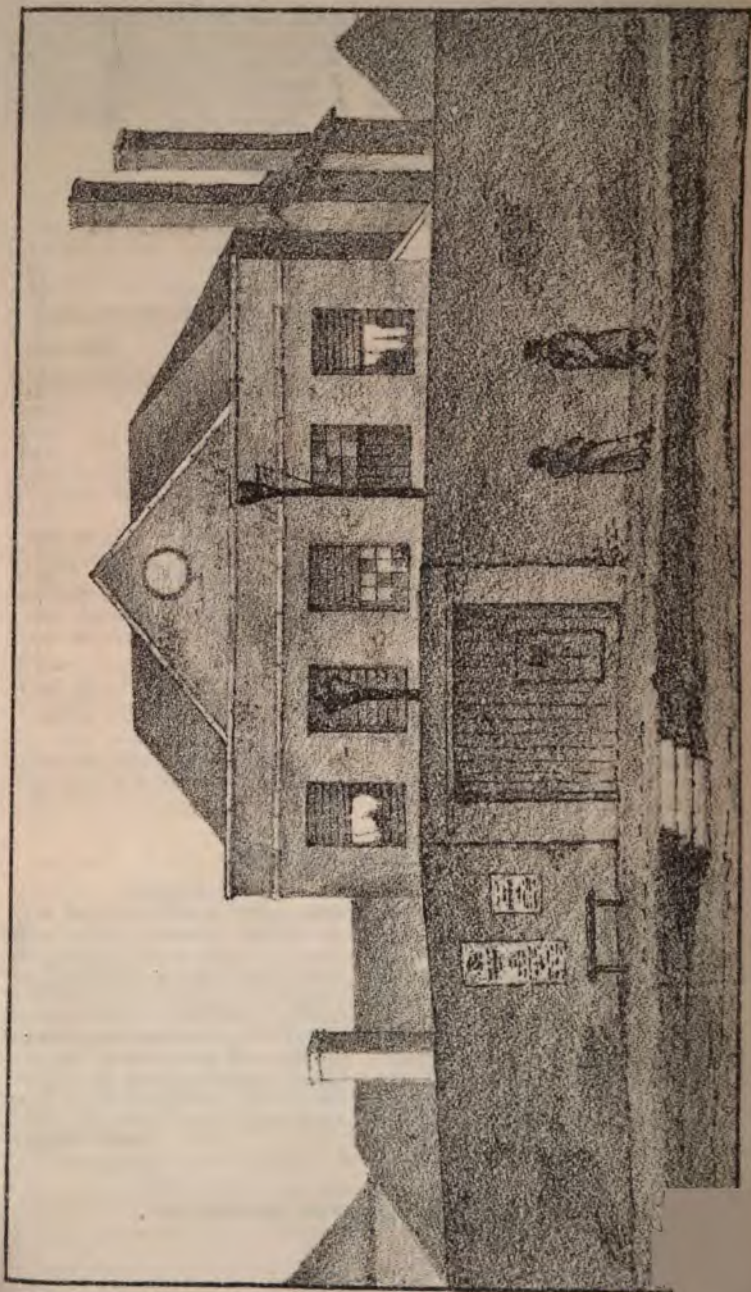
On the 9th inst. at the New Church, Brisbane and Campbell-streets, Trinity parish, by the Rural Dean, Mr. Thomas Ralph Dale, and Elizabeth Clark Mears of Hobart Town.

On the 21st inst. by special license, at the New Church, Brisbane and Campbell-streets, Trinity parish, by the Rev. P. Palmer, Rural Dean, Mr. D. M'Arthur, to Miss Jesse Macdougall, of Hobart Town.

BIRTHS.

On Friday, the 10th inst. the lady of Capt. J. Smith, of Barrack-street, Hobart Town, of a daughter.

On the 20th inst. the lady of Dr. J. Murdoch, of a son.



His Majesty's Mill, Hobart Town.

THE
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[No. 12.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

In a recent number of the *Courier*, there appeared a slight notice of a communication from a medical correspondent, recommending the institution of a Local Board of Examiners, for the purpose of examining the certificates and testimonials of such professional gentlemen, as, on their arrival in the Colony, intended to settle as practitioners in this Island. The proposition was a good one; and, constituted as the profession now is, calculated, *we* think, to work a great benefit; but, *we* very much doubt, of its being quickly carried into effect.

Every body seems to admit, that the state of the medical profession in this Colony is bad and imperfect; but few seem to know why or wherefore: it is our duty, therefore, to endeavour to explain this phenomenon; and, having done so, to propose the best and readiest means of reformation. And, really, this is a subject of considerable importance, as regards the welfare and comfort of the community. It has been often said, and, indeed, *is* said, that a man is a fool for employing a surgeon, in whom he has no faith. Very well! But, suppose the patient has no choice?—Suppose he *is* so circumstanced, as to have no choice at all? What is then, to be done? Why, to make the best of a bad business, and take his chance. Take his chance, forsooth!—What will the English reader think of this? We do not know; but this *we do* know, that in nine cases out of ten, such is the lot of the secluded Settler in Van Diemen's Land.

Before we propose our remedy for an evil of so great a magnitude, *we shall* briefly sketch the actual and existing state of the profession in this Colony.

Our medical professors, then, are divided into two principal classes—those connected with the Government, and those who are

not.—The Government surgeons are, principally, young men,* who are under the *surveillance* of the Colonial surgeon, and are entirely under the control of the Government; they are liable to be sent to any specified district, or even to a penal settlement, and, as a general rule, it is customary to give every novice a drilling at such a settlement, before he becomes qualified for a more comfortable appointment. The only penal settlement now in use, is Port Arthur, and the surgeon-superintendent there is, we believe, invariably a Magistrate, and imbued with the same authority as a surgeon-superintendent of a prison-ship. At all events, he is responsible for the degree of punishment inflicted upon the prisoners; and the impolicy, therefore, of appointing *young* men to such a situation is at once obvious, and needs no comment. We are not aware that any official or formal qualification is actually necessary for any of these appointments; but the Colonial surgeon—for the time being—is answerable for the conduct and capabilities of his assistants. For his own sake, therefore, he will be cautious, as to whom he appoints to the several districts; and as far as the present system works, we see no great reason to find fault with it, except that there is rather too much of favoritism exhibited,† as well as too great a paucity of district-assistant surgeons. This latter fault, however, if fault it be, is about to be remedied, so soon as the Lieutenant Governor shall receive a sanction for the same from the Home Government. And, really, the sooner this sanction arrives the better. It is a grievous thing for the Settler, who contributes his share of the requisite payments—namely, ten shillings a-year for every assigned servant he has, ill or well—to be obliged to send fifteen or twenty miles for the district surgeon, even in the most urgent and perilous cases. We know of a case, not long ago, which occurred in the vicinity of Oatlands, where an assigned servant was nearly killed by the fall of a log of wood upon his body; and his master—an extensive and most respectable farmer—had to send nearly twenty miles for a surgeon. Fortunately the surgeon was at home, and returned with his messenger, but not till nearly seven hours had elapsed: the man's life, by a miracle, was saved.

There are, however, many districts, and extensive districts, too, where there are no surgeons at all. Perth, for instance, and the Green Ponds, with several others equally populous; and we think it actually incumbent upon the government to supply the deficiency, and that as soon as possible. It is the duty, we conceive, of every government to effect such arrangements as shall conduce, even in

* There are, of course, exceptions to this; and many of the district surgeons are any thing but young men: still the majority were appointed, when mere lads, and have grown older in the service.

† We do not wish to be invidious, but we could, if we pleased, point out more than one of the government surgeons who now enjoy lucrative posts, without ever having experienced the labour of, and banishment at a penal settlement: but, doubtless they merit the indulgence.

the minutest point, to the benefit of the community; and what can be more necessary or important, than a sufficient supply of properly-qualified medical men? We say emphatically "*properly-qualified* medical men;" because we would have this department of the Government beyond reproach, and above all cavi; for the situations in which the distant and isolated practitioner may be, and often is, placed, are frequently of the most urgent responsibility. Life and death may depend upon the promptitude and boldness of his decision, and the limbs of His Majesty's lieges are continually at his mercy. From the nature of the men's employment in this Colony, there is, perhaps, no country in the world, where so many accidents are constantly occurring; and, although these accidents may not—if improperly treated—terminate fatally, yet what compensation can the ignorant surgeon render a poor patient—prisoner although he be—for the crippling of his body for life? When the matter is considered in this light, the utility—nay, the absolute necessity—of some competent tribunal, by which the merits of all candidates for practice may be adjudged and certified, is at once apparent; and we do most sincerely hope, that when the Legislative Council next assembles, it will take this subject into its especial consideration.

And more especially as regards the private practitioner; for if the government *employé* is not, in every instance, well and duly qualified, we are quite sure, that the private practitioner is not. When we look at the extraordinary set of beings, who come out here, either as "experienced surgeons" in charge of merchant ships, or as private passengers, we shall see at once the necessity of such a regulation. As the law now stands, any druggist's errand boy may bring out his paraphernalia of gallipots and pill-boxes, and, fixing half-a-dozen coloured bottles in his window, write himself down a "surgeon," and kill or cure—as luck will have it—as many patients, as may be foolish enough to trust him. But, it may be said, the public have the remedy in their own hands. Have they? We should like to know how! Why should we distrust any person, who openly and publicly avows a particular calling, and stigmatize him at once and off hand, as an actual impostor? True it is, if a grocer offers bad tea and sugar for sale, or a linen-draper damaged diaper or dimity, no person need buy either the one or the other; but how are we to discover the incapability of a professional man, till we find he has half killed us with his ignorance, or lamed us for life with his blundering incompetency? We do not mean to say, that *all* our private medical men are of the description we have alluded to; but *some* there are, even in this very town, who would exhibit a most woeful figure before any properly constituted Board of Examiners. On the other hand, there are individuals, who are at once an ornament to their profession, and a great benefit to the community.

And, here, we cannot forbear a few remarks on the unfortunate opposition, (we will not give it a harsher term) which exists be-

(from the Quarterly) which may tend to further the rational and national amusement of horse-racing. The writer, in speaking of the very rapid progress racing is making in various parts of the world, exclaims with astonishment that racing of no mean order is to be witnessed in Van Diemen's Land. We really, in the name of the sporting gentry, beg most sincerely to return thanks for the compliment, but when we inform the writer that the breed of horses in this Colony is perhaps not inferior to those of Great Britain, his astonishment will be still more encreased; and we might go further, and question whether some of our *thorough-breds* would not puzzle the knowing ones of Newmarket or Doncaster. As to our method of training, we cannot speak so favorably—training here is but little understood. The climate, however, is so well adapted to that noble animal the horse, that a two-year-old with us, possesses bone and muscle equal to a horse of double its age in England, but let us quote our author:—

“ But, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three days' racing for plates, matches, and sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each,) with ordinaries, and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little Colony is progressing in many odd ways: it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing.”—p. 438.

In speaking of the course at Newmarket, the writer observes, there were formerly six and eight mile races, but that latterly this has been exploded, and the Beacon course, which is four miles in length, is only once used during the seven meetings. “ This is an improvement, not only on the score of humanity, but as far as regards sport; for horses seldom come in near to each other after having run that course. Indeed, so much is the system of a four mile heat disliked, that when it does occur, the horses generally walk the first two.”

The office of judge at Newmarket varies from that of others filling similar situations. He neither sees the jockeys weighed out or in, as the term is, neither is he required to take notice of them or their horses, in the race. He judges, and proclaims the winner by the colour—that of every jockey who rides being handed to him before starting. Indeed, the horses are seldom seen by him until the race begins, as they generally proceed from their stables to the saddling-house by a circuitous rout. The best possible regulations are adopted for the proper preservation of the ground during the running, and we know of nothing to be found fault with unless it be the horsemen being allowed to follow the race-horses up the course, which injures the ground when it is wet. It is true, a very heavy iron roller is employed upon it every evening in the meetings, but this cannot always be effective.

The racing ground on the heath has been the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753. A great advantage is gained

here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings; and it would be well if that power were exerted at New Town. Betting posts are placed on various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however, produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England. 'What do you bet on this race, my lord?' says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby hack, with a 'shocking bad hat.' 'I want to back the field,' says my lord. '*So do I,*' says the leg. 'I'll bet 500 to 200 you don't name the winner,' cries my lord. 'I'll take six,' exclaims the leg. 'I'll bet it you,' roars my lord. '*I'll double it,*' bellows the leg. 'Done,' shouts the peer. '*Treble it?*' 'No!' The bet is entered, and so much for *wanting to back the field*; but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, is allowed. Scores of such scenes as this take place in those momentous half-hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town, and 50,000*l.* has been known to change hands in one day. The *Quarterly Review* proceeds:—

"That noble gift of Providence, the horse, has not been bestowed upon mankind without conditions. The first demand upon us is to treat him well; but to avail ourselves of his full powers and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature, and place him in those of art; and no one can look into old works published on this subject, without being surprised with the change that has taken place in the system of training the race-horse. The '*Gentleman's Recreation*,' published nearly a century and a half back, must draw a smile from the modern trainer, when he reads of the quackery to which the race-horse was then subject—a pint of good sack having been one of his daily doses. Again, the '*British Sportsman*,' by one Squire Osbaldiston, of days long since gone by, gravely informs its readers that one month is necessary to prepare a horse for a race; but 'if he be very fat or foul, or taken from grass,' he *might* require two. This wiseacre has also his juleps and syrups—'enough to make a horse sick' indeed—finishing with the whites of eggs and wine, internally administered, and chafing the legs of his courser with train oil and brandy. On the other hand, if these worthies could be brought to life again, it would astonish *them* to hear, that twelve months are now considered requisite to bring a race-horse quite at the top of his mark to the post. The objects of the training groom can only be accomplished by medicine, which purifies the system,—exercise, which increases muscular strength,—and food, which produces vigour beyond what nature imparts. To this is added the necessary operation of periodical sweating, to remove the superfluities of flesh and fat, which process is more or less necessary to all animals called upon to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers. With either a man or a horse, his skin is his complexion; and whether it be the prize-fighter who strips in the ring, or the race-horse at the starting-post, that has been subjected to this treatment, a lustre of health is exhibited such as no other system can produce.

"The most difficult points in the trainer's art have only been called into practice since the introduction of one, two, and three-year-old stakes, never dreamt of in the days of Childers or Eclipse. Saving and excepting the treatment of doubt-

ful legs, whatever else he has to do in his stable is comparatively trifling to the act of bringing a young one quite up to the mark, and keeping him there till he is wanted. The cock was sacred to Esculapius by reason of his well-known watchfulness, nor should the eye of a training groom be shut whilst he has an animal of this description under his care, for a change may take place in him in a night, which, like a frost over the blossoms, will blast all hopes of his success. The immense value, again, which a very promising colt now attains in the market, adds greatly to the charge over him; and much credit is due to the trainer who brings him well through his engagements, whether he be a winner or not.

"The treatment of the seasoned race-horse is comparatively easy and straightforward, with the exception of such as are very difficult to keep in place, by reason of constitutional peculiarities. Those which have been at work are thus treated, we mean when the season is concluded, by indulgence in their exercise, they are suffered to gather flesh, or become 'lusty,' as the term is, to enable them the better to endure their physic; but, in addition to two hours' walking exercise, they must have a gentle gallop, to keep them quiet. If frost sets in, they are walked in a paddock upon litter, it being considered dangerous to take them at that time from home. When the weather is favourable, they commence a course of physic, consisting of three doses, at an interval of about eight days between each. A vast alteration has taken place in the strength of the doses given, and, consequently, accidents from physic now more rarely occur. Eight drachms of Barbadoes aloes form the largest dose at present given to aged horses, with six and a half to four-year olds, six to three-year olds, five to two-year olds, and from three to four to yearlings. After physic—and after Christmas—they begin to do rather better work, and in about two months before their first engagement comes on, they commence their regular sweats—the distance generally four miles. After their last sweat, the jockeys who are to ride them generally give them a good gallop, by way of feeling their mouths and rousing them, for they are apt to become shifty, as it is termed, with the boys, who have not sufficient power over them. The act of sweating the race-horse is always a course of anxiety to his trainer, and particularly so on the eve of a great race, for which he may be a favourite. The great weight of clothes with which he is laden is always dangerous and often fatal to his legs, and there is generally a spy at hand to ascertain whether he pulls up sound or lame. Some nonsense has been written by the author of a late work,* about omitting sweating in the process of training; but what would the Chifneys say to this? They are acknowledged pre-eminent in the art, but they are also acknowledged to be very severe with their horses in their work,—and, without sweating them in clothes, they would find it necessary to be much more so than they are. It is quite certain, that horses cannot race without doing severe work—but the main point to be attended to is, not to hurry them in their work. As to resting them for many weeks at a time, as was formerly the case, that practice is now entirely exploded amongst all superior judges, and experience has proved, that not only the race-horse, but the hunter, is best for being kept going, the year round—at times, gently, of course. With each, as with man, idleness is the parent of misfortune.

"Thucydides says of Themistocles, that he was a good guesser of the future by the past; but this will not do in racing; and not only prudence, but justice towards the public demands that a race-horse should be tried at different periods of his training. The first great point is obviously to ascertain the maximum speed, and the next to discover how that is affected by weight: but here there are difficulties against which no judgment can provide, and which, when the best intentions have been acted upon, have led to false conclusion. The horse may not be quite up to his mark, on the day of trial—or the horse, or horses, with which he is tried, may not be so: the nature of the ground, and the manner of running it, may likewise not be suited to his capabilities or his action, and the trial and his race may be very differently run. Chifney, in his *Genius Genuine*, says, the race-horse Magpie was a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards a better horse some days than others, in the distance of two miles! Tiresias won the Derby for the Duke of

* Scott's Field Sports.

Portland in a canter, to the ruin of many of the betting men, who thought his chance was gone from his previous trial with Snake, who beat him with much ease. It afterwards came out, that his being beaten at the trial had been owing to the incapacity of the boy who rode him—and he was a bad horse to ride: indeed, we remember his taking old Clift, his jockey, nearly into Epsom town before he could pull him up, after winning the race. We are compelled, however, to observe, that much deception in late years has been resorted to, by *false accounts* of trials, and thereby making horses favourites for the great stakes—as in the instances of Panic, Premier, Swap, the General, Prince Llewellyn, and others, some of whom were found to be as bad as they had been represented to be good. But the trial of trials took place many years back at Newmarket, in the time of George I. A match was made between the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir W. Strickland, to run two horses over Newmarket for a considerable sum of money; and the betting was heavy between the north and south country sportsmen on the event. After Sir W. Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavoured to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial, *at the weights and distance of the match*, and thus to make the race *safe*. Sir William's man had the honesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle. *Frampton's groom had already done the same thing*, and in the trial, Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. 'Now,' said Frampton to his satellite, 'my fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra, what will he do in the race?' The betting became immense. The south-country turfites, who had been let into the secret by Frampton, told those from the north, that they would bet them gold against Merlin while gold they had, and then they must sell their land.' Both horses came well to the post, and of course the race came off like the trial.

"The Jockey Club law is very strict as to trials at Newmarket, notice being obliged to be given to the keeper of the trial-book within one hour after the horses have been tried, enforced by a penalty of 10*l.* for neglecting it; and any person detected watching a trial is also severely dealt with. Nevertheless, formerly, watching trials was a trade at Newmarket, nor is it quite done away with at the present day; though we have reason to believe that the better who should trust much to information obtained by such means would very soon break down. It often happens that the jockeys who ride trials know nothing of the result beyond the fact of *which horses run fastest*, as they are kept in ignorance of the weight they carry—a good load of shot being frequently concealed in the stuffing of their saddles.

"But to return for a moment to the effect of weight on the race-horse. Perhaps an instance of the most minute observation of this effect is to be found in a race at Newcastle-under-Lyne, some years back, between four horses handicapped by the celebrated Dr. Bellyse; namely, Sir John Egerton's Astbury, 4 years old, 8 stone 6 pounds—Mr. Mytton's Handel, 4 years old, 7 stone 11 pounds—Sir William Wynne's Tarragon, 4 years old, 8 stone—Sir Thomas Stanley's Cedric, 3 years old, 6 stone 13 pounds. The following was the result. *Of the first three heats there was no winner*, Tarragon and Handel being each time nose and nose; and, although Astbury is stated to have been third the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others, that there was a difficulty in placing him as such. After the second heat, Mr. Littleton, who was steward, requested the Doctor and two other gentlemen to look steadfastly at the horses, and try to decide in favour of one of them, but it was impossible to do so. In the *third dead heat*, Tarragon and Handel had struggled with each other till they reeled about like drunken men, and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Astbury, who had laid by after the first heat, then came out and won; and it is generally believed the annals of the turf cannot produce such a contest as this. So much for a good handicap, formed on a thorough knowledge of the horses, their ages, and their public running."

When considering the immense sums of money depending on
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race-horses, the persons who have to ride them form an important branch of society; and although the term "Jockey" is often used as implying unfair dealing, still there have been men, and there still are men alive, who following the occupation of Jockeys, stand high in the opinion of the world as men of high moral character, whom nothing would induce to do wrong. Francis Buckle was the *élite* of this fraternity. He is in his grave; but he has left behind him not merely an example for all young jockeys to follow, but proof that honesty is the best policy, for he died in the esteem of all the racing world, and in the possession of a comfortable independence, acquired by his profession. What the Greek said of Fabricius might be said of him—that it would have been as difficult to have turned the sun from its course, as to have turned him from his duty; and having said this, we should like to say a little more of him. He was the son of a saddler, at Newmarket—no wonder he was so good on the saddle—and commenced in the late Honourable Richard Vernon's stables at a very early age. He rode the winners of five Derby seven Oaks, and two St. Leger Stakes, besides, to use his own words, '*most of the good things at Newmarket,*' in his time; but it was in 1802 that he so greatly distinguished himself at Epsom by taking long odds, that he won both Derby and Oaks, on what were considered very unlikely horses to win either. His Derby horse was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Mr. Wilson's Young Eclipse, considered the best horse of his year. Young Eclipse made the play, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground with him for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of *pace*, he was convinced they both must stop; so following, and watching them with Tyrant, he came up and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, *with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby*. The following year, Young Eclipse beat Tyrant, giving him 4lbs. Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a *fancy*, that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks if he were upon her back, and he got permission to ride her. *She was beaten three times between Tattenham's corner and home*; but he got her up again in front, and won the race, by a head. The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race before, snatched out of the fire, as it were, by fine riding. In another place (Lewes), he won an extraordinary race against a horse of the late Mr. Durand's, on which he had a considerable sum of money depending, thus winning the race, but losing his money. He rode Sancho for Mr. Mellish, in his great match with Pavillion, and was winning it when his horse broke down. He also won the Doncaster St. Leger with Sancho.

"Some anecdotes are related of Chifney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and among others the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus: 'Where are you going boy? Stay with me, and you'll be *second*.' The boy drew back his horse, and a fine race ensued, but when it came to a struggle, we need

not say who won it. Chifney's method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. 'Suppose,' says he, a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse's fore legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required,' he adds, 'to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse.' Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he is considered to be the more powerful jockey of the two."

There are some good specimens of the pigmy breed of jockies now at Newmarket; John Day, for instance, has produced a facsimile of himself, cast in the right mould for the saddle, and who can ride about four stone. These feather-weights are absolutely necessary where two-year colts are brought to the post, and they sometimes ride a winning race; though if *it comes to a struggle*, as the term is, they are almost certain to be defeated by the experienced jockey. But, speaking seriously, it is a great blessing to the rider of races to be of a diminutive size, to prevent the hardship and inconvenience of wasting—a most severe tax on the constitution and temper. On this subject the following memorandum of some questions addressed by Sir John Sinclair to the late Mr. Sandiver, an eminent surgeon, long resident at Newmarket, and a pretty constant spectator of the races, with Mr. S.'s answers, may amuse our readers:—

'How long does the training of jockies continue? With those in high repute, from about ten weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone and a half below it.—What food do they live on? For breakfast a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken very sparingly; a very small piece of pudding and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in the proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper.—What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest? After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pairs of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if much fatigued, some of them lie down for an hour or so before their dinner; after which no severe rest is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in a way most agreeable to themselves. They generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven next morning.—What medicine do they take? Some of them, who do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, glauher salts only.—Would Mr. Sandiver recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other persons? Mr. Sandiver would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in either sex, as the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, who had not been enured to it from his youth. The only additional information that Mr. Sandiver has to communicate is, that John Arnall, when rider to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride a particular horse, in consequence of which he abstained from animal, and even from farinaceous food, for eight successive days, and the only substitute was now and then an apple. He was not injured by it. Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person continually employed as a rider, declares that he is less fatigued, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than

when allowed to live as he pleased, although he never weighs more than nine stone, and has frequently reduced himself to seven.*

The present system of wasting varies from the one here described, and particularly as to the length of the walk, which appears to have been unnecessarily severe. The modern Newmarket jockey seldom exceeds four miles out, and then he has a house to stop at in which there is a large fire, by which the perspiration is very much increased. Indeed, it sometimes becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped, using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting awhile by the fire and drinking some diluted liquid, he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular action. Sufficiently cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when, besides the reduction of his weight, the effect is visible on his skin, which has a remarkable transparent hue. In fact, he may be said to show condition after every sweat, till he looks as sleek as the horse he is going to ride. But the most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh, immediately on a relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockies, weighing not more than seven stone, have gained as many pounds in one day from merely obeying the dictates of nature, committing no excess. *Non misere vivit qui parcè vivit*, is an acknowledged truism; but during the racing season, a jockey in high practice, who,—as is the case with Chiffney, Robinson, Dockeray and Scott, is naturally above our light racing weights, is subject to no trifling mortification. Like the good Catholic, however, when Lent expires, he feels himself at liberty when the racing season is at an end; and on the last day of the Houghton meeting, Frank Buckle had always a *goose for supper!* his labours for the season being then concluded.

We now dismiss this subject, with no probability of our ever returning to it. That there are objections to racing, we do not deny, as indeed, there are to most of the *sports* which have been invented for the amusement of mankind, and few of which can gratify *pure* benevolence; but when honourably conducted, we consider the turf as not more objectionable than most others, and it has one advantage over almost all now in any measure of fashionable repute:—*it diffuses its pleasures far and wide*. The owner of race-horses cannot gratify his passion for the turf, without affording delight to thousands upon thousands of the less fortunate of his countrymen. This is no trivial feature in the case, now that shooting is divided between the lordly *battue* and the prowl of the poacher,—and that fox-hunting is every day becoming more and more a piece of exclusive luxury, instead of furnishing the lord, the squire, and the yeoman, with a common recreation, and promoting mutual goodwill among all the inhabitants of the rural district. P. H.

* Arnall died at the age of 62. Fitzpatrick at 42, from a cold taken in wasting.

SONNET TO ———

So calumny hath striven to blast thy fame,
 And with a lying tongue and slandering lips
 Flung the broad shadow of a dark eclipse
 Upon the spotless purity of thy name !
 " More sinned against than sinning," thou must bear
 To drag a tedious existence on,
 While life's best charm, domestic peace, is gone,
 And in thy bosom sits corroding care.
 But all things hope ! for time is said to be
 Truth's own revealer, and the time may come,
 When those, who now are doubting thee, will see
 The truth that dwells within thy bosom's home :
 And all thy ardent prayers will not be vain,
 For peace, and love, and joy, to light thy path again !

K

UNCLE TOM.

You know Uncle Tom, gentle Reader : every body knows him, there is not a child in Hobart Town but feels delighted and runs out to meet him the moment he appears in the street : quite a standard is he too, as short, as fat, as hearty, as Uncle Tom are common expressions, and supposing his face to be not familiar to you, you will always find him, during these hot days, with his rotund person and stumpy legs shrouded in a pair of duck inexpressibles, while his upper man is encased in a jacket of similar light materials, and a broad brimmed straw hat protects his good-humoured face from the scorching beams of the sun. But in the winter time, you may perchance discover Uncle Tom walking up Elizabeth Street, or on the Old Wharf, as it is his invariable custom to ensconce himself behind a bason of well-peppered soup at the Commercial throughout the months of June, July and August ; or should you come in contact with him out of doors, his capacious blue cloak, with its voluminous folds wrapt tightly around his body, will probably give you an idea of a Colossus imitation of a hedge-hog on the defensive.

Uncle Tom has a great many very singular opinions, one of which is, that selfishness is the main-spring of all our actions, and that however much we may appear to have been actuated by other motives, self, and nothing but self, has been the origin. Often has he argued this point with a friend very earnestly, and with some little warmth, and when the individual, the more firmly to clench his argument, would refer to Uncle Tom's own person and conduct as an evidence, he would always have a reply ready, with which to parry the attack successfully.

Uncle Tom is married—of course, as self-interest is his ruling passion, his marriage was not one of love. He might have had the beautiful and rich Miss V——; but weighing the disadvantages of her temper and character against her loveliness and wealth, the former preponderated in the scale; and then comparing Miss V—— with the mild and placid, although penniless, woman who is now his wife, he found the odds much in favor of the latter. He never would have conjugated at all, but *self* decided that wedded life was more conducive to happiness, than single, even with the addition of *blessedness* to it. And when this wife lay ill of a fever, and he attended her with all the anxiety of a fond and doting husband, watching and satisfying every half-breathed wish, giving with his own hands the medicines prepared for her, Uncle Tom would be very much nettled at any eulogy on his conduct, (for he is in reality a modest man) and considering every such commendation as an attack on his favorite dogma, would assert vehemently, that all the care he had so lavishly bestowed upon her, was only spent in the hope she would soon recover the full bloom of those charms, which first awakened his interested attachment.

There is not a better master than Uncle Tom. His assigned servants are comfortable and happy—with money sufficient for their wants, and plenty to ensure their cleanliness and respectability. Still Uncle Tom's inducement, if we are to believe his own assertion, is, and nothing but, self-interest. "These men," argues he, "if I am not kind to them will rob me, or commit some depredation on my neighbours, by which I shall get into hot water, and so to preserve peace between myself and those in the vicinity, it greatly affects me to secure to my servants every advantage necessary for them in their situation." Thus Uncle Tom is affectionate to his wife, and kind to his servants from a motive, which is generally esteemed any thing but a commendable one, namely, selfishness!

When in England, Uncle Tom was in the habit of visiting gaols, and prisons, giving counsel and relief wherever it lay within the compass of his power; and here the poor, the afflicted, and the sorrowful may pour the full tide of their miseries into his ear, certain of his assistance and condolence; he would go a long way out of his course to aid with his purse a poverty-overtaken family, he would listen patiently and sympathetically to a tale of distress; and far from allowing the least praise for his truly generous conduct, he will study and exert his utmost to convince his friends, that his favorite position is still unshaken, as, in spite of all their arguments, he will prove, that his only motive was the love of self-approbation, and that he would not plead guilty to such acts of benevolence, only that the inward satisfaction he experienced, more than rewarded him for the slight inconvenience he might undergo.

Such is Uncle Tom, forgetting that whatever increases our own happiness, without encroaching on that of others, ceases to be self-

interest, he has assumed a theory, which is founded on a false basis; yet it would be well for the world if all metaphysical questions were settled, and all theories put into practice after the example of Uncle Tom.

K

MOUNTAINS.

Mountains! ye who laugh at time,
Up your rough steepes I would climb;
On your summits fain would dwell,
Ye who have the master spell,
Trancing him who pines beneath
Envy's scowl and falsehood's breath!
Circled by a wreath of snow,
Frowning on the world below,
Your majestic solitude
Well may charm his lonely mood:
Chilly is your freshened air,
But no whisper wanders there,
Promising a gay delight
While it bringeth but a blight.
As it is below on earth—
Sweetly sings the breeze of mirth,
Yet too often will it be
Withering flower, and herb, and tree:
Like mankind, who often smile,
Hatred in their hearts the while!

Ye, who catch the earliest gleam
Of the day-god's rising beam;
Ye, to whom his latest ray
Smileth as it fades away;
Yours it is to wake a thought
Of man's foolishness and nought,
For the monuments he rears
Cannot equal ye in years,
But when *they* have ceased to be,
Still, as if in scorn, are ye.
Graven brass or sculptured hall
Tell not now of Hannibal,
He, of whom is handed down,
Mid the highest, high renown;
And no vestige can we trace
Of his narrow resting place,
But for ages yet shall last,
The stupendous road he pass'd,
Winding round your towering scalps,
Mighty mountains! giant Alps!

Mountains! it was ye, who first
Holy infant Freedom nurst,
And upon your lofty crest
She hath ever found a rest,
When th' oppressor's iron thrall,
Darkling, would have circled all.

Ye where shelter and a shield,
 To the pledged in Grütli's field,
 Who were joined in sacred band
 To deliver Switzerland,
 And the haughty Gesler fell
 'Fore the winged shaft of Tell !
 Soft Religion too hath found,
 Ye could fling a safeguard round,
 When her children, tyrant-press'd,
 Nestled in your craggy breast :
 Witness those who fought and bled
 For the covenant they made,
 And, when hope had pass'd away,
 Still could keep their foes at bay,
 Where your pines were waving free,
 Scorning, braving, fierce Dundee !
 Mountains ! ye shall ever stand,
 Until the Divine command
 Bathes the world, as once with water,
 In a flood of fiery slaughter,
 And the renovated earth
 Wins a second, glorious birth !
 Then upon each lofty brow
 Shall the rays of glory throw
 Ther refulgence, beaming bright
 With ineffable delight :
 Rays of glory, which shall be
 Throughout all eternity !

K

GEORGE FITZGIBBON.

 A SKETCH.

It has often struck me, that we might read a newspaper with much benefit to ourselves, even if we only perused the list of Births, Marriages, &c. therein contained, did we seriously reflect on the immensity of heartfelt woe or joy a few simple words record ; and never so forcibly has this opinion been brought to my mind, as when taking up an old newspaper the other day, the following announcement caught my eye. "Died on Sunday last, aged 24, George, the only son of Edward Fitzgibbon, Esq., of Henley Hall." Poor Fitzgibbon, he was one of my dearest schoolfellows, and distant as is the time when boys we played together, it is with no little feeling of melancholy, I revert to his early death.

George was one of those who are generally termed pretty boys, without possessing a very manly or effeminate cast of countenance, there was that expression of sweetness which never fails to attract, and win the admiration of casual observers. He was always sickly, or rather ailing, and the extra care which the wife of our kind tutor bestowed on him, often made him the object of envy, among

those who loved him less than I did. Being remarkably smart, and gifted with a retentive memory, he found little difficulty in working his way to the top of his class, which although it contained the elder and more advanced boys in the school, also contained not a few thick-headed dolts. About the time of our entering upon Virgil together; it was at about the close of the war in 1816, while things were scarcely settled; Fitzgibbon was taken from the school and entered the Navy. I recollect the pride that beamed in his mother's eye, when he made his first appearance in his uniform, and singular as it may appear, I had then a kind of foreboding, that the hope evinced in that glance would never be realized. For two or three years after this I lost sight of him. It is very seldom that school-friendships continue in existence after the individuals have launched into the world, and have been engaged in the toils, the business, or the pleasures of life. The clashing of interests, the coolness which acquaintance with the world flings over the warm gushing feelings of youth, opposite pursuits, opposite professions separate those who have been the most united in their earlier years, and characters who had anticipated much and lasting pleasure from each others' society, perhaps, once severed, never meet again on the great stage of human affairs. Like an angle, however, though far apart their course may be, there is a point where their thoughts meet, and that point is the time when their hopes were bounded by the play-ground, and their enjoyment comprised in some childish sport.

The next time I met Fitzgibbon was at an Election Ball, held at the county town of ———, I had left London for the purpose of settling some business for my father, the adjusting of which had delayed me rather longer than I had projected when starting. He was there, his naval uniform had been doffed, and I understood from himself, that finding the profession not at all suited to his constitution, he had relinquished every hope of renown, and was now merely enjoying himself until something more congenial presented itself to him. I noticed, in the course of the few hours I had the opportunity, that he seemed to pay particular attention to decidedly the most beautiful girl in the room, and I fancied that his attentions were not unmarked or rejected by her; and I was not far wrong in my conjecture. She was the daughter of Sir Everard Courtenay, and was entitled to a very large fortune on the death of an old aunt, and adding to her beauty every accomplishment, had become the object of attraction to all the beaux, and was the toast of every society, for miles round the country. Fitzgibbon had met her and her father at the house of a mutual friend, and a casual acquaintance soon ripened into the most affectionate attachment, before either had expressed, or even formed a thought of love. Here again he escaped from my observation, except once, when he called upon me in London, to inform me of his being just about to start for Paris, where he expected to meet Sir Everard and his

lovely daughter Clara, to whom he hoped, immediately on his coming of age, to be united.

This was the last time I saw him, but the remainder of his career, so different from what had been anticipated, was related to me by another of our class-fellows, who had had the opportunity of witnessing its termination. He had gone to Paris, but not finding the Courtenays there, after lingering in that pleasure-multiplying capital, had proceeded to Marseilles with the intention of proceeding to Sicily, which they had originally intended to visit; here also no tidings of the party he most wished to meet reached him, and with no little chagrin and disappointment he returned to England. But almost immediately on his landing, he learned that Sir Everard had followed him to Paris, and he resolved to retrace his steps. He once more reached the capital of France, but he found the doors which he expected would have almost flown open to give him admittance, closed against him, and a letter, signed by the idol of his affections, begging in the most earnest terms to cease his attentions, yet denying that her sentiments towards him were changed, without accounting for the apparent inconsistency, almost drove him to desperation. Every attempt at an interview proved abortive, and every letter he sent was returned unopened. Irritated and perplexed, without a friend in whom he could confide; and with almost too much pride to confess even to his father, to whom he wrote weekly, the disappointment he had met with, poor Fitzgibbon fostered with his sorrow the seeds of a consumption, to which he had at a very early period of his life appeared predisposed. But the truth at length burst upon him. Sir Everard had fallen a victim to the knaves who frequent the Salons of Paris, and his whole fortune, with that of his daughter, had been lost by him at the *Ecarté* table. Unable to bear with fortitude this reverse, and cursing his own folly at being the dupe of a set of villains, who had thus plundered him of all, had robbed his child, and reduced them both to beggary, he had persuaded her to write the letter, (indeed she required but little intreaty), and as soon as he could arrange his few affairs, he left Paris, for what place no one could tell.

In vain were Fitzgibbon's enquiries, from place to place he wandered during two or three years, more like a disembodied spirit in search of rest than aught human; and when at length he flung himself despairing into the arms of his parents; it was but to learn the destruction of his hopes, and the shipwreck and loss of the Courtenays, in a dreadful storm off the western coast of England. After this news never did he smile again, until that moment, when his last breath pronounced the name of Clara, and his pure soul winged its flight from its earthly tenement, for the mansions of enduring peace and felicity.

Brief and uninteresting as this outline may be, it has often brought to my mind the conviction that there are many of us, whose happiness, while it does in some measure depend upon our-

Convict Sketches.

selves, is frequently regulated and controlled by circumstances over which we have no power, and that in many instances where we would blame others for imprudence, had we been placed in the same situation, it might have been our fatality to have acted in the same manner.

Before I left England I visited Merton church-yard, and forgot not to shed a tear to the memory of my old school-fellow.

K.

CONVICT SKETCHES.

No. I.

"The Convict Ship."

A golden cloud on a purple sky,
Floating where is not another nigh,
Is not more beautiful, scarce more bright,
Than yonder bark with its wings of light,
Quietly, calmly, breasting through
The boundless ocean of chequered blue.

Who would suppose that a thing so fair
Carried beneath its wings of light
Exiles, from country and kindred swept,
For lands where their fathers never slept,
Their woes unheeded, and their fate unwept.
Ah! thus it is that the fairest things,
Rob us of Hope's imaginings!

Onward she comes; and the setting sun
Heralds the news that the day is done.
The well-known time when their narrow cell,
Illumined by rays that image well
The hopes that within such bosoms dwell,
So wan, so few, that the light they throw
Reveals but a gloomy glimpse of woe,
Is peopled again;—and corroding care,
And reckless mirth that defies despair;—
A Babel of hearts commingle there.

Ah! there they mingle:—they whose crimes
Have steeped them in guilt a thousand times,
They who from childhood to manhood grew
Villains in heart, and action too,
To whom no spot upon earth is dear;
To whom no friend upon earth is near;
Who at exile shed no bitter tear;
Who have left behind them a hated name,
Of scorn unheeded, and reckless shame;
Who bear to yon shores restrained, not raised
The passions that Deity's form debased,
Hearts that will neither break nor bend,
Nor prayers nor praises to Heaven send:—
Yes! there they mingle;—they, whose crimes
Will ripen to madness in warmer climes,
And they who beneath a genial sky
Will pine, and waste, and in exile die.

Convict Sketches.

Hark! the soft breath of twilight bears,
 A sound that mirth and strife declares,
 The lurid sunshine and murky sky,
 That apart both charm and fix the eye.
 But conjoined bespeak the tempest nigh.
 O! yes! their mirth is near akin
 To storms that in sunshine smiles begin!

Hark again! there comes across the sea,
 Music sounding merrily,
 That leads the light-hearted seamen's mirth,
 The dance and the laugh, and the merry glee,
 That gladden awhile the solemn sea,
 And make it to them more dear than earth,
 With its thousand joys, and its happy home,
 And its hearts with affections that never roam.
 Unseemly youth! but as thoughtless done,
 Their mirth and their hearts are far from one.

A monarch may over a blazing pile
 Revel, and dance and pipe the while,
 But o'er ruins of mind more solemn far
 Than mouldering palace and temple arc,
 Still'd must the throb of pleasure be,
 And silent the laugh of lenity,
 For who would vanity's altar rear
 For the dungeon or the sepulchre?

The moon is risen, the stars are bright,
 And by glory canopied reigns the night;
 And silence walks o'er the sea-weed graves,
 That lie deep beneath the whispering waves;
 And in sleep the mirth and discord drowned
 She hovers, the floating island round:
 While one moment bright, now dimly seen,
 Like a spectre ocean and sky between,
 The vessel glides, a spot of rest,
 On the boundless ocean's swelling breast!

Now is the time when those spirits awake,
 That in silent night their courses take,
 And away to the land they have sadly left,
 True as the heart of its joy bereft;
 To the light of remembrance ever turns;
 And before the shrine of unsevered hearts,
 They utter the vow that knows no stain;
 And breathe the prayers that an exile may,
 Though from honor and happiness far away,
 And sigh to the hope that soon they may,
 Unbound by infamy's galling chain,
 Bury their sorrow where grief departs,
 And the fever of bondage never burns.
 And back they come to their prison there
 To weep unseen the bitter tear,
 To bear the rack of remorse and shame,
 Of blasted hope and dishonored name,
 And to sigh for freedom once possessed,
 When the soul was not by crime oppressed;
 The freedom of virtue that makes them crave
 That their exile may be in the silent grave.

O! ye who by crime were never stained,
Who never the weight of remorse sustained;
Spurn not the fallen things you see,
Their lot is already misery:
And tho' all are doomed to a foreign clime,
All are not tainted tho' stained with crime:
And tho' most their thousand crimes have done,
There are many still who have but one—
And the crime they did may even be—
The offspring of true nobility.

Forget not that at least in Heaven's eye
We all make one great family,—
The mountain summit sears far and high
Beyond and above the vale hard by,
But the sun upon both shines bright and warm,
Alike they partake of the calm and storm,
And who shall compute how far they lie
From the fountain of light and purity?

J. N.

ROB THE RED-HAND.

CHAP. IV.

Terrified and amazed, Reginald knew not whether he was under the influence of a dream or not. He felt Rob's strong and sinewy grasp; and he saw, by the dubious light of the flickering candle, the prostrate form of his treacherous host. He felt, also, that he was carried along in Rob's arms, with as much ease as a maiden carries a young babe; and he soon breathed the fresh and pure air of the hill-side. This served to recall his scared and scattered senses; and he found himself unhurt and scathless. He requested to be put down, and his request was instantly complied with. He grasped Rob's hand. "My preserver!" he said, "How much do I owe you for this miraculous interference!"

"Aye, lad!" answered Rob, "Your young heart is grateful *now* :—a time may come, when you may curse your preserver."

"Never—never! Robert Owen," and Reginald shed tears, for now that he had recovered from the immediate shock of the adventurer, he was strangely moved at his deliverance.

"Aye; weep—weep on, young heart! Thy tears are *not* tears of sorrow *now*. But what will save thee from the common lot of humanity, and make thee less wretched than thy fellows? I have saved thy life—and if that life be wretched, wilt thou not curse me for preserving it, when all the pangs of losing it was past? Another moment and——"

"Forbear! Forbear!" exclaimed Reginald, as he placed his hand

before his eyes, as if he saw the dreadful scene again. He changed his tone, and enquired hurriedly about the Merediths.

"Ask nought of them, here. Let us hasten to some place of secrecy and safety; and you shall know all."

"Tell me first—here—*here*, where I now stand, is Janet safe, and well?"

"She is well—and safe—I hope." Rob said this falteringly, and Reginald suspected that some danger hovered over his beloved.

"*Where* is she?" he asked.

Rob looked up, surprised at the question. "Am I a fit person to hold a woman's secret?" he said. "But come! let us hasten onwards. Pursuit would end in bloodshed, and the morning is now breaking."

"I cannot—I will not—remain ignorant of Janet's fate! I will go directly to Glanwern and learn the worst at once."

"Go to Glanwern! For what? To have your heart torn from its strings—to witness misery and woe, which you cannot alleviate—to intrude upon the sacred sorrows of agonized parents, and probe still deeper the wounds which have pierced their vitals!"

"What mean you? For God's sake, speak out, and tell me what these mysterious words portend!"

"Promise that you will not leave me to-night, and I will tell you *all*."

No!—by Heaven—no!" exclaimed Reginald, his feelings excited almost to madness—"I will promise no such thing. You may go with me to Glanwern if you like—for go there I will."

"*I* go with thee!" muttered Rob—"No—no—no!"

"Well, then, here we part—Good-night!"

"But *now* he was at the point of death," muttered Rob, soliloquizing. "The knife grazed his throat, and I saved him, when, these are the thanks, which I get!" He raised his voice, and while his dark eye flashed fire, he continued—"Ungrateful, self-willed boy! Go! Leave your preserver to his fate, and withdraw from him what he freely gave to you—his life. Go! and add a thousand-fold to your misery." He turned away as he spoke, and fled swiftly up the mountain, leaving Reginald, as may be imagined, in a state of mind by no means tranquil or enviable.

"Strange, mysterious being!" thought Reginald, as he gazed on the vacancy which Rob's departure had left. What am I to think of him? Can he be implicated in this dreadful matter? *He*, who so boldly saved my life? Surely it cannot be. Impossible!—and yet his shuddering objection to go with me—God only knows! I am bewildered with doubt and terror, and know not what to think. However, I shall soon know all, for a quarter of an hour will bring me to Glanwern, and then"—he shuddered—descended to the beach, and, following its bending course, pursued his way hastily to Glanwern.

There is a soothing influence in the gentle rippling of the calm sea, as its quiet waves dash gently on the shore; and Reginald

found *his* tumultuous and bewildering feelings considerably tranquillized, as he paced hurriedly towards his destination. The grey light of early morning was dawning in the east; and the voice of opening nature, awakening from the night's oblivion, was rising on the hills. Reginald now turned from the beach, and followed a path, which led directly to the house, and the nearer he approached, the stronger and more hurried did his heart beat. He caught a glimpse of the mansion, and his keen and quickened eye perceived that a column of thin, light smoke, issued from more than one of the chimnies. He increased his pace, and ran into the court-yard; and there he saw that lights were hurrying to and fro through the house. He reached the hall-door, and found it fastened. He knocked loudly, and was challenged by a servant from one of the upper windows, who presented a loaded blunderbuss, as he spoke. "Let me in quickly," cried Reginald. "It is I, Reginald Owen!"

The door was instantly opened, and Reginald admitted. He read in the sorrowing countenances of the servants the strength of his worst suspicions; and hastening into the usual sitting-room of the family, they were too truly confirmed by the scene which presented itself. Janet *was* gone! Mrs. Meredith sat weeping on the sofa. Mr. Meredith, with a father's sterner sorrow, sat, or rather reclined, pale, and almost stupefied, in the large arm-chair, which he generally occupied. His neck-cloth was unfastened, and his waistcoat unbuttoned, as if to afford a greater degree of expansion to his oppressed and grief-stricken heart. The two young men stood by him, well armed, and dressed, as if for an expedition. The flush of wrath was on their cheeks, and an eager, panting, impatient anxiety was expressed in the quick and restless roving of their flashing eyes. They both welcomed their friend with outstretched hands, while the poor agonized father attempted to rise, but fell back in his chair, and burst into tears.

Reginald soon heard the dreadful tale. Just before they retired to bed, they heard a scuffling noise outside the house; and before they could go out to ascertain the cause, three or four ruffians rushed into the room with blackened faces, and after seizing Janet's jewel-case, which lay on the table by her, they carried her away with them. Their object did not seem altogether to be plunder, but it was most probable that a ransom would be exacted, as such abductions were not at that time uncommon in the upland districts. Reginald now told his tale; and there could be no doubt as to the identity of the ruffians. But where was Janet? *That* Rob evidently knew; and it was promptly decided, that the young men should go directly and seek him out, and demand from him an explanation. In the mean time, Mr. Meredith, who was a magistrate, granted a warrant for the apprehension of Evan Jones, his wife, and sons, and some men were despatched to execute it. So, after Reginald had armed himself, he and the two young Merediths proceeded with all possible haste to the spot which Rob was supposed to inhabit.

This was not more than two miles from Glanwern, and in about half an hour they approached the rocks amongst which it was situated. The spot was well known to them all; but Reginald, being the most anxious of the party, led the way, which task he found to be none of the most trifling. The approach to Rob's domicile was over a ridge of stunted black rocks, which, at high water, were nearly immersed in the tide, and which at all times were covered with slippery sea-weed and slime. In places on their surface, were deep clefts, over which it was necessary to jump, and frequently the opposite ridge was so sharp and narrow, as scarcely to admit of two persons standing side by side upon it. It required, therefore, a steady foot, and a quick eye to perambulate these barriers; both these requisites were possessed by each individual of our party, and, aided by their long hunting-poles, they made good progress towards Rob's lair. After passing over two or three layers of the ridge, they reached a rock, broader, higher, and more craggy, than any they had yet passed over. It shot up into the clear morning sky—a huge pyramidal barrier; and the young men were now at a loss which way to proceed. After a sharp scrutiny, Reginald descried a small, narrow track—path it could not be called—which wound round one extremity of the rock, between the furze and heath, and it was wet, slippery, and therefore perilous, from the rain which had fallen in the night. Without hesitation, however, he ascended, and was followed by his companions, one after the other, as the track was not wide enough to admit of more than one person at a time.

Reginald reached the summit of the rock, and found himself on the brink of a steep, high, and almost perpendicular precipice; and another step would have precipitated him to the depth of some hundred feet. They all expected a different termination to the path, for, in their anxiety and haste they overlooked, what was now sufficiently evident, that they had been pursuing a goat-track, which led only to the top of the rock, where two or three of these venturesome animals, startled at this intrusion on their solitude, fled swiftly down the very path, which they had just ascended.

What was to be done now? It was about these rocks that they had often seen Rob, sitting in the twilight, like some restless and unhappy demon. His dwelling could not possibly be below, as there was a large extensive turberry, stretching in every direction before them; and there did not seem to be any means of access to it from the rock. Their deliberation was speedily at an end; and it was resolved that they should return, and endeavour to discover his retreat in their way back. This was equally fruitless and unsuccessful. No vestige—no trace whatever of human habitation, or even of human existence, could they discover in this little wilderness: all was desolate, silent, and barren. Reginald shouted the name of the strange being whom they were seeking: the rocks alone sent back the sound in a prolonged and vexatious echo. "He shall hear if he be within reach," said Reginald, as he fired one of

the pistols, which he had in his belt. The sound returned alone, magnified by a thousand harsh and loud echoes, that mingling with the screams of myriads of aquatic birds, which the report had disturbed, caused a chaos of noises, which would have roused the Seven Sleepers, had they been within hearing.

"We must go back as we came, I fear," said the elder Meredith, "I see no chance of finding Rob here."

"Nor I indeed," replied Reginald; "fool that I was to have parted with him as I did! But I *will* find him," he continued, as he reloaded his pistol; "and if I do not get some satisfactory answer, this," placing the loaded weapon in his belt, "shall be his portion. But we must return quickly, or the tide will hem us in."

And, so most assuredly it would, had they delayed much longer; for it was already flowing most rapidly, hissing, boiling, and foaming round the stunted black rocks in angry vehemence. Speed, swift and silent, was in accordance with the agitation and hurry of the young men; and they sprang over the narrow fissures between the rocks with so much energy and agility, that they quickly regained the shore. Hastening to Glanwern, they soon reached the house; and their mortification and anxiety were increased by the unsuccessful return of the party, that was despatched to apprehend Evan and his family. Not a soul had they found in the house, and no single particle of information had they obtained, which could lead to the discovery of their retreat. The men had ransacked the house, but had found nothing beyond a few articles of the most ordinary domestic kind; and although they had inquired at every hut and cottage in the neighbourhood, they could learn no tidings of the miscreants.

Reginald now remembered that, on an occasion which we have mentioned, Rob requested, or rather commanded him to seek him *alone*, if ever he wanted his assistance or advice; and alone did he proceed thus to seek him. He retraced, with a hurried step, and a flashing eye, every step of the road we have described; and found, to his great annoyance, upon his arrival at the river-side, that the tide had cut off all communication with the dwelling of his kinsman. He sat down in despair upon one of the heath-clad rocks, which overhung the rippling waters, and, absorbed in painful reflection, awaited with intense anxiety the slow-ebbing of the tide.

From this reverie he was aroused by the well-known voice of his kinsman, who exclaimed in his deep, peculiar tone—"Have you had enough of misery? I told you of it, and I suppose you will now believe me?"

Reginald rose hastily from his reclining posture, and the flash of passion beamed from his dark eye. "Robert Owen!" he said, "I have sought you, and I have found you! Tell me, where is Janet Meredith?"

"You asked me the same question once before, and I answered you," said Rob, as he stood unmoved before our hero, "and I

will answer you now—Am I a fit person to hold a woman's secret, or to hold a woman's person?"

"Rob, you trifle with me—you provoke me. Tell me at once, and without any further equivocation—*where* is Janet Meredith?"

A scornful and bitter laugh was all that Rob vouchsafed to this inquiry; and Reginald drew the pistol, which he had loaded, from his belt. But Rob changed not his demeanour—it was still scornful—decisive—defying. "Boy!" he exclaimed, while a strange smile overspread his grim features. "Think you to frighten me with that deadly weapon,—or would you murder your Preserver? Put up your pistol—its bullet would not harm a wretch like me."

Reginald's passion was subsiding, and Rob perceived it. "Kinsman!" he said, as he placed his hand on the youth's shoulder—"You seek Janet Meredith—your love—your darling. Dare you face danger to——"

"I will dare any thing—every thing!" interrupted the impetuous youth, his eye sparkling with delight at the hope of obtaining his beloved mistress at any risk, and by any means, however perilous. "I will go this instant, even alone, and, thus, almost defenceless——"

"Hold, young Sir!" interrupted the Red-Hand, in his turn—"Your young blood is too hot and hasty—you cannot go now, and I must make conditions!"

"Name them, then!" Oh! this suspense is worse than torture! For God's sake, name them!"

"To meet me an hour before midnight in the glen by Evan Jones's cottage—and to meet me, *alone*."

"I will—and——"

"Stay—you must promise, too, to do nothing but what I shall direct. You must obey me in word and deed, and mention nought of this to any living creature."

"I will promise—all—every thing."

"Put a brace of pistols in your belt—those will do—for you may have need of them. You will be punctual, resolute, and *alone*. Remember, *alone*! And, now, farewell—the tide has ebbed, and your path is now free."

And so saying, Rob, pointing authoritatively in the direction of Reginald's homeward path, departed himself in an opposite direction, and was soon hidden from his young kinsman's view by the dark stunted rocks already mentioned.

LINES TO TASMANIA.

(Written for the Prize for the Van Diemen's Land Annual.)

A song for the land where the kangaroo bounds—
A song for the land which the ocean surrounds,
Where the hills are so green, and the vales are so fair,
And the skies are so blue, and the birds are so rare,
That the emigrant gazes with boundless delight,
As the shores of Tasmania rise on his sight.

'Tis a feeling of pride which his bosom pervades,
As his eyes from the too-brilliant sunshine he shades,
To think that his land of adoption should be,
Such a beautiful gem on the breast of the sea,
And he scarcely can sigh for his home in the west,
As he looks on a spot, so with loveliness blest.

But the dark-minded exile—how fares it with him ?
To the eyes of the wretched all objects are dim !
Regardless he looks on the main and the sky,
Though in colour and brightness they seemingly vie ;
Whatever Tasmania to others may be,
To him 'tis a prison—shut in by the sea.

But enough of the picture—'tis sweet when the day
Exhausted, has mellow'd to evening away,
When the sun's parting beams look aslant o'er the town,
Till the summit of Wellington hurries him down,
To find by the sea-beach a lonely retreat
Where the waves flow in music, and break at your feet.

'Tis sweet, when the wattle tree's branches are seen,
All blooming with gold, and resplendently green,
As wet with the dew of the morning they shine,
And the tea-tree sheds freely its odour divine ;
To watch on their Iris-like wings as they fly—
The blue-mountain parrots invading the sky.

'Tis sweet, when the moon from her silvery throne,
Eclipses the stars in the bright milky zone,
To roam through the woods of Tasmania, and see,
The refraction produced by the peppermint tree,
Whose leaves, like the laurel so glossy and green,
Lend beauty and lustre to chequer the scene.

Rapid is the progress Tasmania has made
By science and commerce uniting their aid,
But the dawn of her glory is scarcely begun,
Like the eagle, she'll soar with her eyes on the sun ;
Till Britain her likeness shall marvel to see,
And Europe acknowledge the land of the free.

J. S.

THE CONFESSIONS OF EDWARD WILLIAMS.

I was passing through the fine old town of Shrewsbury, on my way to Holyhead, when I found every tongue ringing with a subject of awful interest, which had just occurred there. As in these, my peregrinations, I generally took up my quarters at the comfortable domicile of my old friend, and schoolfellow, the Rector of Old St. Chad's, I hastened thither on the present occasion, well knowing I should hear a full, true, and particular account of the occurrence aforesaid, as my reverend friend was a complete living

chronicle of the daily and hourly incidents, which happened in the place. In the present instance, I could not have sought a more authentic source of information, as the circumstances of the adventure became officially under the cognizance of my friend, in his capacity of Chaplain to the Sheriff, the occurrence being nothing more nor less, than the trial, condemnation and suicide of a most daring and determined murderer—an individual of good family in the county, and of considerable attainments and talent. Since his condemnation, he had occupied himself in recording his confessions, a copy of which I now present to the public, as an extraordinary example of the evil effects of ill-regulated passions, and a total neglect of all religion: I shall give them without further comment, and leave the reader to make his own reflections.

*“The Confessions of EDWARD WILLIAMS, written in the
Condemned Cell at Shrewsbury Jail; and addressed to
the REV. J. R——, Chaplain of the Prison.*

“I have debated with myself long and earnestly as to the propriety of recording the present confessions; but as they may prove explanatory of the motives, which led to the commission of the deed, for which I am condemned to die, I am resolved, Sir, to present them to your consideration, that you may make any use you please of them. But, let me make one observation: if you think their publication will prove salutary as a *warning*, you are mistaken—it will do no such thing; for if it did,—the thousands of lives, which have been immolated at the shrine of a sanguinary law, would have purified the world of crime, and rendered mankind universally virtuous.

“You know enough of my family to be acquainted with its worth and respectability—a condition, which has imbued my case with such eager interest to a wonder-loving public: but as the events of my own life were passed far away from the place of my birth, I shall briefly narrate them to you. When I first quitted the sanctuary of home, it was to accompany my cousin, Edwin Villars, to Oxford. You start at the name! Aye! and you shudder as you read it, for you see in it the name of my accursed victim!—Accursed, do I say?—Aye! doubly accursed, if successful villainy, and a long course of exulting vengeance deserve to be accursed. Edwin was rich, while I was comparatively poor;—*he* was crafty, designing, full of mystery and suspicion, and with a heart as cold and as hard as marble; while *I* was rash, impetuous, confiding, and candid, with a heart, open to every warm feeling, and actuated—fool, that I was!—by every impulse: it was this want of the world’s wisdom, which rendered me so readily the dupe of others, and the victim of my kinsman’s vengeance.

“We pursued our studies together under the same tutor—a dull, quiet man, who followed his vocation with easy regularity; and while Edwin soon ingratiated himself into the good man’s favour, my impetuous irregularities were a source of more annoyance to

him. However, he continued to instil no trivial portion of Greek, Latin, and Logic into my brains, and we both left the University, educated as young men of that period usually were. Before we quitted College, however, I had formed an attachment to a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman's widow, who was residing near Oxford on a small, but genteel income. The principal charm of Mary Fenton was an inexpressible sweetness of manner, which characterized her every word and action. Gentle and timid as a dove, she soon won my worship and my love; and I made no secret of it to any one: even had there been any cause for secrecy, my candid and open—nay, if you please, imprudent—nature, would have soon revealed my conquest; but I had no reason to suppose, that any concealment was necessary; and finding that Mary Fenton loved me in return, I enjoyed all the rapturous happiness of first and only love.

“During the whole of our College-life, Edwin and I were the best of bosom-friends; and it gave me increased pleasure to find, that he approved of, and rejoiced at, my choice, representing it to our relatives, as every way worthy of their kinsman. You will not wonder, then, that I looked forward to my union with Miss Fenton, with all the joy and impatience, natural to persons in my situation; and, having obtained the consent of our parents, as soon as I could procure adequate means of subsistence, I used every effort to rise in my profession. But the joy of my young heart was not always to continue thus rapturous. I perceived a coolness in Mary's letters, very different to her usual affectionate style; and, although at first, I attributed this to accident and indisposition, I soon became convinced, that it was perfectly serious and designed. I remonstrated by letter, and urged an avowal of the cause, but received only evasive answers, which provoked, while they saddened me: I could not endure the suspicion, that my own, my devoted and gentle Mary, was a dissimulator; and, determined to ascertain the cause, I hastened to Oxford, to hear from her own lips the reasons for the change. Would that I had perished on the road ere I had discovered the treacherous design, which so nearly deprived me of my Mary, and, inflicted its first painful wound on my affectionate heart! My cousin, Edwin—my confidant—my *friend*—by a series of the most artful and ingenious methods, had instilled into Mary's mind, a suspicion of my fidelity, while he had represented the heedless follies, of youth, as vices of the deepest dye! An explanation ensued, when I regained my mistress, with the loss of my friend.

“Hastening homewards, I immediately sought an interview with Edwin, and accused him, ~~alone~~, of his treachery. I shall never forget his answer, or the fiendish expression of his countenance, as he uttered it. “You have found me out, then, my most sagacious cousin! I would you had waited another week, for Mary would, then, have been mine, and not your's. However,” he continued, changing his sarcastic tone into one of frightful vehemence—“take

her; and enjoy her; but know, from me, that I will be deeply revenged for *my* disappointment, and *your* triumph!" He left the room, as he spoke, leaving me in a state of breathless amazement. The next day Edwin quitted B—— for London, where, under pretence of following his studies for the Bar, he entered into all the genteel dissipations of the metropolis.

"My father's practice as a solicitor increasing very considerably, it was arranged that I should be admitted as a partner, and, as soon as this was settled, that I should be united to Mary Fenton. The connexion, with my father, took place—my union with my beloved Mary ensued; and if ever there was a period in the life of any person, perfectly unalloyed with sorrow, it was the first year or two after these occurrences took place. As far as my worldly prospects were concerned, every thing was glad and prosperous: our business increased, Mary was the delight of my family, and, to crown my felicity, the probability of my being a father was duly approaching. This event, too, occurred, and my happiness was complete. My father, who, in addition to his private practice, held an appointment of some responsibility in the county, seeing the successful state of our business, became speculative; and commenced the building of a large mansion, on a farm, which he had purchased, a few miles from B——; and, in the hope of adding speedily to his income, he speculated largely in wool and grain. In these speculations, he was urged on, and occasionally joined by a "friend of the family," a neighbouring country gentleman who had already dissipated a considerable fortune, and who adopted this species of gambling in order to mend it. He was a shrewd, intelligent active man, extremely well calculated to influence my father, in a hobby of this kind; and, heedless and improvident as I myself was, I felt no trifling alarm at the extent of my father's speculations: and this, too, more especially, as I knew that, very frequently, the public money, entrusted to my father's charge, was often rendered available to the prosecution of these schemes.

"At first, as is usually the case, my father was very successful, clearing, by one speculation, more than three thousand pounds. His exultation was extreme; and, although I could not help, to a certain extent, sympathising in his joy, I had a sad foreboding, that it portended evil. Besides, I did not at all like or approve of the apparently so friendly interest of Mr. D——, the "friend" before mentioned. I knew he had formerly been upon the most intimate terms with my cousin Villars, and, although I was aware that they had quarrelled, and that Mr. D—— never failed to speak ill and opprobriously of him, I had no faith in his professions. I had no particular reason for this, as Mr. D—— was always particularly and even obsequiously friendly towards me; but I had an antipathy to him, which all his obsequiousness failed to remove.

"Our speculations—for I became, at last, involved in them—proved uniformly successful for a period of nearly three years; the mansion was finished, and our style of living advanced, so as to

compete with that of any person in the county. This, naturally, excited the envy of some, and the despal of others, and gave rise to strange remarks, and ill-natured insinuations: still, so long as we could preserve appearances, we were not destitute of seeming friends, and we continued to maintain our station amongst the first society in that part of the country. At length, the evil day, which I had anticipated with so much dread, and which, even amidst all our gaiety and profusion, would damp every delight, came upon us like a thunderbolt. My father was discovered to be a defaulter to the amount of several thousand pounds; the numerous creditors eagerly flocked in, but after every thing was sold—land, mansion, horses, carriages, plate, books, and all—there remained but a dividend of five shillings in the pound, which was gladly accepted, and my father and I were thus preserved from the horrors of a prison. The stroke, however, was too great for my poor father; and in less than a month after his downfall, he was carried to the grave; the victim of his own weakness and folly. On the very evening of the funeral, a letter was left for me, by an unknown person; it ran thus:—‘Edward Williams, you are a beggar, and by my means; my revenge has begun,—and begun well—it shall end as favourably—Edwin Villars. P.S. How fares the lovely Mary?’”

(To be continued.)

A PARTNER WANTED.

I want a partner Beauty cried,
To share my labor, joy and sorrow,
One, who if heedful, could provide
The glass that modern beauties borrow.
What! though 'tis known a train I bear
Of ills—still loud my praise is chaunted,
Yet am I oft oppress'd with care,
And thus it is a partner's wanted.

Many offers soon were made,
Wit—the first who was accepted,
Soon threw Beauty in the shade,
This alas! was ne'er expected,
Quarrels rose—and Wit rebell'd,
Nought her boldness ever daunted,
Beauty soon Wit's name expell'd,
Thus, again, a partner's wanted.

Flatt'ry next preferr'd her claim,
Few her artifice detected,
Truth and Prudence, Pleasure, Fame,
All but Flatt'ry were rejected;
Beauty with delight unfeign'd,
Heard the praises Flatt'ry chaunted,
Ev'ry other suit disdain'd,
And laughing cried, “No partner's wanted!”

A FUGITIVE PIECE.

I love to hail the orb of day,
And mark the tint of each pale ray
That gilds the sky with streaks of gold,
And nature's beauteous forms unfold.

I love to hail the source of light,
Dispeller of the gloomy night,
Merging through clouds of vapoury dews,
And nature's smiling charms renews.

I love to hail the morning breeze,
Young zephyrs rustling through the trees,
And balmy sweets from ralphine bowers,
The incense of ten thousand flowers.

I love to hear the choral song
Of warblers sweet that pour along
Into my ears, with gladsome glee,
Nature's untutored melody.

I love to hear the bubbling rills,
Or torrents roar among the hills—
Or see the finny tribe askance,
In playful mood their gambols dance.

I love to explore the lake's expanse,
With wood-girt shores, where fairies dance,
Where sylvan scenes romantic rise,
And hills that tower towards the skies.

I love to view the flowery meads,
And flocks and herds of various grades,
And rural cots by mountain's side,
And rustic swains, their country's pride.

I love to see, beyond compare,
The hallowed fanes where mortals are
Divinely blest, by Deity,
Who worship in sincerity.

 PETER POTTER'S ROBBERY BY BUSHRANGERS.

"I was only robbed once in the bush,—and I'll tell you how that happened.

"You remember Will Preston, that kept the sign of the Bronze Pigeon, up in Macquarie Plains, about ten years ago : well—Will had married my sister's husband's cousin ; he drove a roaring trade, kept a capital store, and transacted all his business honestly and above-board, except now and then, when he'd buy a chest of tea,

or the like of that, *on the cross*; but *that was not often*. At the time I mention, the Bronze Pigeon was the only inn between New Norfolk, and the Clyde; and when people wa'n't in a hurry, they generally made Will Preston's their resting-place for the night; for Will had seen a deal of life, and was as full of fun and joke, as an egg's full of meat.

"It was on a Tuesday after Christmas Day, 1823, when me, and Jack Snodgrass, and Peter Bumpus had gone up to Will's to spend an hour or two afore we went to 'tend a sale of cattle at the Clyde, the next day. We had a goodish deal o'money between us; and me, being the steadiest of the lot, was commissioned to carry it. Well: we got to Will's about eight o'clock,—and a precious hot ride, we had of it! The thick bush, which began, where Jack Martin now lives, kept off the sun a little, but it kept away the little sea-breeze that was, and the lots of snakes and lizards, as we saw that evening, was truly terrifying: but we was on horseback, and did n't mind 'em.

"Will was at home, and so was his wife, my sister's husband's cousin,—and a roaring set of lads he had there. The little parlour, alongside the bar, was choke full, and out of the whole set, I only knew two,—that was, Ned Humphries, of Brown's River, who had come on the same errand with ourselves, and Ben Bodlicott of Bagdad, who was returning home, after having been up the country, looking for some stray cattle—but, looking, as you may well suppose, in vain. My eyes! How they did shout, when we came into the room!—No place was too good for us!—And Will, in his waggish way, wanted to light a fire to warm us! The vagabone! But we called for some ginger beer and brandy, and some tobacco, and sat down quietly to rest ourselves; for we had to go about two miles further to Edward Wilson's farm.

"The Bushrangers had been in this neighbourhood a night or two ago, and the whole party was a-talking about 'em. They had robbed a hut, not two miles off, belonging to Mr. B——; and had carried off a precious good swag. "What d—— fools," said a strange and rather genteel looking young man, who sat in one corner of the room, smoking his pipe, and drinking some toddy,— "was these here 'signed servants, to let these Bushrangers ransack their hut. I'd a stood a breeze with 'em, first, I know."

"Would you?" said Peter Bumpus. "Mayhap you don't know what sort of fellows these Bushrangers be?"

"Don't I?" replied the genteel young man—"Crikey! I thinks I knows as much about 'em as most men."

"Why?" asked Peter, in his cool, quiet way.

"Why? Because I've seen more on 'em, nor you has."

"I don't know *that*," said Peter, sharply—"and I should like to hear how, or when, or where."

"Why," retorted the other, "have you ever fell in with any of Brady's mob?"

"Brady's mob!" echoed Peter, scornfully—"Aye! There a'n't a fellow of that ere crew, but what I knows well."

"The devil there a'h't," answered the young man, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, and proceeding coolly to refill it. "I'll bet you a glass of grog, you don't know Brady himself."

"Done!" said Peter, quickly—"I'll make it 'glasses round,' if you like."

"With all my heart," said the stranger: "but how will you prove it?"

"Why, by describing him to you," answered Peter. "Brady, when I see'd him last, was a good-looking young chap, with light hair, blue eyes, a gentleman-like swing, and the civilest spoken youth I have seen for a long time. Now, an't that correct?"

"It is!—it is!" cried half-a-dozen voices, while the young stranger laughed, ready to crack his sides. "I'm afraid, Ned," he said, turning to a rough-looking cove behind him, "I shall lose my bet: what do *you* think?"

"Think?" growled Ned—"Why I think, that Bill Brady is no more like that gowk's description, than he's like a wax doll."

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Peter, sharply. "Do you mean to say, that Brady, the Bushranger, is *not* like this?"

"To be sure I do; and what's more, I'll prove it to you, before a week passes."

"Hush, Ned," whispered his companion—(I was lighting my pipe at the table, and heard him)—"Hush," he said—"let the fool prate on: I'll pay the wager, any how."

"There's for you!" shouted Peter. "After all the company agrees with me—to dispute in this way! But I'll leave it to the company; and what they says, I'll stand to."

"After a little wrangling, it was agreed that the young stranger should pay the bet, which he immediately did, with much good-humour, and, settling his score, he called for his horse, and, accompanied by his friend Ned, and two other men, left the house."

"Having drank our glasses round, we began to think of going on, but Will Preston strongly persuaded us to stay; and the more he persuaded, the more were we resolved upon going. The night was as light as a bright full moon could make it,—the road we knew very well, and it was then only just past nine o'clock; so away we went, with just enough grog aboard to make us merry and comfortable."

"I wonder who them chaps was, as was a chaffing of me," said Peter Bumpus, as we were going slowly down the Gum-tree Gully: "He was a precious jolly fellow, him as I won the wager of."

"Oh! some new chums, I dare say," said I, "the young one seemed plenty green enough."

"I don't know that," said Jack Snodgrass, who never said much, but when he did open his potatoe-trap, it was always to some purpose:—"I don't know that," said he—"and I think there's more about that youngster, than any on us knows of."

"Well, that may be," replied Peter: "but if travelling on this beat, without arms, on a moon-shiny night, ar'n't a green trick, blow me if I know what is!"

"That's why I think he's no new chum, and that there is something more about him, than we know of," said Jack.

"Mayhap," continued Peter, chaffing him, "you think he is one of Brady's mob?"

"Mayhap, I do," said Jack, coolly, and looking closely at the priming of his pistols: "and I begin to think it was no wise scheme of ours to leave Will Preston's, and the Bushrangers here."

"D—— the Bushrangers!" bawled Peter, whose courage was awonderfully increased by the grog he had swallowed. "They must be bold blades to attack such boys as we."

"To tell the truth," said I, in a low voice,—"I should not like to meet any of those chaps just now;—for I have a glorious swag for them."

"Come along with your bother," cried Peter, spurring on his horse; and, having cleared the Gully, we went on at a brisk canter.

"There is a thick scrub about a quarter of a mile before you come to Edward Wilson's farm; and a bit of very ugly, narrow road, as runs through it. Peter had got a little a-head of us, while Jack and I was almost close together. Peter was a bawling out the old song of "Oh! 'twas my delight of a shiny night;" and had just come to the end of the sixth verse, when a man on foot, laid hold of his bridle, and civilly told him to stop.

"I'll be d—— if I do, though!" Peter sung out, and snapped his pistol at the fellow's head: it hung fire,—and we found ourselves surrounded by seven or eight men, well armed. There was no mistake in this: here was Brady's mob, sure enough, and I already felt my pocket eased of our money. Before we knew well what to do, the man, who stopped Peter's horse came up to me, when I saw he was the same person that had paid the bet at Will Preston's! He said, very civilly,—"I am sorry to trouble you, Sir, for that ere swag, as you have got; but I shall feel obliged, if you'll hand it over to me."

"I was beginning to make a fuss about the business, when the young man, who, I afterwards found, was Brady himself, just said,—"Now, don't bother: you v'e got the swag;—and the swag we'll have; so—fork out!"

"All this time Master Brady held a pistol to my ears—and, as I found it was of no use to stand palavering about the matter. I heaved out my bag of cash, and gave it to the Bushranger? "How much be there here?" he asked, as he weighed the bag over and over in his hand. "About two hundred pounds," was my answer. "The Devil!" said he. "Is it *all* your own?" "Indeed it is not—for——" "I don't want to know who else it belongs to: but tell me your share of it." "About eighty pounds," said I. "Well, then," said he, "give me a hundred and fifty, and keep the rest for your wife and children—*Mum*," he continued—"Not a word!"

fork out the blunt! and remember, that Brady, the Bushranger, knows, sometimes, how to be generous." I counted out the money demanded—put the remainder in my pocket; and putting on the most serious face I could, wished Brady and his comrades "good night," and rode on with my cowed companions to Edward Wilson's farm. Peter Bumpus was silent about the Bushrangers, and Jack Snodgrass said nothing. The next day, we heard that "Brady and his gang" had robbed three stock-keepers' huts in that very neighbourhood, and taken away a very considerable swag."

The above narrative is founded upon an anecdote of Brady, which I heard of, at a small settler's at Pittwater. As a sequel, I have ventured to subjoin another anecdote of this Bushranger, which I transcribe in the very words of the narrator: it will afford a forcible and most characteristic illustration of this bold man's character:

Shortly after escaping from Macquarie Harbour, Brady and his gang robbed several persons. The whole of the booty he so obtained, invariably went to a person named Kenton, a confederate of the banditti. Some time afterwards, Brady was by some means taken alone near Jericho; he was placed in a hut under the charge of Kenton, who was also a constable, while the party who apprehended him, went in pursuit of his associates. Kenton and Brady were therefore the only inmates of the hut, the former being placed over him with a loaded musket, and the latter having his hands fastened round the wrists with a handkerchief. Brady entreated Kenton to liberate him, which he was urged to solicit, from the circumstance of Kenton having reaped all the benefit of the plunder. Kenton refused, alleging as his reason, that Brady was too good a man to let go. To this negative answer, Brady made no remonstrance, but remained silent. The weather being cold, he however requested Kenton to throw a kangaroo rug over his head, with which he complied. Soon afterwards, he asked for a drink of water; while Kenton was in the act of stooping for it, Brady (who had previously unfastened his hands with his teeth, his head being under the rug,) immediately seized the opportunity, and gave Kenton a blow on the side of the head, which brought him to the ground. Brady, having gained the musket, said he would have then instantaneously shot Kenton for his treachery, but for fear of the report being heard by the military, who were not far distant. Brady told Kenton, that he should, however, remember him. And so he did; for the first time he again saw him, although a period of nearly two years had elapsed, he shot Kenton instantly through the heart, without even giving him a moment to prepare for so sudden a death. It will, no doubt, be in the recollection of many of our readers, that during the whole time Brady remained in the bush, till he went over to Port Dalrymple, where the above transaction took place, he had never been reported or known to have imbrued his hands in blood. This appears no less remarkable than extraordinary. Brady was at the head of the banditti,

in all its stages. Nearly twenty of the gang have from time to time been executed, and near twelve unfortunate persons have lost their lives in pursuit of the banditti, besides many who have been slightly and severely wounded. Yet, during all this time, Brady was never known to commit the crime of murder until that of Kenton's; after this, the banditti wantonly set fire to several stacks of wheat, wool, and buildings, belonging to a gentleman at the other side of the Island. The gang was then instantly separated, and all taken or shot, but one. Upon Brady's examination before a magistrate, he asserted that he did not conceive in his heart, that he was guilty of murder, in shooting Kenton, alleging as his reason, that he conceived he was justified in doing so, from Kenton having betrayed him. Among the numerous remarkable instances in the conduct of Brady, his general behaviour to the female sex, whenever his banditti plundered, obtained for him the good-will of every candid-minded person. He would not even suffer any female to be exposed, much less injured, by any of his men. It was reported that Brady had cut off the ears of the servant of Messrs. Stynes and Troy.—He did not do it; Dunne was the cowardly perpetrator.

R.

PRO AND CON; OR, THE PLUM.

- " My sweetest Mama—
" The monster! O la!
" I hope the old fellow won't come, come, come."
" You're a simpleton, Miss,
" You've nothing but bliss,
" Your lover's possess'd of a plum, plum, plum."
- " He's ugly and old;
" Now, pray, Ma, don't scold—"
" I say, Miss, against him be dumb, dumb, dumb;
" Not ugly, tho' old,
" Are thousands in gold,
" And your lover pockets a plum, plum, plum."
- " He's lost his right leg,—"
" Now no more I beg,
" And t'other's a stick for a drum, drum, drum."
" No legs need he have,
" Nor hands need he crave,
" Who can run on the bank for a plum, plum, plum."
- " He's got but one eye!"
" O fie! my child, fie!—"
" And t'other he leers with so rum, rum, rum—"
" Pshaw he squints well enough
" Who can pry out the stuff
" And ogle at pleasure a plum, plum, plum."

" But Lord, Ma ! his breath
 " Would stench one to death,
 " His fiery nose strikes one dumb, dumb, dumb."
 ' Your nose, you great calf,
 ' Is too nice by half—
 ' What's sweeter on earth than a plum, plum, plum.'
 " Not a stump has he got.
 " He's a drunkard—a sot—"
 ' Why then, my dear girl, look so glum, glum, glum ?
 ' Teeth plenty, all new,
 ' That in wiser heads grew
 ' He can buy in a trice with his plum, plum, plum.
 ' And for his sweet lass
 ' An eye made of glass,
 ' Cork leg, and all else, for a sum, sum, sum.
 ' He'll instantly get,
 ' 'Tis folly to fret,
 ' The world can be bought with a plum, plum plum.'
 " He's sev-en ty-four !—"
 ' The sooner four score.
 ' What's age in a man with a plum, plum, plum ?
 ' The sooner, dear Pop,
 ' In your lap 'twill drop ——'
 " No more, my dear Ma ! I am mum, muni, mum."

THE THREE LEGACIES.

Having dealt much in fiction in my day, I wish now to deal in truth; I shall relate, therefore, what actually happened, concealing nothing but the names of the parties. Three brothers lived in a country parish in the north; they were frugal, industrious men, and respected in their stations; they were married too, and each of them had three children; the eldest three daughters, the second the same, and the youngest three sons. Now it so chanced that one day a great storm arose; the eldest brother, a husbandman, was killed by lightning in the field, the second, a seaman, commanding a small brig, perished within sight of his own door, and the youngest, a shepherd, was found dead among his lambs, on the hill-side, his dog whining beside him, and no marks of violence on his body. They were all buried in one grave, and on the following Sunday the three fatherless families appeared in the church in deep mourning. It was the first time I had observed—for I was only some seven years old then—that people put on sad-coloured clothes at the death of their relations, and I did little else but look at the three melancholy groups all the time of the sermon. On our way home I heard some of the old people—more particularly John Halberson, say that they had long looked for

something happening in these three families, that they did not at all marvel at the suddenness of their call, and that more would yet be heard of. I could not imagine what this meant, but I afterwards learnt that the ancestor of these men had been guilty of some sad deed, and that its expiation was visible in the fate of his descendants. What the crime was I never fairly knew—but by piercing hints and allusions, and dark proverbs together, I concluded it to be murder, under trust, for the sake of money; be that as it may, the country whisper was, that the judgment of heaven would be seen on them, and that nought that they possessed would prosper. The latter part of the rustic prediction seemed unlikely to be fulfilled, for the families were well to do in the world—and moreover, in the second month of their mournings, word came that a fourth brother had died in the West Indies, leaving nine thousand pounds to be equally divided amongst his brothers—or, failing them, their families.

This seemed a signal to let all the tongues of the parish loose. "I told ye ay, said one, that something would be seen and heard of." "Indeed, a three-year-old child might have lisped as much," said another, "for when did any one see blood-guiltiness, as honest John Rowat observed, go without its punishment?" "They say," said a third, "that the Demerara brother died on the same day that his three brethren perished here—if that be so, the hand of the avenger is indeed visible." "He died on the very day, for certain," exclaimed a fourth, "for I saw the same written in the letter which came with the will—more, by token, he was murdered by three slaves, two of whom have been hanged—the other escaped to the woods." "Now that is most marvellous," said a fifth: "but touching the money that he left, it has got its work to do; I look upon it as a gift from the author of all evil, that will do much mischief to the three fatherless families. I am sorry for the elder brother's three daughters—save that they are too fond of fine clothes, and one of them sticks feathers in her noddle, no one can say aught against them." "Now I," said a sixth, "am most concerned for the second brother's family—what ill have the three harmless handsome lasses done, that they should not enjoy this blessed windfall, which seems to have come to make amends for their poor father's death—saving that at the fair they are too fond of eating preserved ginger, pickled pears, sugar plums, and corianders, with every lad that likes to lay out a shilling—who can utter a word against them?" "Oh, it's all very natural," said a young woman who made one of the group, "that being men, ye should see something to your liking in these two families. I have no leanings to the right nor to the left—but I would not give five minutes mirth with the three lads of the younger brother's family, for an hour with their six cousins. Saving that they take a dram at a fair or a sermon, or in a cold morning to keep away the chill, or in a warm one to support them against the heat, I defy any one to say harm of them. "I'll tell ye, my friends," said an old grey-

headed man, who weighed all things before he gave an opinion, "ye have, in your sayings, indicated the rocks on which the three families will suffer shipwreck—dress, dainties, and drink. Aye, aye, I see it all. Poor young giddy creatures, they little know the sorrows that are before them: but here they come—one after another—dress first, dainties next, and drink last of all."

In the order in which the old man described them so did they appear; it was Sunday morning, and they were on their way to church. Their fathers had been but some twelve weeks buried, yet the influence of the legacies was visible on all. On the first three it appeared in the guise of additional ornaments to their mourning dresses; the crape was of a finer texture, the cambric of a more delicate thread; the smell of sundry expensive scents hovered around them, and they no longer walked in plain slippers; each rode upon a little black pony, taking care that their dresses should not hide their black stockings with rich cloaks of curious workmanship. The second three had used the first fruits of their legacy in the purchase of a neat little carriage, into which they had stowed, along with themselves, a handsome basket, with slices of savoury ham, spiced cake, and abundance of other dainties, such as make a long sermon short. They apologized for this by saying that their state of health forbade them to eat of the coarse food such as they had existed on before, and that, on the same account, they drank distilled water, coloured with cordials. The third party were a good space behind—their pace was slow and steady; but their faces were flushed, their eyes were unrefreshed with wholesome sleep, and there was some disorder in their dresses—all of which betokened late sitting, and intercourse with the liquor-cup. In the church their behaviour was in character. Dress tossed her head about, spread out her beauty and her bravery, and seemed anxious to attract attention even from the preacher. Dainties held down her head—lifted her hand frequently to her mouth, and the smell of spiced bread and other delicacies was felt in several seats around. Drink sat and listened for a little—found the text after a struggle—nodded his head on one side, then on the other, and finally dropping forward, fell fast asleep. Nor was he awakened by the rude salutation of a parish idiot, who said, "Aye sleep, sleep—ye're right; ye'll get no sleep in your dwelling-place in the other world."

When the usual period which custom assigns for mourning had expired, the ground which casts off the dullness of winter to attire itself in the flowers and loveliness of spring, exhibits not half the change which appeared in the three daughters of the elder brother, when encumbered with all the gauds of public fashion and their own folly, they flashed out upon the astonished parish. I am not sure that I can describe faithfully, and in a way by which a tire-woman might profit, the cut and pattern of their silks and satins and crapes; nor their flounces and slashed capes and puckered sleeves; suffice it to say, that all other women around nearly

swooned for envy, and half the men of the parish nearly died of laughing. What dwelt chiefly on my young fancy was four long feathers, arising an arm's length from the head of one, and spreading out in blue, and green, and red, and white, to the four winds of heaven; some, however, averred, that a certain long, broad, rainbow-colored ribbon, fastened by a clasp of rubies to the side of the bonnet, and thence descending to the floor, upon which it flowed away a yard distant, bearing some resemblance to a cow tethered among clover, was more wonderful to the sight; nor should I conceal that the third sister, whose pleasure it was to leave her neck and shoulders and bosom bare, was much looked at, but perhaps she attracted regard mainly from the circumstance that whatever scantiness of apparel might be above, she made more than amends for it by a sweeping superfluity below, for her train extended behind her as she walked as long as that of a peacock. When these apparitions made their appearance in the church, there was a general stretching of female necks, and an anxious turning of male eyes; even the clergyman was astounded—he leant back in the pulpit, spread his palms before his face, and was at least five minutes behind his usual time in commencing service. The three daughters of the second brother were but little moved by this unlooked-for display of their cousins; they were heard to whisper to each other, that to lay out a legacy in fine feathers, gum flowers, and rustling silks, was a poor way of enjoying it; their cousins had no sense of what was comfortable, and as they said this they thought on the spice cake, the rich pudding, the cooling custard, and, more particularly, on that abridgement of all that is delightful in culinary things, mince-pie—which were preparing for their return; and as they thought on these things the sermon seemed long, and they desired to be gone. There were others who permitted not the serenity of their minds to be moved by this vain display; of these were the sons of the younger brother, who had prepared themselves for enduring all with philosophical calmness, by frequent and protracted draughts of three kinds of liquid. The eldest drank brandy neat from France, out of respect for the ancient league which bound Scotland to that country; the second drank gin direct from Holland, out of extreme love to the sea which wafted the cordial over; and the youngest, a sincere lover of his country, refused to have his unconquered island brain invaded by aught foreign; so he defied France and scorned Holland, and stuck to Ferintosh. The hand of destiny, rather than of folly, was observed to be busy in all this, and not a few devout people lamented the approaching destruction of nine young creatures, and the scatterment of nine thousand sterling pounds.

Had these young people resided in this splendid city, they might have flown through their fortunes in less than no time, for here, thanks to the ingenuity of man, nine thousand pounds can make themselves wings in an hour, and fly away, as if by enchantment. But they lived in a country place, where the process of consump-

tion was slow, and where they had to exercise their own invention in order to conquer the obstinacy of thrice three thousand pounds, which hung on hand as if unwilling to depart. The daughters of the elder brother were compelled to wait on fashion, and fashion in the days of which I write, was content to change once a quarter, she desired, moreover, only four breadths of silk to the skirts of a gown, and never dreamed of sleeves such as the ladies of these latter days wear, which extend their shoulders at the expense of their heads. Nevertheless, with their limited powers of waste, they wrought wonders—much may be done even in a small way to get the better of a moderate income; they had feathers of all kinds; mantles of all hues; gowns of every quality and pattern—the long waisted—the short waisted—the full skirted—the narrow skirted—the low bosomed—the high bosomed—the flounced—the plaited—the slashed; then followed a legion of caps and bonnets, and turbans, false curls, false gems, paid for as real ones, paste pearls; stones set in buckles, bracelets, stomachers, pins, armlets, chains. There the eldest, in her newest attire, lay in a languishing posture on an ottoman, endeavouring to familiarize herself to a splendid Turkish dress, to suit which, she had stained her light eye-brows black, placed raven curls over her own sandy ringlets, and remained silent for several hours, lest the island tones of her voice should destroy the illusion wrought by her costume. The second, in the meantime, was busy walking to and fro in the sun, looking now and then at her shadow, which she imagined of itself was captivating; while the third, with “patches, paint, and jewels on,” was consulting an old sybil on the probable chance of her charms leading some man with a coronet captive. The response no doubt was favorable, for it was paid in gold. I have described a portion of a day; but in that is contained a year; save that winter brought the welcome change of furs and quilted dresses, their course was the same; it however may be noteworthy, that in winter they invariably wore thin-soled slippers and thin caps; and in summer, thick-soled boots and well-lined bonnets, but as this is the general practice of that reflecting animal woman, the observation cannot be regarded as new.

It must be owned that the daughters of the second brother were unable to keep pace with the expenditure of their elder cousins; they were not learned enough to know that ladies before them had drank dissolved pearls, and that gentlemen, in no distant day, had made their dinner on the brains of two hundred peacocks, yet they succeeded wondrously considering all things; their taste, at first confined to the ordinary dainties of the land, revelled amid puddings and poultry, but time opened wider the doors of culinary knowledge; they read and they inquired, and they made experiments: to the latter, we owe an invaluable fish sauce for red trout, and an additional charm to the manifold attractions of the haggis. They excelled, to, in the manufacture of what is now numbered amongst northern dainties, by the name of short-bread; they improved too the whole of the savoury generation of patties; jellies

too obtained their attention, and they made considerable progress in the art of embalming the wild fruits of their native land, so that they might command cranberries and hindberries at all times and seasons. The stewpan was never off the fire, the skimming-cup was constantly in the milk, and a prudent serving man with a pony and a covered cart hung on springs, was a daily go-between them and an ingenious person who excelled in minced meats, custards, savoury patties, and other tasteful inventions, and had a shop in a town seven miles off. As they sat, and ate, and drank, and slept, and waked, and drank, and ate again, the folly of their elder cousins was a fruitful source of remark: they exclaimed against their vanity and want of taste, and wondered how they could think of laying out their dear deceased uncle's legacy on flounces, and frills, and feathers. Their cousins, however, to say the truth, were no less sharp in their remarks upon them: they called them their custard-cousins, and tossed all their feathers and fluttered their flounces when any one praised the delicacy of their desserts.

The three male cousins seemed to think of themselves alone; to them it was a matter of moonshine how their other relatives dissipated their legacies; at first they moved about, attended a horse-race here, or a cattle-market there, or a public sale in some other place, in short, wherever drink was flowing, there they were present; but continual intercourse with the cup at last made motion a source of uneasiness, or, at all events, induced them to regard it as a consumer of time which might be better employed; at last they settled resolutely down into confirmed toppers, and lest their powers should be too much concentrated, they spread themselves over three inns, and each brother installed himself head of the public board and sole arbiter in all disputed matters regarding strong drink. It was of them that a north country wit said they were like and yet unlike all spendthrifts—"other folk ran through their fortunes, but these men's fortunes ran through them."

There was a singular coincidence regarding the final winding up and termination of the fortunes of these three families: almost at the same time was the last five pound note expended in the last new fashion; the last guinea laid out on comfits and custards, and the last crown spent in drink: almost on the same day they resolved to be wise and turn over a new leaf. The three elder cousins became skilful milliners and made a fortune, the second brother's daughters distinguished themselves in the pastry and desert line and waxed rich, and the three toppers died quietly in old age, leaving ten thousand pounds amassed by dealing in cattle.

LINES.

(Written on the recent visit of the Aborigines to Hobart Town.)

They are come in their pride, but no helmet is gleaming,
 On the dark brow'd race of their native land ;
 No lances are glittering, nor bright banners streaming—
 O'er the warriors brave, of that gallant band.

They are come in their pride, but no war-cry is sounding,
 With its woe-fraught note over hill and plain ;
 For the hearts of those dark ones, with gladness are bounding,
 And bright songs of peace breathe loud in their strain.

They are come—they are come, and a boon they're imploring,
 Oh ! turn not away from their soul-felt pray'r,
 But to high hopes of Heav'n, this lost race restoring—
 For yourselves gain mercy and pardon there.

SONG OF THE ABORIGINES.

Ye have called us from our desert home,
 Where sunbeams bright are dancing ;
 And our rivers thro' those lone wild woods,
 Like spears of light are glancing.

We come from each cloud-crested mountain,
 From each stream and flow'ring plain ;
 And we raise the song, whilst native hills,
 Are echoing back our strain.

And oh ! if ever they have bless'd you,
 With a home of peace and love,
 Then burst the clouds which veils the rays,
 From pure wisdom's fount above.

For these lov'd scenes we know shall vanish,
 Like the meteor of the sky,
 And tho' our flow'rs are brightly smiling,
 They but bloom awhile, and die.

But ye are heirs of a better land,
 Where the spring knows no decay ;
 The night draws no veil o'er its splendour—
 No cloud dims its azure day.

'Tis there the holy, redeemed in heart,
 In radiant mansions dwell ;
 There angels singing to golden harps—
 Of the glories of Heav'n tell.

Ye say that your steps still are guided,
 By the holy lamp of God ;
 There to light our torch, that we stray not—
 From the paths where ye have trod.

Then will ye, oh ! will ye deliver
 This bright land, from error's reign ;
 And with glowing sparks of salvation,
 Burst the links of sin's dark chain.

Then shall each mountain, vale and river,
 Our glorious hopes proclaim,
 Our winds shall breathe, and our waters roll—
 Blessing the Christian's name.

And when to the judgment bar of Heav'n,
Ye shall lead our ransom'd band—
Ye shall mercy find, for ye brought us
When lost, to this promised land.

FRANCES.

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

Ferdinand Harwood was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents are not thieves: he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had none to leave him; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father or mother. The father of Ferdinand occupied a small farm under a great man, whose name was Sir Arthur Bradley, Bart.; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Ferdinand knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart, but Bradley, and that bart meant baronet.

The poet Gray, speaks of "many a flower born to blush unseen," and all that kind of thing; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers, seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Ferdinand's genius was first discovered by his father and mother; by them it was first communicated to the parish clerk, who, happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scholars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still further proofs of his genius by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said he did not know what the dickins would become of him if he did not learn to work. He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in a short time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thompson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to

boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who, though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others. Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been at college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur himself had been at college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been fabricated by Ferdinand Harwood, as he swung upon gates, or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Ferdinand's father, and Ferdinand's father told Ferdinand's mother, and Ferdinand's mother told Ferdinand's self—who forthwith set about mending his pens, and ruling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi when transcribing the Pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty baronet. It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the baronet, that young Ferdinand Harwood had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Ferdinand, the poet, scarcely know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the baronet's own table, or in the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves on his hands, which stuck out on either side of him like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the principal or by a side entrance, a servant appeared on the steps of the front door, to usher in Mr. Ferdinand Harwood. When the young gentleman heard his name, for the first time in his life, loudly and seriously announced as *Mister* Ferdinand Harwood, the blood rose to his cheeks, and he proudly thought to himself, what a fine thing it is to be a man of genius!

When the drawing-room door was opened for him, he was almost afraid to enter it, for the carpet looked too fine to tread upon, and the chairs by far too elegant to sit down on. The voice of Sir

Arthur Bradley encouraged the youth; and, after the first shock was over, and when he saw with his own eyes that persons were actually sitting on these very fine chairs, and were apparently insensible to the awful beauty of the furniture, he, also, at Sir Arthur's invitation, seated himself. Having thus deposited himself, he was next at a loss what to do with his fingers and his eyes; and having looked at the rest of the company, to see how they managed these matters, he found them all so variously employed, that he knew not which to select as a model. As to the matter of his tongue, he felt as though it were under an enchantment, and whether it cleaved to the roof of his mouth, or whether in his fright he had swallowed it, he could scarcely tell. From this state of perplexity he was in time relieved, but only to undergo still greater perplexities; for the dining-room posed him more than the drawing-room had, and he felt very much as one of the uninitiated would have felt had he by stealth introduced himself among the adepts of the heathen mysteries. But when he had taken a glass or two of wine, he felt the inspiration of initiation coming upon him, and he was no longer a stranger; and when Sir Arthur Bradley talked of poetry, Ferdinand Harwood's countenance brightened up, his tongue was loosened, and he discoursed most eloquently concerning Thomson's Seasons and Young's Night Thoughts.

The visit, gratifying as it was, to the literary ambition of Ferdinand, and to the honest pride of his parents, was not the most propitious event that could have happened to Ferdinand, for it set him upon making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared the sanded floor of his father's cottage with the carpeted rooms of the hall; he compared the splendid sideboard in Sir Arthur's dining-room, with the little corner-cupboard which contained his cottage crockery; he looked up to the cottage ceiling—it was not far to look,—and there, instead of Grecian lamps, he saw pendent fitches of unclassical bacon; he compared the unceremonious table of his paternal home with the well-appointed table of the baronet; he compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, all the neighbours thought him proud of having dined at the baronet's house, and they endeavoured to mortify him and his parents, by making sneering remarks about genius, and by expressing their wonder that Ferdinand was not brought up to something. But his mother said—and I love her for saying so, though she was wrong—his mother said, "With his talents he may do anything." So said the parish clerk, so said the parson, so said Sir Arthur Bradley. The worst of those talents with which a man can do anything is, that they are at the same time the talents with which the owner does nothing. Thus it proved with Ferdinand Harwood; for in process of time his father and mother died, and left him sole and undisputed heir to all their possessions.

Now came upon him the perplexities of business: he had some

difficulty to ascertain what he was worth. The farm which his father had cultivated, and the house in which he had dwelt, belonged to Sir Arthur Bradley; but the furniture of the house, and the stock of the farm, after payment of his father's debts, belonged to Ferdinand: therefore, the heir with a laudable diligence and propriety of procedure, set himself to examine into the amount of the debts and the extent of the property; and, when he set the one against the other, they seemed so well fitted, as if they had been made for one another; and, thus, when all was settled, nothing remained. Ferdinand consulted with his friends what was best to be done. He spoke first to the parish-clerk, his old schoolmaster; and he was decidedly of opinion that Ferdinand had better consult his friends. With this recommendation he called upon the parson, who was exactly of the same opinion as the clerk, saying, that the best thing that he could do, would be to consult his friends. From the parson he went to Sir Arthur himself, who gave him a most cordial reception, shook him by the hand with condescension, and expressed his great readiness to serve the young man, according to the best of his power. That was just the thing that Ferdinand wanted.

"Do you intend to carry on the farm?" said the worthy Baronet.

"I should be very happy to do so," replied Ferdinand, "only I have no capital, and I don't very well understand farming."

Those were certainly objections, and the baronet saw the force of them, and he replied, saying, "The best thing that you can do is to consult your friends, and see if they can assist you."

Now Ferdinand Harwood, who had talents equal to anything, found himself at a loss to discover his friends. Very likely he is not the first in the world that has been so puzzled. For a few weeks he was invited, now to this neighbour's, and now to that; not so much, it appeared, out of compassion to his wants, as out of compliment to his genius; but this sort of thing cannot last long; people in the country prefer pudding to poetry, and they cannot think why people who have hands should not support themselves. So they one and all began to think and say, that it was a pity a young man of such ability as Ferdinand Harwood should bury his talents in a country village; that London was the only place in the world for a genius to thrive in; and thus they unanimously recommended him to try his fortune in London. Kind-hearted people do not like to see their friends starve, and it is rather expensive to feed them, so they endeavour to get rid of them. The parish-clerk knew nothing of London, but the parson did, and was ready enough to give Ferdinand letters of introduction to some men of letters, by whose means he might be brought into notice. The baronet also was willing to give him five guineas towards paying his expenses; and the parish-clerk was willing to give him a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, to teach him how to make the best use of his five guineas. With five guineas, Cocker's Arithmetic, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts, and the blessings and good wishes of the whole parish, who were proud of his talents

and glad to get rid of him, Ferdinand journeyed to London, in search of a livelihood and immortality. All the way along did he amuse himself with thoughts of what should be his first literary production—whether an epic poem, or a tragedy; anything lower he thought would be degrading. At length, when he entered the great city, he was full of poetry and covered with dust. Nine o'clock at night, in Fetter-Lane, in the middle of March, is not a very poetical season; nor are the sights, sounds, and smells, of the closer parts of a great metropolis, vastly conducive to inspiration. Ferdinand could not help congratulating the Dryads, Oreads, Nymphs, and Fauns, that they were not under the necessity of putting up even for a single night, at the White Horse, Fetter Lane—a very good inn, no doubt, in its way, but far from being a poetical object to the eye of an unsophisticated villager.

It was the first concern of our genius to deliver his letters of introduction, in which he supposed, of course, that he was described as a genius of the first order, and by means of which he expected to receive a cordial and admiring welcome. He was, therefore, not a little surprised to hear, from the very first person to whom he presented himself, that the present was the very worst time for any one to come to London with a view to literary success.

"Which do you think would be the best time?" said Ferdinand, with much seriousness and sincerity, and with a real desire of information.

"You are disposed to be waggish," said his new friend.

There, however, the worthy gentleman was in error; for Ferdinand Harwood was as little inclined to waggery as any man living. He was a perfect realist; he thought that every thing was what it was: he knew that people did laugh sometimes, but he could not tell why they laughed, nor did he know what they laughed at, besides, he was a genius, and there was a solemnity in genius incompatible with laughter and waggery, especially in the higher order of geniuses—that is, epic poem and tragedy geniuses.

When he had presented all his letters of introduction, he found that all were unanimous in the opinion that the present was the worst possible time for a young man to come to London on a literary speculation. But there was another point on which they were also unanimous, and that was a most important one—they were all quite willing, and would be most happy, to do anything to serve him. With this consoling thought, he betook himself to his lodgings, and set about writing an epic poem. What a very great genius, or what a very small stomach, a man must have who can write an epic poem in less time than he can spend five guineas in victuals and drink and lodging!—especially when one pound sixteen shillings and sixpence have been deducted from that sum for travelling expenses. But with genius so great, or with stomach so small, Ferdinand Harwood was not gifted; therefore, his money was all gone before his epic poem was finished. That was a pity. Still there was no need to be cast down, for he could but

call on those friends who would be most happy to do any thing to serve him. He called accordingly; but that very thing which would have been of the greatest immediate service to him, viz, a dinner, none of them would give him: he did not ask them, to be sure—but it was their business to ask him: it was not, however, their pleasure. Generous people, I have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good in their own way—they object to all kind of dictation: so it was with Ferdinand Harwood's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which, at best, could have served him but a single day. They gave him good advice enough to last him for many months; they recommended him to finish his poem as soon as he could, and, in the mean time, perhaps, his friends, they said, would afford him some temporary assistance. "Alack! alack!" said Ferdinand to himself, "I wish my friends would tell me who my friends are!"

It happened, in the course of his multifarious reading, that Ferdinand had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller, and, after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Ferdinand thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life—so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take-a-chair-ative style of address, that, by a hop, skip, and jump effort of imagination, Ferdinand, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course, it is all right that he should look so—an epic poem is a serious matter.

"What is the subject—sacred or profane?"

"Sacred, by all means," replied Ferdinand; "I would not for the world write any thing profane."

"Certainly not," said the bookseller; "I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?"

"The Leviticud: I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse. It appears to me to be a work that is very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred scriptures that has not been versified."

The bookseller looked more serious, and said, "I am afraid, sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry—and, more especially still, epic poetry."

"Now, that is passing strange!" said Ferdinand, "Poetry not in request! Pardon me, sir; you ought of course to know your own business; but I can assure you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's *Paradise Lost* in every library? and have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of *Young's Night Thoughts* in my pocket?"

"All that may be true," replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness into an involuntary smile; but modern poetry, unless of very decided excellence, meets with no encouragement."

(To be continued.)

Domestic Intelligence.

The whole of our Domestic Intelligence is extracted from the Journals of the Island with trifling alterations.

The performances of the theatre for the last month, have been particularly interesting and well supported. Among other additions to our corps dramatique, is Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, and an amateur, Mr. Smee, who performed three nights the character of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice. Mr. Smee's "Shylock," is spoken of with delight, by every person who has visited the Theatre, indeed that gentleman's performances are considered excellent. He is the only person we have witnessed on our stage, who has any pretensions to a tragic part. We anticipate much pleasure from a future performance of this Gentleman in the New Theatre.

The four bushrangers, Ward, Newman, Buchan, and Dawson, were on Wednesday last found guilty of burglary, and were sentenced for execution on Monday, Feb. 17th at Launceston, but we believe and hope their lives will yet be spared.

A few days back, Britton and his murderous gang plundered a house or hut of Mr. Field's, near Westbury; and since then, they made a constable kneel, on the road, while they felt his head for a scar, which another constable they are seeking to murder, is said to be marked by.

On Friday, Feb. 1, the town was subjected to no less than two alarms of fire. The first was at the premises of Mr. Smails, carpenter, in Campbell-st., where unfortunately, a work-shop containing a quantity of valuable materials, was consumed before the flames could be subdued, although the two town engines were brought to the spot with the utmost promptitude. The second was at Mr. Lowe's, and threatened more serious consequences; but the immediate supply of water—the instant attendance of the engines—and the assistance zealously afforded by a multitude of all classes, extinguished the fire with little damage. It was highly creditable to the 21st regiment, the alacrity and spirit with which they hurried out upon these alarms reaching them, and proceeding in excellent order at a rapid double

quick' to the Main Guard, rattled the engine there deposited in capital style to the spot. Colonel Leahy, Adjutant Young, and several other officers attended on both occasions, with the least possible delay. It is also due to the town police to state, that under Mr. Chief Constable Morgan, they brought the engine in their charge to both places with the utmost expedition, having reached Mr. Lowe's before the military. The state of these men is highly creditable to the whole department.

No wonder that there is so much complaint of excessive imports, when our confectioners receive "consignments," some of them of five hundred pounds value at once. We perceive, by a circular generally distributed, that Mr. Hedger, in Elizabeth-street, next to Mr. Guy's, has just opened one of the most choice ingestments of every thing in the confectionery line, which the most fastidious palate can require. The manner in which the London artists "get up" these *bons bons*, is calculated to charm the eye, as well as the taste. It is well worth while to look in at Mr. Hedger's, when both senses may be fully gratified.

The Rev. Mr. Bedford, sen., having gone upon a clerical expedition to the interior, Mr. Bedford, jun. performs the service of St. David's Church at present. We heard the Reverend Gentleman for the first time on Sunday, 9th inst. His delivery is good—his pronunciation accurate, and his manner correct. We learn that Trinity Church, where the Rural Dean, Mr. Palmer, officiates, being now conveniently fitted up for the accommodation of the public, possesses a very numerous and respectable congregation. Its situation is anything but suited to the demand of this large and wide spreading town, as the common *coup d'ail* from any of the surrounding eminences will prove at once, the whole of the very numerous western and southern inhabitants have been entirely thrown out of consideration. The erection of even a Chapel, at the Penitentiary, we consider wholly unnecessary, for the

best of reasons, that we consider the Penitentiary itself entirely so ! It is a monstrous evil, the collection of one thousand miserable wretches in this town, every one of whom might be, and ought to be employed—spread—not congregated over the interior. There is no excuse for this but one !

The *Colonial Times* seems to oppose what we consider a most rational amusement, viz., the playing of the Band. The *Times* says, "How delightful it is to hear the band on Sunday night!" This is in the mouth of every assigned servant in the town, male and female. "I must have a new bonnet, and a new gown, and I know, too, how to get them, even if I get the Factory the next day," say the women servants in every house in the town. It would be cruel to prevent such delightful assemblies, as are now collected every night. Besides, how could the "*Black Horse*," and the other *licensed houses* get on, to say nothing of the "*unlicensed*," with the little snug back parlours, which every Sunday night are now so fully occupied ? Oh ! it is a fine thing, the band on the Sunday nights—Hobart Town is then alive !

The same Journal, in speaking of the New Theatre, says :—"We knew how it would be ! when we heard that "*Ginger-beer*," was called for by the ultra elegantes in the dress boxes at the Theatre, we expected that *Gin* itself would not be a long way off. It is said that the little fracas the other night between Paddy and Pedro arose from being both three sheets in the wind. We are glad to hear that Mr. Cameron has closed with Mr. Deane, and that the Theatre is to be removed with as little delay as possible. There are many drawbacks attendant upon a play-house, at a tavern, as Mr. Cameron has no doubt fully discovered."

The oldest hands in the Colony, never recollect a season like the present one—with the exception of three days, it can scarcely be said to have rained for nearly three months. The consequence is, that all kinds of feed for the cattle during the next winter, will be extremely scarce and high priced.

We have been informed that Mr. Bonney, Chief District Constable at Westbury, discovered, not long since, one of the haunts of bushrangers, supposed, from particular property discovered about

it, to be Britton's gang. A comfortable hut in the centre of a vegetable garden in full crop, attracted Mr. Bonney's notice when far in an almost impenetrable scrub, of considerable breadth, and extending upwards of ten miles in length. Many trunks, containing stolen property, and a large quantity of loose plunder, was piled against the sides of the hut, amongst which the greater part of that stolen from Mr. Waddingham was discovered. Here, the Colonists of Van Diemen's Land have another undeniable proof of the prison discipline exercised under the administration of Lieutenant Governor Arthur, their Governor. Within a mile or two of a considerable township, actually a military station, bushrangers have a "den"—in the shape of a highly cultivated farm—and have, no doubt, enjoyed, undisturbed, security in it for years. Well, it is time a change took place some where. Britton has been out, we believe, more than five years, and has of course, always had associates. Now, at the expiration of that period, His Excellency is pleased to offer a reward of 200 sovereigns for his capture. Why was it not done at first ? Two hundred sovereigns is likewise offered for Browne ; if captured by a prisoner, a free pardon in addition, and £30 to carry him home.

The most convenient place for the band to perform, would be on the New Wharf, just under the Government-house, where there is an excellent promenade. By thus accommodating the public, Colonel Leahy would deserve thanks, and of course, His Excellency would be pleased to further the wishes of the people.

We are happy to see Mr. Forster, our worthy chief magistrate, has again resumed his sittings at the police-office ; his presence there, has of late been much required.

We would call the serious attention of the Public at large, to the nineteenth section of the New Police Act, relating to the control of dogs—as several dogs, in pursuance of that Act, have been seized by the constables and destroyed, no person having claimed them. To remedy this inconvenience, and often preserve a valuable dog, a collar would answer every purpose. It will be seen, by the Police Report, the result of two cases, where dogs have been seized. If

that clause of the Act is enforced with discretion, it will render a dog tax quite unnecessary.

The meeting of the Bench of Magistrates took place on Monday, the 3rd instant, for the purpose of considering the propriety of granting certain fresh licenses, when Messrs. Firth, Puzzi, Innis, Taylor, and Cobb, all received fresh licenses. The meeting adjourned till to-morrow, when it will be made known whether Messrs. Wise and Day, of the Ship Inn, have their licenses restored to them. We are happy to say, that the abominable, the horrible, and treacherous close door system has received a death-blow, and in future, a man, if he is to be ruined, by being deprived of his license, will have the satisfaction of knowing the nature of his offence. The discussions will in future, take place with open doors.

The good done, and doing by the body of Catholics, daily more and more exhibits itself in various respects. One fact is unanswerable. The Rev. Mr. Connolly has now considered it proper himself to call a Meeting, for the purpose of considering the best means of affording education to the children of that faith!!! What now becomes of the Protestant opposition to the late Meeting?

It is now ascertained that the Insolvent Law in operation is altogether lopsided. The debtor can declare himself insolvent at his pleasure—not so the creditor, who, even if he knows that his debtor can pay one hundred shillings in the pound, has no power over his property, nor can he compel him to surrender it. This Act, then, like the former one, under which so much loss was sustained by creditors, is any thing but calculated to effect a good purpose. Neither debtor nor creditor are satisfied with it. We twice inserted in this Journal a draft of a six-line Act, which we have the satisfaction to hear is generally approved. But newspaper advice is, we suppose, unworthy notice.—*Tasmanian and Review*.

Mr. Deane has commenced operations at his New Theatre in Argyle-street. It was opened with a Concert, and part of two Acts of a Pantomime, and was so crowded on both occasions that its solidity underwent a tolerably good ordeal. After the stuffing which has taken place,

the Surveyors may withdraw their advertisement. It is a noble room of accurate dimensions, admirably calculated for theatrical purposes, as it admits of abundant stage room, and a division of the audience part, so as to obtain that desirable object in all theatres, the convenient accommodation of all classes of the community. Mr. Deane has a grand Oratorio in preparation. We have seen the programme, and nothing can be better selected. He has made arrangements for the performance of one of Handel's Chorusses, by the engagement of a more numerous orchestra, than was ever yet heard in this Island. It will consist of upwards of thirty performers of the various sorts. We apprehend Mr. Deane will on this occasion, as in England, raise the price of tickets to half-a-guinea, the invariable charge of the Hanover Square, and all other similar Concerts. No doubt, there will not be one to be sold, even at that price, long before the evening of performance.

Great complaints have been made to us, respecting Mr. Luckman, the miller, having chosen to stop the supply of the inhabitants, with the ditch water of the creek, by having almost entirely covered up the water trough in Harrington-street. Mr. Luckman has no more right to claim exclusive possession of the creek water, than has any other individual, and if he has been so long tacitly permitted to enjoy the advantage of a supply of water for his mill, it was merely because the public were not inconvenienced thereby—his trough having been open, so as to allow parties to dip water therefrom. Bad water is better than no water at all; and water people must, and will have. If therefore Mr. Luckman persists in keeping the whole of the water of the creek to himself—the sooner those concerned, knock the water trough down, and rid the public thoroughfare of Harrington-street of such a nuisance, the better it will be for all parties. What with these millers, and the aristocracy, residing in the neighbourhood of "Montagu Bason," the public at times can scarcely obtain a pail full of water. So dammed up has the water been lately, that at times it would have taken two hours to fill a pail of water at the creek at Wellington Bridge.

Fish were lately so plentiful at Port Arthur, that on one occasion the seine was

hauled in Safety Cove, with upwards of 1,500 of those fine fish which we call salmon.

There are now 68 boys in the separate establishments for their discipline and education at Port Arthur, and credit is due to Capt. Booth, and Lieutenant Montgomery the superintendent, for the excellent manner in which they are managed.

During Baron Hugel's short stay in our Colony, he made several particularly interesting excursions into the interior. One to New Norfolk and its beautiful neighbourhood, a second to the Coal river and a third to the Huon. In the latter he was piloted and accompanied by Mr. Davidson, the able and zealous superintendent of the Government garden, who pointed out to him the localities of many rare and beautiful plants discovered in his recent researches. On their journey down they had nearly perished, however, in the dreadful flames which have for some days been ravaging all parts of the country. In one place the travellers got so completely surrounded that it was perilous either to retreat or advance, and they were kept at bay for some time until the encircling flames compelled them at all hazards, as through the flames of Troy town, to force their way. Tying handkerchiefs round their horses eyes, they dashed through at full speed and ultimately escaped, though not without scorching and burning off part of the poor animals manes and tails, as well as a portion of the hair of the head and the Baron's mustachios. Happily the rain on Monday, which was very heavy in that district, quenched the flames and permitted them to return through another element.

The Lieutenant Governor has, with his suit, been for some time past visiting the interior; after staying at Launceston, he proceeded to St. Paul's Plains, Ben Lomond, and George's River, where he was to be met by Captain Moriarty, with the military detachment from Hobart Town.

His Honor the Puisne Judge returned from Launceston on the 19th inst., having closed the session at that place.

Mr. Clements, of Richmond, has kindly forwarded to us a specimen of a very remarkable substance found in digging a well at that place, at a depth of about 64 feet. It was deposited between

two distinct strata of clay, evidently pointing out that it was a casual deposit in the interval that had occurred in a former age between the subsiding of each stratum. On trial it is found to be inflammable, is of a yellow striped appearance and very brittle. It is evidently a vegetable resin, but different from that which exudes from any plant now existing in the island.

Mr. Rowlands has, we learn, very handsomely presented a silver cup to the race fund, to be run for by ponies not exceeding 14 hands high, and it is said fourteen or fifteen horses are likely to contend for the prize, which will be worth about 60 or £70.

Mr. Clayton has kindly offered to shew gentlemen about town who are desirous of taking honey from their bees at this season, the method of doing so without destroying the bees.

We regret to state, that another Government vessel has been carried off. The circumstances are very short. The last of the Macquarie Harbour people took their passage in a newly-built vessel, of about 100 tons. There were nineteen persons on board, including a corporal and four soldiers. As in the case of the 'Cypress,' two of these latter went from the vessel to fish, on the 13th of January, at the entrance of Macquarie Harbour, when ten of the nineteen seized the vessel, and carried her off. The nineteen were thus disposed of:—Nine were put on shore, and ten, as we have said, carried away the vessel. Now, it is quite clear, that with common precaution, nine men, proving themselves not of the pirates, including a corporal and two soldiers, must have been a tolerably good match for any ten unarmed prisoners, of every sort! We forbear further remark, unwilling to prejudice those, who will, of course, be subject to investigation forthwith. But the matter speaks for itself.

Great preparations are making for the New Town Races—the trainers are busily and anxiously employed, in bringing the young ones quite up to the mark, and the old ones have had their due portion of aloes—by the by we have seen in a lately published work, that a vast alteration has taken place in the strength of the doses given; eight drachms of Barbadoes aloes, form the largest doses given, to aged horses—

six and a half to four year old—six to three year old, five to two year old, and from three to four to yearlings. We have not yet heard whether the officers of the 21st, intend following the example of their predecessors, by giving a plate to be run for at the New Town Meeting.

The Regatta is anxiously anticipated by many. Go where you will, and you will find conversation is sure to turn upon sailing boats and whaling boats. The prizes, we consider very handsome, and will, no doubt, stimulate much competition. It is fully expected that every whaler will have a hand in the Regatta—crews are chosen, and exercising has long since commenced. The sailing boats, too, are numerous—of course every one a clipper—and so they will be till the day of the race, when some will, no doubt, be at Sandy Bay Point, whilst others are at the Battery. We shall give the particulars in our next Magazine.

We are surprised that so little attention has hitherto been paid to the collection of leeches. At the present time they are worth three or four shillings each—nay, indeed, so scarce are they, that they can rarely be obtained at any price. The island abounds with them, and if any person will take the trouble to walk up to where the grass trees grow on the side of Mount Wellington, they will obtain them in large quantities. The leech is seen above the ground, or swamps, only in hot weather. The usual way of collecting them in some parts of Europe, is by means of a bullock's liver, tied to a string, which is dipped into the little stagnant pools—the leeches should be taken from the liver, and placed in a bottle with fresh water. The more common way, however, of taking them, is by means of men and women who walk about bare-legged in the water: the leeches soon collect on their feet and legs, from which they are taken off before they have had time to suck much blood.

An old hand, of the name of Luke Normanton, went on a fishing excursion in a small boat, on Friday, the 31st ult., in Frederick Henry Bay, and has not since been heard of. The weather being very tempestuous, it is feared, the dingy in which he was, swamped—the man is upwards of eighty years of age.

Mr. Murray's work on education is at length completed; and we have read it in sheets. It is unquestionably one of the most familiar and elaborate manuals of education we ever read. The method is new—the style bold, and suitable to the subject—the diction elegant, and the argument sound. Much labour has evidently been bestowed upon it, and the author has succeeded in gradually elucidating his subject, in such intelligible terms, that the meanest capacity may follow him through his pages with profit, while the scholar will find ample food for the mind upon an attentive perusal. In point of utility, but one opinion can exist with respect to this work, which is the most truly useful publication which has emanated from the Colonial Press. No family in the Island ought to be without a copy, and indeed we consider it has only to be read to induce a call for a second edition.

The Town has been supplied with a small quantity of shrimps, which have been caught on the other side of the island, and brought over by the Mail. It is matter of astonishment, that some person does not commence the shrimp fishing in the Derwent—the fish is to be found most plentiful in all parts—at Sandy Bay point, more particularly so. A net, which might be made at a trifling expense, would be all the outlay required, and a large profit would most assuredly be forthcoming—those brought over from Launceston have been selling at seven shillings the quart.

In spite of the favorable reception of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in Hobart Town, they have left the Colony, and that too very suddenly. They left Hobart Town on the 27th inst., in the *Currency Lass*, for Sydney, and they both anticipate to be engaged on the Sydney Theatre—that they will have cause and leisure to repent of the abrupt and uncourteous manner they have treated the Van Diemen's Land public, who have shewn such a wish to support them, there is little doubt.

It is understood that Mr. Lewis, of the "Terpsichorean Academy," intends giving at an early opportunity, a private Ball to his pupils, and their friends, at Mr. Deane's New Rooms; when three elegant prizes will be given to the three pupils, who shall have made the greatest progress under Mr. Lewis's tuition,

in proportion to the time he has instructed them. This will be a very interesting occasion.

We regret to state that Captain Read fell from his horse, the other day, near New Norfolk, by which his hand was dreadfully shattered, and his head severely bruised.

Several merchants are about joining to bring down some live cattle from

Sydney, where good beef is three-half-pence a pound, while at Hobart Town it is selling at 8d.

The flour, recently imported from Sydney (sixty tons), has hitherto been selling at £22 per ton. It is to us singular, that while flour is selling at Launceston for 17s. a cwt., we should be importing Sydney flour at the same price, and that quite smutty! How is this?

Gardening, &c.

FEBRUARY.—AGRICULTURE. Wheat harvest continues throughout this month, with full activity. Indeed, if the wheat farmer devotes his time and energies to it as he ought, he will find little leisure for any other occupation.

A few turnips may be sown early in the month, so that the weather be showery; and those previously sown, should be well thinned and cleansed by the hoe. Where the farmer has the means or opportunity, his fallows should have the plough and harrows constantly at work, as the weeds now make sad havoc, if not checked by these means.

HORTICULTURE.—Onions will now begin to be fit for gathering—their tops should be first laid flat, and after they are taken out of the ground should lay as long exposed to the influence of the sun as can well be managed, as this will assist their keeping. It has been complained of the onions of the Colony, that they do not keep well—but the fault lies more in the management than in the onions.

Fruits of various kinds are now in perfection. You may plant out a few forward brocoli, cauliflowers, and cabbages for autumn use, any time this month, and sow a little of each for a succession.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

Feb. 3.—The brig *Isabella*, from Sydney, with coal, military and prisoners.

Feb. 4.—The brig *Argo*, with a general cargo.

Feb. 9.—Arrived the ship *Lindsays*, from the sperm Fishery.

Feb. 11.—Arrived the brig *Amity*, from Sydney.

Feb. 17.—Arrived the schooner *Jess*, from Sydney, with Colonial produce.

Feb. 20.—Arrived the brig *Mavis*, from Calcutta, with sugar, coffee, &c.

DEPARTURES.

Feb. 5.—The cutter *Jolly Rambler*, for Launceston.

Feb. 6.—His Majesty's Ship *Alligator*, for Sydney.

Feb. 6.—The barque *Atwick*, for Sydney.

Feb. 7.—The brig *Brazil Packet*, for Hokianga.

Feb. 9.—The ship *Southworth*, for the Mauritius.

Feb. 9.—The barque *Caroline*, for London.

Feb. 15.—The ship *Lang*, for the South Seas.

Feb. 16.—The barque *Wave*, with wool, oil, &c. for London.

Feb. 16.—The ship *Sir John Rae Reid*, for London.

Feb. 18.—The brig *Argo*, for the Mauritius.

Feb. 20.—The barque *Merope*, for Swan River.

Marriages, Births, &c.

BIRTHS.

On the 5th inst., at Orielton, the lady of Alexander Goldie, esq. of a son.

On the 21st inst., the lady of James Hackett, esq., distiller, of a daughter.



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